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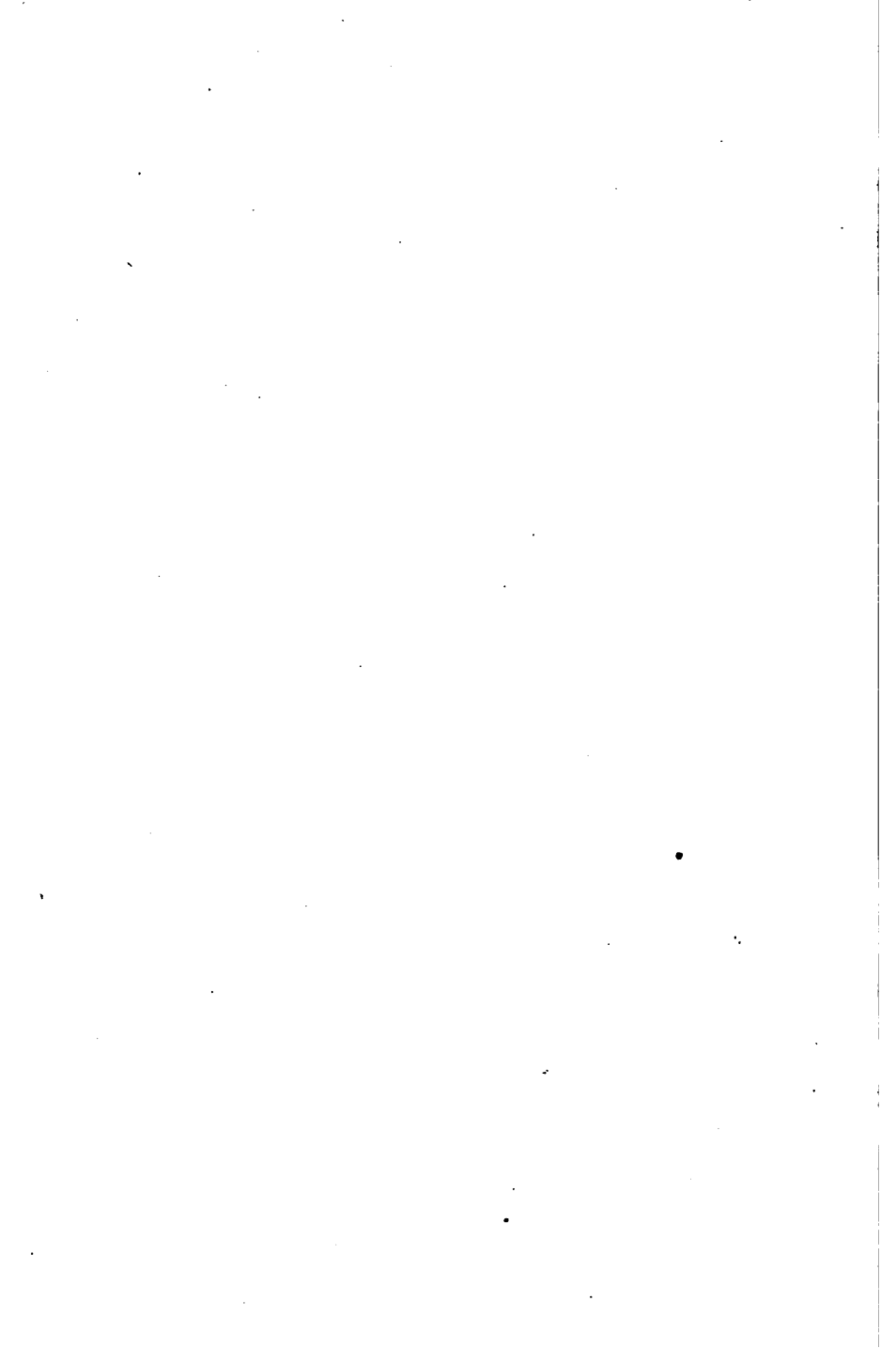
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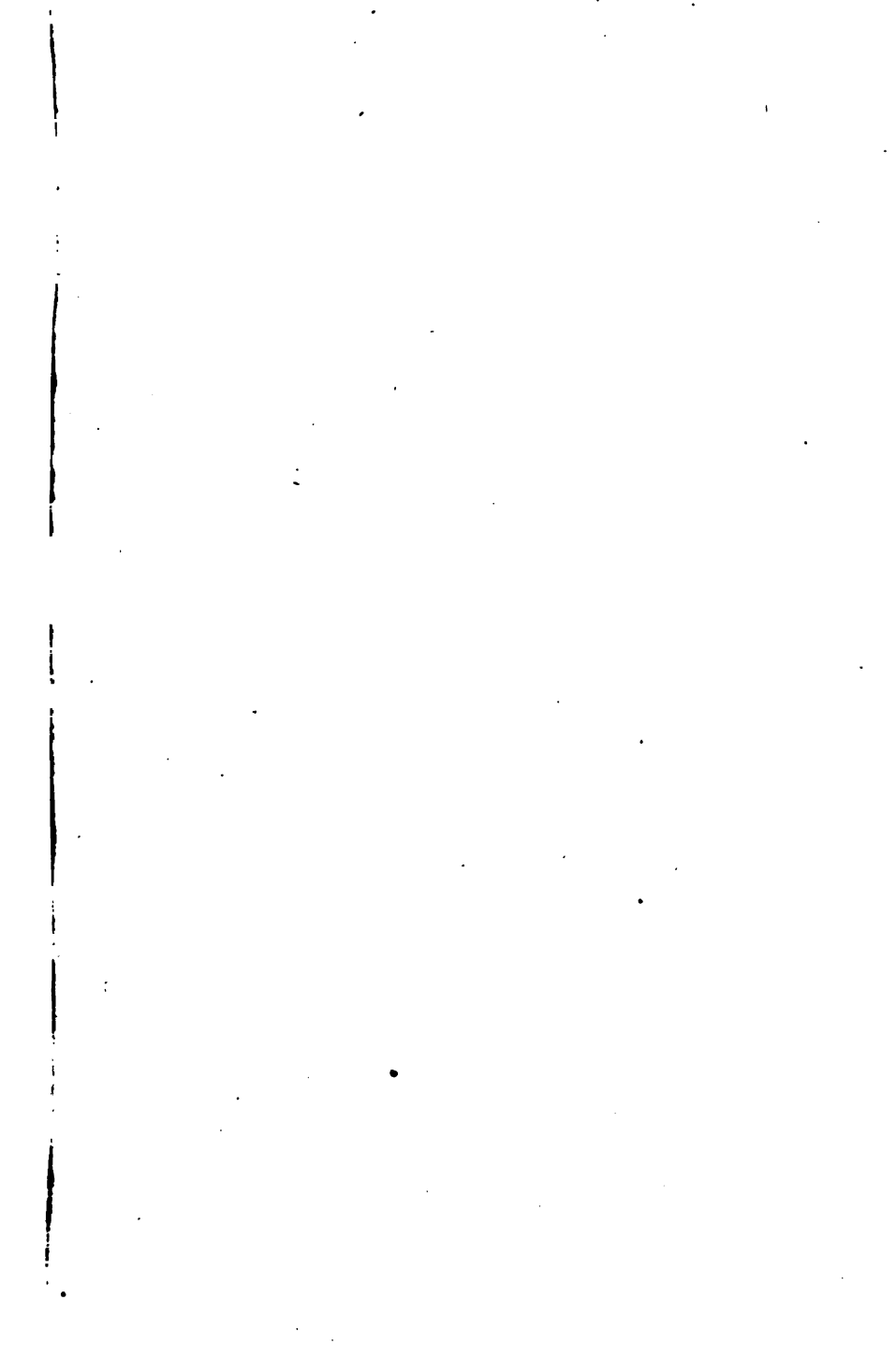
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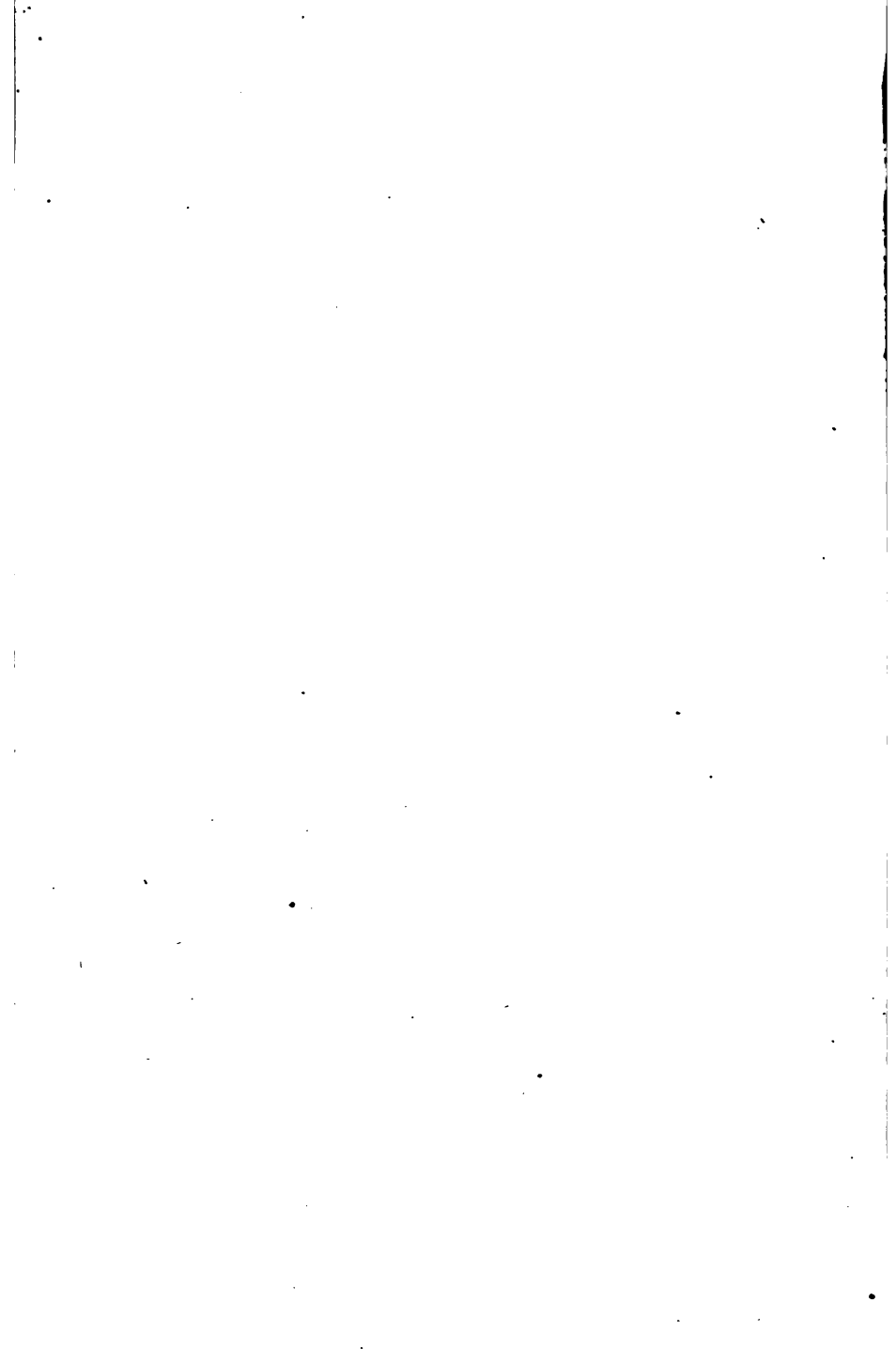
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*She has thrown her bonnet by:
And her feet she has been dipping
In the shallow water's flow.—Page 217.*

INDEPENDENT

FIFTH READER:

CONTAINING

*A PRACTICAL TREATISE ON ELOCUTION, ILLUSTRATED
WITH DIAGRAMS; SELECT AND CLASSIFIED
READINGS AND RECITATIONS; WITH
COPIOUS NOTES, AND COMPLETE
SUPPLEMENTARY INDEX.*

By J. MADISON WATSON,

*Author of the National and the Independent Readers, Spellers, and Primers;
The Hand-Book of Gymnastics; Manual of Calisthenics; Tablets, etc.*



A. S. BARNES & COMPANY,
NEW YORK, CHICAGO, & NEW ORLEANS.

TO INSTRUCTORS.

QUALIFY PUPILS by daily vocal drill, by special aid as required, and by general and systematic instruction, for each lesson. A Reading which does not demand *preparatory labor* is not adapted to the needs of the class.

THE LESSONS OF PART FIRST should be used for *Reading Exercises*. Require the class to commit to memory and recite the most important principles, definitions, and examples, both separately and in concert. Review the lessons, and do not commence Part Second until the pupils master them.

PART SECOND is not simply a collection of readings, but also a dictionary and cyclopediä, containing *Needful Aids* which are to be turned to profitable account. *Never omit the Preliminary Exercises*; but require the pupils to pronounce, spell, and define the words in the notes. Often require them to commence with the last word of a paragraph in the reading and pronounce back to the first. Also direct their attention to the Accents and Marked Letters. Call into exercise their judgment and taste by requiring them to determine what Principle of Elocution each reading is best adapted to illustrate.

BEFORE THE FINAL READING, be sure that the pupils *understand* the lesson. Adopt a simple Order of Examination, and let them give the leading thoughts in their own language, *without formal questions*: for example, *first*, the title of the piece; *secondly*, the words liable to mispronunciation, both in the notes and the reading; *thirdly*, the objects mentioned, and the facts concerning these objects; *fourthly*, the narrative or connected thoughts, and the portion illustrated by the picture, if any; and *fifthly*, the moral or what the lesson teaches.

THE INDEX TO THE NOTES is of the utmost importance, and ought to be employed daily. Make special efforts to give pupils great facility in its use.

AUTHORS and PUBLISHERS are cautioned against the use, in their publications, of the original material, classifications, arrangements, methods, and other features of the Independent Readers.

PREFACE.

GOOD READING, the primary educational requisite, the most useful and interesting of the accomplishments, is rarely attained in its excellence, without conscientious and effective training in youth. Hence, it is here purposed to combine in a comprehensive volume of moderate size, complete in all its parts, the right material and needful aids for intermediate classes and the mass of students who can not command sufficient time for the mastery of a larger and more intricate elocutionary reading-book.

THE TREATISE ON ELOCUTION is simple and practical, presenting the subject both as a science and an art. Its divisions in Pronunciation and Expression, and their relations to each other, are exhibited to the eye by a Series of Blackboard Diagrams. Printed in large type, with apt examples from the choicest writers for illustration, many of which are beautiful in expression and rich in sentiment, and arranged for class exercises rather than tasks, the Sections of this Treatise will prove most interesting for reading-lessons. The principles and rules are stated in language so succinct and perspicuous that the necessity of exceptions is avoided. Several examples under each section are left unmarked, thus affording opportunity for the exercise of judgment, taste, and discrimination.

In this Edition, all of *Webster's* marked letters are used as required to indicate pronunciation. Its phonic alphabet is made complete by the addition of the com-

PREFACE.

bined letters: Ou, ow, ch, sh, fh, wh, and ng. This marked type affords nearly all the advantages of pure *Phonetics*, without incurring any of the objections, and is as easily read as though unmarked. Its daily and judicious use in the *Body of the Readings and Notes*, marking doubtful words and localisms not less than once at each opening of the book, can not fail to form the habit of correct pronunciation.

THE READINGS OF PART SECOND embrace exciting and interesting narratives, spirited conversations, rare ballads, dramatic lyrics, prose recitations, etc., specially adapted to illustrate the principles of rhetorical delivery. They are calculated to awaken interest and enthusiasm, and develop a laudable ambition, love of country, and domestic virtues. They are graded in a systematic manner, presenting the simplest first in order, and divided into formal sections, in each of which a leading subject is treated, or a single element of Elocution made prominent. The *wood-cuts* are unsurpassed by those of any similar text-book.

THE AIDS preparative to the readings are unusually complete. Pronunciation is indicated as needed at each opening of the book. More than a thousand foot-notes are introduced which give the pronunciation of the words re-spelled; definitions; explanations of classical, historical, and other allusions; and biographical sketches of the authors of selections, and of persons whose names occur in the readings. This aid is given on the page where first needed, and a complete *Index to the Notes* is added for general reference.

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PART I.

PRACTICAL LOCUTION.

PHONETIC KEY.

I. TONICS.

1. ā, or ē; aș, āle, veil: 2. ă; aș, făt: 3. ă; aș, ărt:
4. a, or ô; aș, ăll, eörn: 5. â, or ê; aș, eâre, there:
6. â; aș, âsk: 7. ĕ, or ĭ; aș, wĕ, pique: 8. ĕ; aș, ĕll:
9. ĕ, ĭ, or ŭ; aș, hĕr, sĭr, bŭr: 10. ĭ, aș, ĭce: 11. ĭ; aș,
ĭll: 12. ô; aș, ôld: 13. ǫ, or ą; aș, ǫn, what: 14. ǫ,
ōō, or ȳ; aș, dǫ, fōōl, rȳle: 15. ū; aș, mŭle: 16. ŭ, or
ó; aș, ŭp, sôn: 17. ȳ, ȳ, or ǫō; aș, bŭll, wŭlf, wōōl:
18. Ou, ou, or ow; aș, Out, lout, owl.

II. SUBTONICS.

1. b; aș, bib: 2. d; aș, did: 3. ġ; aș, ġiġ: 4. ĵ, or
ġ; aș, jiġ, ġem: 5. l; aș, luĭl: 6. m; aș, mum: 7. n;
aș, nun: 8. ŋ, or ng; aș, liŋk, sing: 9. r; aș, rare:
10. Th, or th; aș, That, thĭth'er: 11. v; aș, valve:
12. w; aș, wiġ: 13. y; aș, yet: 14. z, or ș; as, zine, iș:
15. z, or zh, aș, ăzure.

III. ATONICS.

1. f; aș, fife: 2. h; aș, hit: 3. k, or e; aș, kiŋk,
eat: 4. p; aș, pop: 5. s, or ç; aș, siss, çity: 6. t; as,
tart: 7. Th, or th; aș, Thin, piŋh: 8. Ch, or çh; aș,
Chin, riçh: 9. Sh, sh, or çh; aș, Shot, ash, çhaișe:
10. Wh, or wh; aș, White, whip.—*Italics*, silent; aș,
often (ôf'n): x for ġs; aș, ex ăet'.

ELOCUTION.

ELOCUTION is the mode of utterance or delivery of any thing spoken. It may be *good* or *bad*.

2. *GOOD ELOCUTION* is the art of uttering ideās understandingly, correctly, and effectively. It embraces the two gèneral dīvisions, ORTHOEPY and EXPRESSION.

Elocution { *Orthoepy*
*Expression*¹

ORTHOEPY.

ORTHOEPY is the art of cōrrèct pronunciation.² It embraces ARTICULATION, SYLLABICATION, and ACCENT.

Orthoepy { *Articulation*
Syllabication
Accent

ORTHOEPY has to do with *separate* words—the production of their òral elements, the combination of these elements to form syllables, and the accentuation of the right syllables.

¹ **Blackboard Diagrams.**—Regarding blackboard diagrams as *indispensable*, in conducting most successfully class exercises in elocution, they are here introduced for the convenience of young teachers, and as

constant reminders of the importance of employing the perceptive faculties in connection with òral instruction.

² **Pronunciation** (pro nūn'shī ā'-shun).

I. ARTICULATION.

I.

DEFINITIONS.

ARTICULATION is the *distinct* utterance of the oral elements in syllables and words.

2. *ORAL ELEMENTS* are the sounds that, uttered separately or in combination, form syllables and words.

3. *ORAL ELEMENTS ARE PRODUCED* by different positions of the organs of speech, in connection with the voice and the breath.

4. *THE PRINCIPAL ORGANS OF SPEECH* are the lips, the teeth, the tongue, and the palate.

5. *VOICE IS PRODUCED* by the action of the breath upon the lărynx.¹

6. *ORAL ELEMENTS ARE DIVIDED* into three classes: *eighteen* TONICS, *fifteen* SUBTONICS, and *ten* ATONICS.

7. *TONICS* are pure tones produced by the voice, with but slight use of the organs of speech.

8. *SUBTONICS* are tones produced by the voice, *modified* by the organs of speech.

9. *ATONICS* are mere breathings, modified by the organs of speech.

10. *LETTERS* are characters that are used to represent or modify the oral elements.

11. *THE ALPHABET IS DIVIDED* into vowels and consonants.

12. *VOWELS* are the letters that usually represent the tonics. They are *a, e, i, o, u*, and sometimes *y*.²

13. *A DIPHTHONG* is the union of two vowels in a syllable; as *ou* in *our*, *ea* in *bread*.

14. *A PROPER DIPHTHONG* is the union of two vowels in a syllable, *nēither* of which is silent; as *ou* in *out*.

¹ **Lărynx**.—The lărynx is the upper part of the trăcheă, or windpipe.

² **W not a Vowel**.—*W*, not representing a tonic, is only a consonant.

15. *AN IMPROPER DIPHTHONG* is the union of two vowels in a syllable, one of which is silent; as *ōa* in *lōaf*.

16. *A TRIPHTHONG* is the union of three vowels in a syllable; as *eau* in *beau* (*bō*), *ieu* in *adieu* (*ādū'*).

17. *CONSONANTS*¹ are the letters that usually represent either subtonic or atonic elements. They are of two kinds, single letters and combined, including all the letters of the alphabet, except the vowels, and the combinations *ch*, *sh*, *wh*, *ng*: *th* subtonic, and *fh* atonic.

18. *LABIALS* are letters whose oral elements are chiefly formed by the lips. They are *b*, *p*, *w*, and *wh*. *M* is a nasal labial. *F* and *v* are labio-dentals.

19. *DENTALS* are letters whose oral elements are chiefly formed by the teeth. They are *j*, *s*, *z*, *ch*, and *sh*.

20. *LINGUALS* are letters whose oral elements are chiefly formed by the tongue. They are *d*, *l*, *r*, and *t*. *N* is a nasal-lingual; *y*, a lingua-palatal, and *th*, a lingua-dental.

21. *PALATALS* are letters whose oral elements are chiefly formed by the palate. They are *g* and *k*. *NG* is a nasal-palatal.

22. *COGNATES* are letters whose oral elements are produced by the same organs, in a similar manner; thus, *f* is a cognate of *v*; *k* of *g*, etc.

23. *ALPHABETIC EQUIVALENTS* are letters, or combinations of letters, that represent the same elements, or sounds; thus, *i* is an equivalent of *e*, in *pique*.

II.

ORAL ELEMENTS.

IN SOUNDING the tonics, the organs should be fully opened, and the stream of sound from the throat should be thrown, as much as possible, directly upward

¹ *Consonant*.—The term *consonant*, literally meaning *sounding with*, is applied to these letters and combinations because they are rare-

ly used in words without having a vowel connected with them in the same syllable, although their *oral elements* may be uttered separately.

against the roof of the mouth. These elements should open with an *abrupt* and *explosive* force, and then diminish gradually and equably to the end.

In producing the *subtonic* and *atonic* elements, it is important to press the organs upon each other with great firmness and tension; to throw the breath upon them with force; and to prolong the sound sufficiently to give it a full impression on the ear.

The instructor will first require the students to pronounce a catch-word once, and then produce the oral element represented by the marked vowel, or *Italic* consonant, four times—thus; āge—ā, ā, ā, ā; āte—ā, ā, ā, ā; āt—ā, ā, ā, ā; āsh—ā, ā, ā, ā, etc. He will exercise the class until each student can utter *consecutively* all the elementary sounds as arranged in the following

TABLE OF ORAL ELEMENTS.

I. TONICS.

1. ā, ¹ as in āge,	āte.	8. ě, as in ělk,	ěnd.
2. ă, “	ăt, ăsh.	9. ē, ⁴ “	hēr, vērse.
3. ä, “	ärt, ärm.	10. ĩ, “	īce, child.
4. a, “	all, ball.	11. ĩ, “	īnk, inch.
5. â, ² “	bâre, câre.	12. ō, “	ōld, hōme.
6. â, ³ “	ăsk, ġlăss.	13. ǒ, ⁵ “	ǒn, fröst.
7. ē, “	hē, thēse.	14. o, “	dō, prove.

and without the aid of a vowel. Indeed, they frequently form syllables by themselves, as in *feeble* (*bl*), *taken* (*kn*).

¹ **Long and Short Vowels.**—The attention of the class should be called to the fact that the first element, or sound, represented by each of the vowels, is usually indicated by a horizontal line placed over the letter, and the second sound by a curved line.

² **A Fifth.**—The *fifth* element, or sound, represented by â, is its *first* or *Alphabetic* sound, modified or softened by *r*. In its production,

the lips, placed nearly together, are held immovable while the student tries to say â.

³ **A Sixth.**—The *sixth* element represented by ă, is a sound intermediate between *a*, as heard in *at*, *ash*, and *a*, as in *arm*, *art*. It is produced by prolonging and slightly softening ă.

⁴ **E Third.**—The *third* element represented by ē, is *e* as heard in *end* prolonged, and modified or softened by *r*.

⁵ **O Modified.**—The modified oral element of *o*, in this work, is represented by ǒ, the same mark as its regular second power. This modi-

- | | | | |
|---|---------------|------------------------------------|----------------|
| 15. <i>ũ</i> , ¹ as in <i>eũbe</i> , | <i>eũre</i> . | 17. <i>ũ</i> , as in <i>full</i> , | <i>push</i> . |
| 16. <i>ũ</i> , " <i>bũd</i> , | <i>hũsh</i> . | 18. <i>ou</i> , " <i>our</i> , | <i>house</i> . |

II. SUBTONICS.

- | | | | |
|-----------------------------------|----------------|--|------------------|
| 1. <i>b</i> , as in <i>babe</i> , | <i>orb</i> . | 9. <i>r</i> , ² as in <i>rake</i> , | <i>bar</i> . |
| 2. <i>d</i> , " <i>did</i> , | <i>dim</i> . | 10. <i>th</i> , " <i>this</i> , | <i>with</i> . |
| 3. <i>g</i> , " <i>gag</i> , | <i>gig</i> . | 11. <i>v</i> , " <i>vine</i> , | <i>vice</i> . |
| 4. <i>j</i> , " <i>join</i> , | <i>joint</i> . | 12. <i>w</i> , " <i>wake</i> , | <i>wise</i> . |
| 5. <i>l</i> , " <i>lake</i> , | <i>lane</i> . | 13. <i>y</i> , " <i>yard</i> , | <i>yes</i> . |
| 6. <i>m</i> , " <i>mild</i> , | <i>mũm</i> . | 14. <i>z</i> , " <i>zest</i> , | <i>gaze</i> . |
| 7. <i>n</i> , " <i>name</i> , | <i>nine</i> . | 15. <i>zh</i> " <i>azure</i> , | <i>glaziẽr</i> . |
| 8. <i>ng</i> , " <i>gang</i> , | <i>sang</i> . | | |

III. ATONICS.

- | | | | |
|-----------------------------------|----------------|---|----------------|
| 1. <i>f</i> , as in <i>fame</i> , | <i>fife</i> . | 6. <i>t</i> , as in <i>tart</i> , | <i>toast</i> . |
| 2. <i>h</i> , " <i>hark</i> , | <i>harm</i> . | 7. <i>th</i> , " <i>thank</i> , | <i>youth</i> . |
| 3. <i>k</i> , " <i>kind</i> , | <i>kink</i> . | 8. <i>ch</i> , " <i>chase</i> , | <i>march</i> . |
| 4. <i>p</i> , " <i>pipe</i> , | <i>pump</i> . | 9. <i>sh</i> , " <i>shade</i> , | <i>mũsh</i> . |
| 5. <i>s</i> , " <i>souse</i> , | <i>sense</i> . | 10. <i>wh</i> , ³ " <i>whale</i> , | <i>white</i> . |

III.

COGNATES.

FIRST require the student to pronounce distinctly the word containing the atonic element, then the subtonic cognate, uttering the element after each word—

fied or medium element may be produced by uttering the sound of *o* in *not*, slightly softened, with twice its usual volume, or prolongation. It is usually given when short *o* is immediately followed by *ff*, *ft*, *ss*, *st*, or *th*, as in *off*, *sɔft*, *crɔss*, *cɔst*, *brɔth*; also in a number of words where short *o* is directly followed by *n*, or final *ng*, as in *gɔne*, *begɔne*; *lɔng*, *prɔng*, *sɔng*, *thrɔng*, *wrɔng*. SMART says, To give the extreme short sound of *o* to such words is affectation; to give them the full sound of broad *a* [*a* in *all*], is *vulgar*.

¹ **U Initial**.—*U*, at the beginning of words, when long, has the sound of *yu*, as in *use*.

² **R Trilled**.—In *trilling r*, the tip of the tongue is made to vibrate against the roof of the mouth. Frequently require the student, after a full inhalation, to trill *r* continuously, as long as possible.

³ **Wh**.—To produce the oral element of *wh*, the student will blow from the center of the mouth—first compressing the lips, and then suddenly relaxing them while the air is escaping.

thus: *lip*, *p*; *orb*, *b*, etc. The attention of the pupil should be called to the fact that cognates are produced by the same organs, in a similar manner, and only differ in one being an undertone, and the other a whisper.

ATONICS.		SUBTONICS.	
<i>lip</i> ,	<i>p</i> .	<i>orb</i> ,	<i>b</i> .
<i>five</i> ,	<i>f</i> .	<i>valve</i> ,	<i>v</i> .
<i>white</i> ,	<i>wh</i> .	<i>wise</i> ,	<i>w</i> .
<i>save</i> ,	<i>s</i> .	<i>zeal</i> ,	<i>z</i> .
<i>shade</i> ,	<i>sh</i> .	<i>azure</i> ,	<i>zh</i> .
<i>charm</i> ,	<i>ch</i> .	<i>join</i> ,	<i>j</i> .
<i>tart</i> ,	<i>t</i> .	<i>did</i> ,	<i>d</i> .
<i>thing</i> ,	<i>th</i> .	<i>this</i> ,	<i>th</i> .
<i>kink</i> ,	<i>k</i> .	<i>gig</i> ,	<i>g</i> .

IV.

ALPHABETIC EQUIVALENTS.

THE INSTRUCTOR will require the student to read or recite the Table of Alphabetic Equivalents, using the following formula: The Alphabetic Equivalents for A first power are *ai*, *au*, *ay*, *e*, *ea*, *ee*, *ei*, *ey*; as in *gain*, *gauche*, *stray*, *melee*, *great*, *vein*, *they*.

I. TONIC ELEMENTS.

For *ā*, *ai*, *au*, *ay*, *e*, *ea*, *ee*, *ei*, *ey*; as in *gāin*, *gāuche*, *strāy*, *melee*, *grēat*, *vein*, *they*.

For *ā*, *ai*, *ua*; as in *plāid*, *guāranty*.

For *ā*, *au*, *e*, *ea*, *ua*; as in *hāunt*, *sergeant*, *heārt*, *guārd*.

For *a*, *au*, *aw*, *eo*, *o*, *oa*, *ou*; as in *fault*, *hawok*, *Geōrge*, *cōrk*, *broad*, *bōught*.

For *â*, *ai*, *ê*, *ea*, *ei*; as in *châir*, *thêre*, *sweâr*, *heir*.

For *ē*, *ea*, *ee*, *ei*, *eo*, *ey*, *ī*, *ie*; as in *rēad*, *dēep*, *çēil*, *pēople*, *kēy*, *valīse*, *fiēld*.

For *ë*, *a*, *ai*, *ay*, *ea*, *ei*, *eo*, *ie*, *u*, *ue*; as in *any*, *said*, *says*, *hēad*, *hēifer*, *lēopard*, *frīend*, *bury*, *gūess*.

For *ē*, *ea*, *i*, *o*, *ou*, *u*, *ue*, *y*; as in *ēarth*, *gīrl*, *word*, *scoūrge*, *būrn*, *gūerdon*, *myrrh*.

For *i*, *ai*, *ei*, *eye*, *ie*, *oi*, *ui*, *uy*, *y*, *ye*; as in *aī*slē, slēight, *eī*ye, *dī*e, *chō*ir, *gū*ide, *buī*, *mī*, *rī*e.

For *ī*, *ai*, *e*, *ee*, *ie*, *o*, *oi*, *u*, *ui*, *y*; as in *e*aptāin, *pre*ttī, *bee*n, *slee*ve, *wome*n, *tō*rtoise, *bu*sy, *bu*ild, *hī*mn.

For *ō*, *au*, *eau*, *eo*, *ew*, *oa*, *oe*, *oo*, *ou*, *ow*; as in *hau*t-bōy, *beau*, *yeō*man, *sew*, *eō*al, *fō*e, *dō*or, *sō*ul, *blō*w.

For *ö*, *a*, *ou*, *ow*; as in *whā*t, *hō*ugh, *knō*wledge.

For *o*, *ew*, *oe*, *oo*, *ou*, *u*, *ui*; as in *grew*, *shō*e, *spō*n, *sō*up, *rū*de, *frū*t.

For *ū*, *eau*, *eu*, *ew*, *ieu*, *iew*, *ue*, *ui*; as in *beaū*ty, *fē*ūd, *new*, *ā*dīeū, *vieu*, *hū*e, *jū*ice.

For *ü*, *o*, *oe*, *oo*, *ou*; as in *lō*ve, *dō*e, *blō*od, *yō*ung.

For *u*, *o*, *oo*, *ou*; as in *wō*lf, *bō*ok, *cō*uld.

For *ou*, *ow*; as in *nō*w.

For *oi* (*ai*), *oy*; as in *bō*y.

II. SUBTONIC AND ATONIC ELEMENTS.

For *f*, *gh*, *ph*; as in *eō*ugh, *nī*mph.

For *j*, *g*; as in *gē*m, *gī*n.

For *k*, *e*, *eh*, *gh*, *q*; as in *eō*le, *eō*neh, *lō*ugh, *eti*quette.

For *s*, *ç*; as in *ç*ell, *ç*ity.

For *t*, *d*, *th*, *phth*; as in *dā*nced, *Thā*mes, *phth*isē.

For *v*, *f*, *ph*; as in *qf*, *Stē*phen.

For *y*, *i*; as in *pin*ion.

For *z*, *c*, *s*, *x*; as in *suff*ice, *rō*se, *ze*bec.

For *zh*, *g*, *s*; as in *rō*uge, *ō*sier.

For *ng*, *n*; as in *ā*nger, *bā*nk.

For *ch*, *t*; as in *fust*ian.

For *sh*, *c*, *ch*, *s*, *ss*, *t*; as in *o*cean, *ç*aise, *sū*re, *assū*re, *mar*tial.

V.

ORAL ELEMENTS COMBINED.

AFTER the instructor has given a class thōrough drill on the preceding tables as arranged, the following exercises will be found of great value, to improve the

organs of speech and the voice, as well as to familiarize the student with different combinations of sound.

As the *fifth* element represented by *a*, and the *third* element of *e*, are always immediately followed by the oral element of *r* in words, the *r* is introduced in like manner in these exercises. Since the *sixth* sound of *a*, when not a syllable by itself, is always immediately followed by the oral element of *f*, *n*, or *s*, in words, these letters are here employed in the same manner.

I. TONICS AND SUBTONICS.

1. bā, bā, bā, bā, bār, bār; bē, bē, bē;
 īb, īb; ōb, ōb, ōb; ūb, ūb, ūb; oub.
 dā, dā, dā, dā, dār, dār; dē, dē, dē;
 īd, īd; ōd, ōd, ōd; ūd, ūd, ūd; oud.
 gā, gā, gā, gā, gār, gār; gē, gē, gē;
 īg, īg; ōg, ōg, ōg; ūg, ūg, ūg; oug.
2. jā, jā, jā, jā, jā, jā; jēr, jēr, jēr;
 īg, īg; ōg, ōg, ōg; ūg, ūg, ūg; oug.
 lās, lār, lā, lā, lā, lā; lēr, lēr, lēr;
 īl, īl; ūl, ūl, ūl; ūl, ūl, ūl; oul.
 mās, mēr, mō, mā, mā, mē; mēr, mēr, mēr;
 īm, īm; ōm, ōm, ōm; ūm, ūm, ūm; oum.
3. ān, ān, ān, ān, nān, ān; ēn, ēn, ēn;
 nŷ, nŷ; nō, nō, nō; nū, nū, nū; nou.
 āng, ān, āng, āf, āng, āng; ēng, ēn, ēng;
 īng, īng; ōng, ōng, ōng; ūng, ūng, ūng; oung.
 rā, rā, rār, rā, rā, rār; rē, rēr, rē;
 rī, rī; rō, rō, rō; rū, rū, rū; row.
4. āth, ōth, āf, ēth, ārth, āth; ēth, ērth, ēth;
 thī, thī; thō, thō, thō; thū, thū, thū; thou.
 vē, vā, vār, vā, vār, vā; vēr, vēr, vēr;
 īv, īv; ōv, ōv, ōv; ūv, ūv, ūv; ouv.
 wā, wā, wār, wā, wā, wār; wēr, wēr, wēr;
 wī, wī; wō, wō, wō; wū, wū, wū; wow.

5. yā, yǎ, yā, ya, yār, yàn; yē, yè, yēr;
 yī, yǐ; yō, yǒ, yō; yū, yǔ, yū; yow.
 zow; zōo, zū, zū; zōo, zǒ, zō; zī, zī;
 sēr, sē, sē; sáf, sēr, sa, sǎ, sǎ, sǎ.
 ouzh; ǔzh, ūzh, ūzh; ǒzh, ǒzh, ǒzh; ǐzh, ǐzh;
 ērzh, èzh, ēzh; áf, ârzh, ǎzh, ǎzh, ǎzh.

II. TONIC AND ATONIC COMBINATIONS.

1. fā, fǎ, fā, fa, fār, fās; fē, fè, fēr;
 íf, íf; óf, óf, of; ūf, ūf, uf; ouf.
 hēr, hán, ha, hā, hā, há; hē, hē, hēr;
 hǐ, hǐ; hō, hǒ, hu; hū, hu, hū; how.
 āk, āk, ak, āk, ârk, áf; ěk, ěk, ěrk;
 kǐ, kǐ; kō, kǒ, ko; kū, ku, kǔ; kou.
 2. ep, ǎp, ǎp, óp, êrp, páf; pē, pǐ, pēr;
 pǐ, pǐ; ôp, ôp, ap; pū, pǔ, pōo; owp.
 áf, êrs, ôs, ǎs, ǎs, es; sǐr, sē, sǐ;
 ís, ís; us, as, os; so, sú, sū; ous.
 táś, tár, ta, ăt, ăt, ăt; tēr, ět, ět;
 tǔ, tǔ; tǒ, tōo, tō; ūt, ut, ut; tow.
 3. tháf, thār, tha, thā, thǎ; thēr, thē, thē;
 íth, íth; óth, oth, ǒth; ūth, ūth, uth; outh.
 owch; uch, ūch, ūch; ǒch, och, ǒch; ích, ích;
 ērch, ěch, ěch; cháf, chā, chā, chār, cha, chǎ.
 oush; ǔsh, ūsh, ūsh; ǒsh, osh, ǒsh; ish, ish;
 shēr, shē, shē; shán, shār, shā, sha, shǎ, shǎ.
 whow; whǔ, whu, whū; whō, who, whǒ; whǐ, whǐ;
 whēr, whē, whē; whás, whār, whā, whǎ, whā, whǎ.

VI.

ERRORS IN ARTICULATION.

ERRORS IN ARTICULATION arise, *first*, from the omission of one or more elements in a word; as,

ǎn' for ǎnd.
 frien's " friend's.

blin'ness for blind'ness.
 fǎe's " fǎets.

söf'ly	for söft'ly.	bôis'trous	for bôis'tër oüs.
fiäl's	" fiäld's.	chick'n	" chick'ën.
wil's	" wild's.	hîs't'ry	" hîs'tō rÿ.
stô'm	" stôrm.	nöiv'l	" nöiv'ël.
wä'm	" wärm.	träiv'l	" träiv'ël.

Secondly, from uttering one or more elements that should not be sounded ; as,

ēv'ën	for ēv'n.	räv'ël	for räv'l.
hēav'ën	" hēav'n.	sēv'ën	" sēv'n.
tāk'ën	" tāk'n.	söf'tën	" söf'n.
sîck'ën	" sîck'n.	shāk'ën	" shāk'n.
drîv'ël	" drîv'l.	shöv'ël	" shöv'l.
gröv'ël	" gröv'l.	shrîv'ël	" shrîv'l.

Thirdly, from substituting one element for another ; as,

sēt	for sît.	eāse	for eōurse.
sēnce	" sînce.	re part'	" re pōrt'.
shēt	" shût.	tröf' fy	" trō'phÿ.
for gît'	" for gêt'	pā'rent	" pâr'ent.
eāre	" eāre.	bün'net	" bön'net.
dānce	" dānce.	chîl'drun	" chîl'drën.
pāst	" pāst.	sül'ler	" çël'lar.
āsk	" āsk.	mël'lër	" mël'lōw.
grāss	" grāss.	pîl'lër	" pîl'lōw.
srîll	" shrîll.	mō'munt	" mō'mënt.
wîrl	" whîrl.	härm'liss	" härm'lëss.
a gān'	" a gain (ā gēn').	kînd'niss	" kînd'nëss.
ā gānst'	" against (ā gēnst').	wîs'per	" whîs'per.
hērth	" hearth (härth).	sîng'in	" sîng'ing.

VII.

ANALYSIS OF WORDS.

IN ORDER to secure a practical knowledge of the preceding definitions and tables, to learn to spell spoken words by their oral elements, and to understand

the uses of letters in written words, the instructor will require the student to master the following exhaustive though simple analysis.

ANALYSIS.—*1st.* The word SALVE, *in pronunciation*, is formed by the union of three oral elements; sā v—salve. [Here let the student utter the three oral elements separately, and then pronounce the word.] The *first* is a modified breathing; hence, it is an atonic. The *second* is a pure tone; hence, it is a tonic. The *third* is a modified tone; hence, it is a subtonic.

2d. The word SALVE, *in writing*, is represented by the letters, salve—salve. *S* represents an atonic; hence, it is a consonant. Its oral element is chiefly formed by the teeth; hence, it is a dental. Its oral element is produced by the same organs and in a similar manner as the first oral element of *z*; hence, it is a cognate of *z*. *A* represents a tonic; hence, it is a vowel. *L* is silent. *V* represents a subtonic; hence, it is a consonant. Its oral element is chiefly formed by the lower lip and the upper teeth; hence, it is a labio-dental. Its oral element is formed by the same organs and in a similar manner as that of *f*; hence, it is a cognate of *f*. *E* is silent.

ANALYSIS.—*1st.* The word SHOE, *in pronunciation*, is formed by the union of two oral elements; sh o—shoe. The *first* is a modified breathing; hence, it is an atonic. The *second* is a pure tone; hence, it is a tonic.

2d. The word SHOE, *in writing*, is represented by the letters, sh oe—shoe. The combination sh represents an atonic; hence, it is a consonant. Its oral element is chiefly formed by the teeth; hence, it is a dental. Its oral element is produced by the same organs and in a similar manner as the second oral element represented by *z*; hence, it is a cognate of *z*. The combination oe is formed by the union of two vowels, one of which is silent; hence, it is an improper diphthong. It represents the oral element usually represented by *o*; hence, it is an alphabetic equivalent of *o*.

VIII.

RULES IN ARTICULATION.

A AS THE NAME OF A LETTER, or when used as an *emphatic* word, should be pronounced *ā* (*ā* in *āge*) ; as,

She did not say that the *three* boys knew the letter *ā*, but that *ā* boy knew it.

2. *THE WORD A*, when not *emphatic*, is marked thus, *ā*,¹ its *quality* in pronunciation being the same as heard in *āsk*, *grāss* ; as,

Give *ā* baby sister *ā* smile, *ā* kind word, and *ā* kiss.

3. *THE*, when not *emphatic* nor immediately followed by a word that commences with a vowel sound, should be pronounced *thū* ; as,

The (*thū*) peach, the (*thū*) plum, *thē* apple, and the (*thū*) cherry are yours. Did he *āsk* for *ā* pen, or for *thē* pen ?

4. *U PRECEDED BY R*.—When *u* long (*u* in *tūbe*), or its alphabetic equivalent *ew*, is preceded by *r*, or the sound of *sh*, in the same syllable, it has always the sound of *o* in *do* ; as,

Are you sure that shrewd youth was rude ?

5. *R MAY BE TRILLED* when immediately followed by a vowel sound in the same syllable. When thus situated in *emphatic* words, it should always be trilled ; as,

He is both *brave* and *true*. She said *scratching*, not *scrawling*.

IX.

EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

SILENT LETTERS are here omitted, and the words are spelled as they should be pronounced. Students will read the sentences several times, both separately and in concert, uttering all the oral elements with force and distinctness. They will also analyze the words

¹ **A Initial**.—*A* in many words, as an initial unaccented syllable, is also marked *ā*, its *quality* being that of a sixth power (*ā*), as in *ālās*, *āmāss*, though somewhat less in volume of sound.

bōth as spoken and written, and name the rules in articulation that are illustrated by the exercises.

1. It mǔst bē sō, thō mēnī mīlyūnz mōrn.
2. Thū bōld bād bāiz brōk bōlts ānd bārz.
3. Thū rōgz rūsh̄t round thū rūf rēd rōks.
4. Hī ōn ā hīl, Hū hērd harsēz harnī hofs.
5. Shor̄ al hēr pāthz ār pāthz ōv pēs.
6. Bā ! thāt'z nōt sīks dōllārz, būt ā dōllār.
7. Chārj thē ōld mǎn tō choz ā chāis Chēsh'ēr chēz.
8. Lit sēking lit, hāfh lit ōv lit bēgīld.
9. Bōth'z yōfhs wīth trofhs yūz wīkēd ōthz.
10. Arm it wīth rāgz, ā pīgmī strā wīl pērs it.
11. Nou sēt thū tēfh ānd strēch thū nōstrīl wīd.
12. Hē wōcht ānd wēpt, hē felt ānd prād fār āl.
13. Hīz iz, āmīdst thū mīsts, mēzhērd ān āzhēr skī.
14. Thū whālz whēld ānd whērl̄d, ānd bārd thār brād, broun bāks.
15. Jīlz ānd Jāsn Jōnz kǎn nōt sǎ, — Arōrā, ālās, āmās, mǎnnā, villā, ārō'mā, nār Lūnā.
16. Thū strīf sēsēfh, pēs āpprōchēfh, ānd thū gūd mǎn rējaisēfh.
17. Thū shroḍ shroz sǎ thāt thū vīl vīksnz shīlī yūzd shrūgz, ānd shārp, shrīl shrēks, āt shroudēd shrīnz.
18. Shorlī, thō wōndēd, thū prodēt rēkrot wud nōt ēt thāt krod frof.
19. Amīdst thū mīsts ānd kōldēst frōsts, wīth bārēst rīsts ānd stoutēst bōsts, hē chrūsts hīz fīsts āgēnst thū pōsts, ānd stīl insīsts hē sēz thū gōsts.
20. A stārm ārizēfh ōn thū sē. A mōdēl vēssēl iz strūggīng āmīdst thū wār ōv ēlēmēnts, kwīvēring ānd shīvēring, shrīngkīng ānd bātīlīng lik ā thīngkīng bēīng.
21. Chāst-id, chērīst Chēs ! Thū chārmz ōv thī chēkērd chāmbērz chān mē chānjlēslī. Fār thē ār thū chāplēts ōv chānlēs chārītī ānd thū chālīs ōv chīldlīk chērfulnēs. Chānj kǎn nōt chānj thē : frōm chīldhud tō thū chārnēl-hous, frōm our fērst chīldīsh chērpīngz tō thū chīlz ōv thū chērch-yārd, thou ārt our chērī chēftīnēs.

II. SYLLABICATION.

I.

DEFINITIONS.

A SYLLABLE is a word, or part of a word, uttered by a single impulse of the voice.

2. *A MONOSYLLABLE* is a word of *one* syllable ; as, *it*.

3. *A DISSYLLABLE* is a word of *two* syllables ; as, *bl-ý*.

4. *A TRISYLLABLE* is a word of *three* syllables ; as, *con-fine-ment*.

5. *A POLYSYLLABLE* is a word of *four* or *more* syllables ; as, *in-no-cen-cy*, *un-in-tel-li-gi-bil-i-ty*.

6. *THE ULTIMATE* is the *last* syllable of a word ; as, *ful*, in *peace-ful*.

7. *THE PENULT*, or penultimate, is the *last* syllable but *one* of a word : as *māk*, in *peace-mak-er*.

8. *THE ANTEPENULT*, or antepenultimate, is the *last* syllable but *two* of a word ; as *ta*, in *spón-ta-ne-ous*.

9. *THE PREANTEPENULT* is the *last* syllable but *three* of a word ; as *cab*, in *vo-cab-u-la-ry*.

II.

RULES IN SYLLABICATION.

INITIAL CONSONANTS.—The elements of consonants that *commence* words should be uttered distinctly, but should not be much prolonged.

2. *FINAL CONSONANTS*.—Elements that are represented by *final* consonants should be dwelt upon, and uttered with great distinctness ; as,

He *gets* gold, and attempts by his acts to conceal his faults.

3. *WHEN ONE WORD OF A SENTENCE ENDS* and the next begins with the same consonant, or another that is hard to produce after it, a difficulty in utterance arises that should be obviated by *dwelling* on the final consonant, and then taking up the one at the beginning of

the next word, in a second impulse of the voice, without pausing between them ; as,

It will pain *nobody*, if the *sad dangler* regain *neither* rope.

4. *FINAL COGNATES*.—In uttering the elements of the final cognates, *b, p, d, t, g*, and *k*, the organs of speech should not remain closed at the *pauses* of discourse, but should be smartly separated by a kind of *echo* ; as,

I took down my hat-*t*, and put it upon my head-*d*.

5. *UNACCENTED SYLLABLES* should be pronounced as distinctly as those which are accented ; they should merely have less force of voice and less prolongation ; as,

The thoughtless, helpless, homeless, girl did not resent his rudeness and harshness.

Very many of the prevailing faults of articulation result from a neglect of these rules, especially the second, the third, and the last. He who gives a full and definite sound to final consonants and unaccented vowels, without stiffness or formality, can not fail to articulate well.

EXERCISES IN SYLLABICATION.¹

THIRTY YEARS AGO, Marseilles² lay burning in the sun, one day. A blazing sun, upon a fierce August day, was no greater rarity in Southern France then, than at any other time, before or since.

2. Every thing in Marseilles, and about Marseilles, had stared at the fervid sky, and been (bin) stared at in return, until a staring habit had become universal there.

3. Strangers were stared out of countenance by staring white houses, staring white walls, staring white streets, staring tracts of arid road, staring hills from which verdure was burnt away.

4. The only things to be seen not firedly staring and glaring were the vines drooping under their load of grapes. These did occasionally wink a little, as the hot air moved their faint leaves.

¹ Direction.—Students will give the number and names of the syllables of words, and tell what rule

for the formation of syllables each italic letter illustrates.

² Marseilles (mär sällz').

5. There was no wind to make a ripple on the foul water within the harbor, or on the beautiful sea without. The line of demarkation between the two colors, black and blue, showed the point which the pure sea would not pass; but it lay as quiet as the abominable pool, with which it never mixed.

6. Boats without awnings were too hot to touch; ships blistered at their moorings; the stones of the quays (kêz) had not cooled for months.

7. The universal stare made the eyes ache. Toward the distant line of Italian (i tál'yán) coast, indeed, it was a little relieved by light clouds of mist, slowly rising from the evaporation of the sea: but it softened nowhere else.

8. Far away the staring roads, deep in dust, stared from the hillside, stared from the hollow, stared from the interminable plain. Far away the dusty vines overhanging wayside cottages, and the monotonous wayside avenues of parched trees without shade, drooped beneath the stare of earth and sky.

9. So, too, drooped the horses with drowsy bells, in long files of carts, creeping slowly toward the interior; so did their recumbent drivers, when they were awake, which rarely happened; so did the exhausted laborers in the fields.

10. Every thing that lived or grew (grōo) was oppressed by the glare; except the lizard, passing swiftly over rough stone walls, and the çieādà, chirping his dry hot chirp, like a rattle. The very dust was scorched brown, and something quivered in the atmosphere as if the air itself were panting.

11. Blinds, shutters, curtains, awnings, were all closed to keep out the stare. Grant it but a chink or keyhole, and it shot in like a white-hot arrow.

12. The churches were freest from it. To come out of the twilight of pillars and arches—dreamily dotted with winking lamps, dreamily peopled with ugly old shadows piously dozing, spitting, and begging—was to plunge into a fiery river, and swim for life to the nearest strip of shade.

13. So, with people lounging and lying wherever shade was, with but little hum of tongues or barking of dogs, with occasional jangling of discordant church bells, and rattling of vicious drums, Marseilles, a fact to be strongly smelt and tasted, lay broiling in the sun one day.

III. ACCENT.

I.

DEFINITIONS.

ACCENT is the peculiar force given to one or more syllables of a word.

2. *IN WORDS WHICH HAVE TWO SYLLABLES ACCENTED*, the more forcible accent is called *primary*, and the less forcible, *secondary*; as *hab-i-TA-tion*.

Accent { Primary
Secondary

3. *THE MARK OF ACUTE ACCENT*, ['] *heavy*, is used to indicate *primary* accent; *light*, [''] *secondary*; as, *id'i ot'ic, rěf'or mā'tion*.

4. *THE MARK OF GRAVE ACCENT*, [˘] is here used to indicate, *first*, that the vowel forms a separate syllable; and, *secondly*, that the vowel is not an alphabetic equivalent; as,

A lēarnèd man caught that wingèd thing. Hēr goodnèss [not goodniss] moved the roughèst [not roughist]. The àgèd should not be thoughtlèss.

REQUIRE the pupil to give the office of each *mark* below.

EXERCISES IN ACCENT.

1. Hónèst stúdents lēarn the gréatnèss of húmility.
2. That bléssèd and belóvèd child loves évery wíngèd thing.
3. The agrée'able ar'tisan' made an ad'mirable pàr'asól' for that beau'tiful Russian (rűsh'an) la'dy.
4. No'tice the marks of ac'cent, and al'ways accent' còrrèct'ly words that should have but one ac'cent, as in *sen'sible, vaga'ry, cir'cumstances, dif'ficulty, in'teresting*, etc.
5. Costúme, mánnèrs, ríchès, cívilizátió, have no pérmanènt intèrèst for him.—His héedlèssnèss offènds his trúést friends.
6. In a crow'dèd life, or in the obscurèt hámlet, the same bléssèd élémènts offer the same rich chóicès to each new còmer.

II.

WORDS DISTINGUISHED BY ACCENT.

MANY WORDS, or parts of speech, having the same form, are distinguished by accent alone. Nouns and adjectives are often thus distinguished from verbs, and, in a few dissyllables, from each other.

EXAMPLES.

1. Note the mark of *ac'cent*, and *accent'* the right syllable.
2. *Perfume'* the room with rich *per'fume*.
3. My *in'crease* is taken to *increase'* your wealth.
4. *Desert'* us not in the *des'ert*.
5. If they *reprimand'* that officer, he will not regard their *rep'rimand*.
6. Buy some *cem'ent* and *cement'* the glass.
7. If that *proj'ect* fail, he will *project'* another.
8. If they *rebel'*, and *overthrow'* the government, even the *reb'els* can not justify the *o'verthrow*.
9. In *Au'gust*, the *august'* writer entered into a *com'pact* to prepare a *compact'* discourse.
10. Within a *min'ute* I will find a *minute'* piece of gold.
11. *In'stinct*, not reason, rendered the herd *instinct'* with spirit.

III.

ACCENT CHANGED BY CONTRAST.

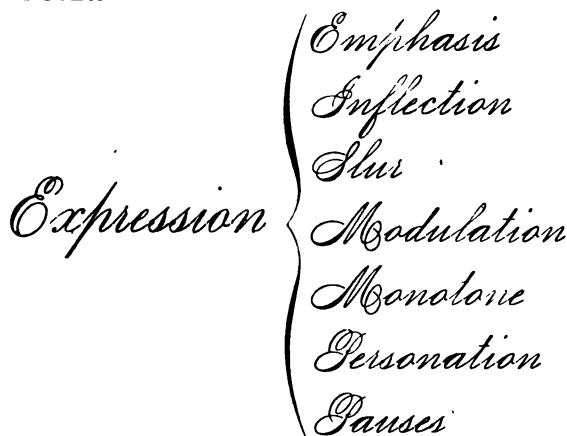
THE ORDINARY ACCENT OF WORDS is sometimes changed by a contrast in sense, or to express opposition of thought.

EXAMPLES.

1. He did not say a new *ad'dition*, but a new *e'dition*.
2. He must *in'crease*, but I must *de'crease*.
3. Consider well what is done, and what is left *un'done*.
4. I said that she will *sus'pect* the truth of the story, not that she will *ex'pect* it.
5. He that *de'scended* is also the same that *as'cended*.
6. This corruptible must put on *in'corruption*; and this mortal must put on *im'mortality*.

EXPRESSION.

EXPRESSION OF SPEECH is the utterance of thought, feeling, or passion, with due significance or force. Its general divisions are EMPHASIS, INFLECTION, SLUR, MODULATION, MONOTONE, PERSONATION, and PAUSES.



EXPRESSION enables the reader to see clearly whatever is represented or described, to enter fully into the feelings of the writer, and to cause others to see, feel, and understand.

I. EMPHASIS.

I.

DEFINITIONS.

EMPHASIS is the peculiar force given to one or more words of a sentence.

2. *TO GIVE A WORD EMPHASIS*, means to pronounce it in a loud¹ or forcible manner. No uncommon tone is

¹ **Loudness.**—The instructor will explain to the class the fact, that loudness has not, of necessity, reference to *high pitch*, but to *volume of voice*; *used on the same key or pitch*, when reading or speaking.

necessary, as words may be made emphatic by prolonging the tonics, by a pause, or even by a whisper.

3. *EMPHATIC WORDS* are often printed in *Italics*; those more emphatic, in small CAPITALS; and those that receive the greatest force, in large CAPITALS.

II.

RULES IN EMPHASIS.

WORDS AND PHRASES PECULIARLY SIGNIFICANT, OR important in meaning, are emphatic; as,
Whence and what art thou, execrable shape?

2. WORDS AND PHRASES THAT CONTRAST, or point out a difference, are emphatic; as,

I did not say a *better* soldier, but an *elder*.

3. THE REPETITION of an emphatic word or phrase usually requires an *increased* force of utterance; as,

You injured my child—you, sir!

4. A SUCCESSION of important words or phrases usually requires a gradual increase of emphatic force, though emphasis sometimes falls on the last word of a series only; as,

His *disappointment*, his ANGUISH, his DEATH, were caused by your carelessness.

These misfortunes are the same to the poor, the ignorant, and the *weak*, as to the rich, the wise, and the *powerful*.

The students will tell which of the rules are illustrated by the following exercises—both those that are *marked* and those that are *unmarked*.

EXERCISES IN EMPHASIS.

1. Speak *little* and *well*, if you wish to be thought wise.
2. He buys, he *sells*,—he STEALS, he KILLS for gold.
3. You were taught to *love* your brother, not to *hate* him.
4. I shall sing the praises of *October*, as the *loveliest* of months.
5. It is not so easy to hide one's faults, as to mend them.
6. Study not so much to show knowledge, as to possess it.

7. The GOOD man is *honored*, but the EVIL man is *despised*.

8. Custom is the plague of wise men and the idol of fools.

9. He that trusts *you*, where he should find you *lions* finds you HARES; where *foxes*, GEESE.

10. My friends, our *country must* be FREE! The land is never *lost*, that has a *son* to *right* her, and here are *troops* of sons, and LOYAL ones!

11. If I were an *American*, as I am an *Englishman*, while a foreign troop remained in my country, I NEVER would lay down my arms—*never*, NEVER, NEVER.¹

12. It is pleasant to grow better, for that is to excel ourselves; it is pleasant to subdue sins, for this is victory; it is pleasant to govern our appetites, for this is empire.

II. INFLECTION.

I.

DEFINITIONS.

INFLECTION is the bend or slide of the voice, used in reading and speaking.

Inflection, or the *slide*, is properly a part of *emphasis*. It is the greater rise or fall of the voice that occurs on the *accented* or *heavy* syllable of an *emphatic* word.

2. THERE ARE THREE INFLECTIONS or slides of the voice: the RISING INFLECTION, the FALLING INFLECTION, and the CIRCUMFLEX.

Inflection { *Rising*
Falling
Circumflex

¹ In order to make the last *never* more forcible, the emphasis is produced by the falling slide, and a deep

depression of the voice—almost to a deep aspirated whisper, drawn up from the very bottom of the chest.

3. *THE RISING INFLECTION* is the upward bend or slide of the voice ; as,

Do you love your home?

4. *THE FALLING INFLECTION* is the downward bend or slide of the voice ; as,

When are you going home?

The *rising* inflection carries the voice upward, from the *general pitch*, and suspends it on the highest tone required ; while the *falling* inflection commences *above the general pitch*, and falls down to it, as indicated in the last two examples.

5. *THE CIRCUMFLEX* is the union of the inflections on the same syllable or word, either commencing with the *rising* and ending with the *falling*, or commencing with the *falling* and ending with the *rising*, thus producing a slight wave of the voice.

6. *THE ACUTE ACCENT* ['] IS USED to mark the *rising* inflection ; the *grave accent* [`] the *falling* inflection ; as,

Will you réad, or spèll ?

7. *THE FALLING CIRCUMFLEX*, which commences with a rising and ends with a falling slide, is marked thus \frown ; the *rising circumflex*, which commences with a falling and ends with a rising slide, is marked thus \smile , which the pupil will see is the same mark inverted ; as,

You must take me for à fool, to think I could do that.

II.

RULES IN INFLECTION.

INFLECTION occurs on thē accented or *heavy* syllables of important or *emphatic* words ; as,

I will nèver stay. I said an òld man, not a bétter.

2. *THE FALLING INFLECTION* IS EMPLOYED for all *idé's* that are leading, complete, or known, or whenever something is affirmed or commanded *positively* ; as,

He will shed téars, on his return. It is your place to obèy. Spéak, I charge you !

3. *THE RISING INFLECTION IS EMPLOYED* for all ideās that are conditional, incidental, or incomplete, or for those that are doubtful, uncertain, or negative ; as,

Though he sláy me, I shall love him. On its retúrñ, they will shed tèars, not of ágony and distréss, but of grátitude and jòy.

4. *QUESTIONS FOR INFORMATION*, or those that can be answered by *yes* or *no*, require the *rising* inflection ; but their answers, when positive, the *falling* ; as,

Do you love Máry ? Yès ; I dò.

5. *DECLARATIVE QUESTIONS*, or those that can not be answered by *yes* or *no*, require the *falling* inflection ; as,

What mèans this stir in town ? When are yòu going to Róme ?

6. *WHEN WORDS OR CLAUSES CONTRAST OR COMPARE*, the first part usually has the *rising*, and the last the *falling* inflection ; though, when one side of the contrast is *affirmed*, and the other *denied*, the latter has the *rising* inflection, in whatever order they occur ; as,

I have seen thē effects of *love* and *hàtred*, *jóy* and *grièf*, *hópe* and *despàir*. This book is not *mine* but *yòurs*. I come to *bury* Cæsar, not to *práise* him.

7. *THE CIRCUMFLEX IS USED* when the thòughts are not sincere, but are employed in jest, irony, or double-meaning—in ridicule, sarcasm, or mōckery. The *falling* circumflex is used in places that would otherwise require the *falling* inflection ; the *rising* circumflex, in places that would otherwise require the *rising* inflection ; as,

He intends to *ride*, not to *walk*. Ah, it was *Maud* that gave it ! I never thought it could be *you* !

STUDENTS will be careful to employ the right slides in sentences that are unmarked, and tell what rule or rules are illus'trated by each of the following

EXERCISES IN INFLECTION.

1. I want a *pèn*. It is not a *bóok* I want.
2. The war must go *òn*. We must fight it *thróugh*.
3. The *càuse* will raise up *àrmies* ; the *càuse* will create *nàvies*.

4. That mēasure will strengthen us. It will give us character.
5. Through the thick glóom of the présent, I see the brightness of the fùture, as the sùn in hēaven.
6. We shall make this a glōrious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it.
7. Do you see that bright stár? Yès : it is splēndid.
8. Dóes that beautiful lady deserve práise, or bláme?
9. Will you ride in the carriage, or on horseback? Nēither.
10. Is a candle to be put under a búshel, or under a béd?
11. Hunting mēn, not béasts, shall be his game.
12. Do men gáther grapes from thorns, or figs from thistles?
13. Thère is a tide in the affairs of mēn, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.
14. O Róme ! O my cōuntry ! how art thou fàllen !
15. Thanks to the gods ! my boy has done his duty.
16. Sínk or swim, líve or díe, survíve or pèrish, I give my hand and hēart to this vote.
17. If Caudle says so, then all must believe it, of cōurse.
18. Is this a time to be glóomy and sád
 When our mother Nátüre láughs áround ;
 When even the deep blue héavens look glád,
 And gládnness breathes from the blóssoming ground?
19. Ōh, but you regrétted the robbery ! Yēs, regrétted !—
 you regrétted the violence, and that is all you did.
20. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of lóve and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that fōrce must be called in to win back our lóve?

III. SLUR.

SLUR is that smooth, gliding, subdued movement of the voice, by which those parts of a sentence of less comparative importance are rendered less impressive to the ear, and emphatic words and phrases set in stronger relief.

2. *EMPHATIC WORDS*, or the words that express the leading thoughts, are usually pronounced with a louder and more forcible effort of the voice, and are often prolonged. But words that are *slurred* must generally be read in a lower and less forcible tone of voice, more rapidly, and all pronounced nearly alike.

3. *SLUR MUST BE EMPLOYED* in cases of *parenthesis*, *contrast*, *repetition*, or *explanation*, where the phrase or sentence is of small comparative importance; and often when *qualification of time, place, or manner* is made.

4. *THE PARTS WHICH ARE TO BE SLURRED* in a portion of the exercises are printed in *Italic* letters. Students will first read the parts of the sentence that appear in Roman, and then the whole sentence, passing lightly and quickly over what was first omitted. They will also read the examples that are *unmarked* in like manner.

EXERCISES IN SLUR.

1. Dismiss, *as soon as may be*, all angry thoughts.
2. I am sure, *if you provide for your young brothers and sisters*, that God will bless you.
3. The general, with his head drooping, and his hands leaning on his horse's neck, moved feebly out of the battle.
4. The rivulet sends forth glad sounds, and *tripping o'er its bed of pebbly sands, or leaping down the rocks, seems with continuous laughter* to rejoice in its own being.
5. The sick man *from his chamber* looks at the twisted brooks; and, *feeling the cool breath of each little pool*, breathes a blessing on the summer rain.
6. Children are wading, *with cheerful cries*,
In the shoals of the sparkling brook;
Laughing maidens, *with soft young eyes*,
Walk or sit in the shady nook.
7. The calm shade shall bring a kindred calm, and the sweet breeze, that makes the green leaves dance, shall waft a balm to thy sick heart.
8. Ingenious boys, *who are idle, think, with the hare in the fable, that, running with SNAILS (so they count the rest of*

their school-fellows), they shall come soon enough to the post ;
though sleeping a good while before their starting.

9. Young eyes, that last year smiled in ours,
Now point the rifle's barrel ;
And hands, then stained with fruits and flowers,
Bear redder stains of quarrel.

10. No ! DEAR AS FREEDOM is, *and in my heart's just estimation prized above all price*, I would much rather be MYSELF the SLAVE, and WEAR the BONDS, than fasten them on HIM.

11. The moon is at her full, and, riding high,
Floods the calm fields with light.
The airs that hover in the summer sky
Are all asleep to-night.

12. If there's a Power above us—and that there is, all Nature cries aloud through all her works—He must delight in virtue ; and that which He delights in must be happy.

13. Here we have butter, pure as virgin gold ;
And milk from cows that can a tail unfold
With bovine pride ; and new-laid eggs, whose praise
Is sung by pullets with their morning lays ;
Trout from the brook ; good water from the well ;
And other blessings more than I can tell !

14. Ye glittering towns, with wealth and splendor crowned ;
Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round ;
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale ;
Ye bending swains, that dress the flowery vale ;
For me your tributary stores combine :
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine !

15. The village church, among the trees,
Where first our marriage vows were given,
With merry peals shall swell the breeze,
And point with taper spire to heaven.

16. I said, "Though I should die, I know
That all about the thorn will blow
In tufts of rosy-tinted snow ;
And men, through novel spheres of thought
Still moving after truth long sought,
Will learn new things when I am not."

IV. MODULATION.

MODULATION is the act of varying the voice in reading and speaking. Its divisions are **PITCH**, **FORCE**, **QUALITY** and **RATE**.

Modulation { *Pitch*
Force
Quality
Rate

I.

PITCH.

PITCH¹ REFERS to the *key-note* of the voice—its general degree of elevation or depression, in reading and speaking. We mark three general distinctions of Pitch : **HIGH**, **MODERATE**, and **LOW**.

Pitch { *High*
Moderate
Low

2. HIGH PITCH is that which is heard in calling to a person at a distance. It is used in expressing elevated and joyous feelings and strong emotion ; as,

1. Go ring the bells, and fire the guns,
And fling the starry banners out ;
Shout “ Freedom ! ” till your lipping ones
Give back their cradle shout.

¹ **Exercise on Pitch.**—Deliver a sentence in as low a key as possible ; then repeat it, gradually elevating the pitch, until the top of the voice shall have been reached, when the exercise may be reversed.

3. *MODERATE PITCH* is that which is heard in common conversation and description, and in moral reflection, or calm reasoning; as,

1. The morning itself, few people, inhabitants of cities, know anything about. For them it is that part of the day that comes along after a cup of coffee and a beef-steak, or a piece of toast.

4. *LOW PITCH* is heard when the voice falls below the common speaking key. It is used in expressing reverence, awe, sublimity, and tender emotions; as,

1. 'Tis midnight's holy hour, and silence now
Is brooding like a gentle spirit, o'er
The still and pulseless world. Hark! on the winds
The bells' deep tones are swelling;—'tis the knell
Of the departed year.

II.

FORCE.

FORCE¹ is the volume or loudness of voice, used on the same key or pitch. There are three general degrees: **LOUD**, **MODERATE**, and **GENTLE**.

Force { *Loud*
 { *Moderate*
 { *Gentle*

2. *LOUD FORCE* is used in strong, but suppressed passions, and in emotions of sorrow, grief, respect, veneration, dignity, apathy, and contrition; as,

1. Thou stand'st at length before me undisguised!—
Thou worm! thou viper!—to thy native earth

¹ **Exercise on Force.**—For a general exercise on *force*, select a sentence, and deliver it on a given key, with voice just sufficient to be heard, then gradually increase the quantity

until the whole power of the voice is brought into play. Reverse the process, without change of key, ending with a whisper. This exercise can not be too frequently repeated.

*Return! Away! Thou art too base for man
To tread upon. Thou scum! thou reptile!*

2. VIRTUE takes place of *all* things. It is the *nobility* of ANGELS! It is the MAJESTY of GOD!

3. Roll on, thou deep and dark-blue ocean—roll!

3. MODERATE FORCE is used in ordinary assertion, narration, and description; as,

Remember this saying, “The good paymaster is lord of another man’s purse.” He that is known to pay punctually, may, at any time, raise all the money his friends can spare.

4. GENTLE FORCE is used to express caution, fear, secrecy, and tender emotions; as,

They are sleeping! Who are sleeping?

Pause a moment—softly tread;

Anxious friends are fondly keeping

Vigils by the sleeper’s bed!

Other hopes have all forsaken;

One remains—that slumber deep:

Speak not, lest the slumberer waken

From that sweet, that saving sleep.

III.

QUALITY.

QUALITY has reference to the *kinds* of tone used in speech. They are the PURE TONE, the OROTUND, the ASPIRATED, the GUTTURAL, and the TREMBLING.

{	Pure Tone
	Oratund
	Aspirated
	Guttural
	Trembling

2. *THE PURE TONE* is a clear, smooth, round, flowing sound, accompanied with moderate pitch; and is used to express peace, cheerfulness, joy, and love; as,

Methinks I love all common things—

The common air, the common flower;

The dear, kind, common thought, that springs

From hearts that have no other dower,

No other wealth, no other power,

Save love; and will not that repay

For all else fortune tears away?

3. *THE OROTUND* is the pure tone deepened, enlarged, and intensified. It is used in all energetic and vehement forms of expression, and in giving utterance to grand and sublime emotions; as,

1. *Strike*—till the last armed foe expires;

STRIKE—for your altars and your fires;

STRIKE—for the green graves of your sires;

GOD—and your native land!

2. "FORWARD, THE LIGHT BRIGADE!

CHARGE FOR THE GUNS!" he said:

Into the valley of Death rode the six hundred.

4. *THE ASPIRATED TONE* is an expulsion of the breath more or less strong—the words, or portions of them, being spoken in a whisper. It is used to express amazement, fear, terror, horror, revenge, and remorse; as,

1. How ill this taper burns!

Ha! who comes here?

Cold drops of sweat hang on my trembling flesh,

My blood grows chilly, and I freeze with horror!

2. While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,

Or whispering with white lips, "The foe! they come, they come!"

5. *THE GUTTURAL* is a deep under-tone, used to express hatred, contempt, and loathing. It usually occurs on the emphatic words; as,

Thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward!

Thou cold-blooded slave!

Thou wear a lion's hide?

*Doff it, for shame, and hang
A calf-skin on those recreant limbs.*

6. *THE TREMULOUS TONE, OR TREMOR*, consists of a tremulous iteration, or a number of impulses of sound of the least assignable duration. It is used in excessive grief, pity, plaintiveness, and tenderness; in an intense degree of suppressed excitement, or satisfaction; and when the voice is enfeebled by age.

The tremulous tone should not be applied throughout the whole of an extended passage, but only on selected emphatic words, thus avoiding monotony. In the second of the following examples, where the tremor of age is supposed to be joined with that of supplicating distress, the tremulous tone may be applied to every accented or heavy syllable capable of prolongation, which is the case with all except those of *pity* and *shortest*; but even these may receive it in a limited degree.

1. *O love, remain! It is not yet near dāy!*
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings in yon pomegranate-tree.
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.
2. *Pity the sorrows of a poor old man.*
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span;
O give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.

IV.

RATE.

RATE¹ REFERS TO MOVEMENT in reading and speaking, and is QUICK, MODERATE, or SLOW.

¹ **Exercise on Rate.**—For a general exercise, select a sentence, and deliver it as slowly as may be possible without drawling. Repeat the sentence with a slight increase of rate, until you shall have reached a rapidity of utterance at which dis-

tinct articulation ceases. Having done this, reverse the process, repeating slower and slower. Thus you may acquire the ability to increase and diminish rate at pleasure, which is one of the most important elements of good reading and speaking.

Rate { Quick
Moderate
Slow

2. *QUICK RATE* is used to express joy, mirth, confusion, violent anger, and sudden fear; as,

1. The lake has burst ! The lake has burst !

Down through the chasms the wild waves flee :
They gallop along with a roaring song,
Away to the eager awaiting sea !

2. And there was mounting in hot haste : the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war.

3. *MODERATE RATE* is used in ordinary assertion, narration, and description; in cheerfulness, and the gentler forms of the emotions: as,

When the sun walks upon the blue sea-waters,
Smiling the shadows from yon purple hills,
We pace this shore—I and my brother here,
Good Gerald. We arise with the shrill lark,
And both unbind our brows from sullen dreams;
And then doth my dear brother, who hath worn
His cheek all pallid with perpetual thought,
Enrich me with sweet words.

4. *SLOW RATE* is used to express grandeur, vastness, pathos, solemnity, adoration, and horror; as,

1. O thou Eternal One ! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy, all motion guide;
Unchanged through time's all dev'astating flight;
Thou only God ! There is no God beside !
2. The earfew tolls—the knell of parting day;
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea;
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

V. MONOTONE.

MONOTONE consists of a degree of *sameness of tone*, in a number of successive words or syllables.

2. A PERFECT SAMENESS IS RARELY to be observed in reading any passage or sentence. But very little variety of tone is to be used in reading either prose or verse which contains elevated descriptions, or emotions of solemnity, sublimity, or reverence.

3. MONOTONE USUALLY REQUIRES a low tone of the voice, loud or prolonged force, and a slow rate of utterance. It is this tone only, that can present the conditions of the *supernatural* and the *ghostly*.

4. THE SIGN OF MONOTONE is a horizontal or *even* line over the words to be spoken *evenly*; as,

I heard a voice saying, Shall mortal man be more just than
God! Shall a man be more pure than his Maker!

EXERCISES IN MONOTONE.

1. Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations.
Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst
formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to ever-
lasting. Thou art God.

2. Man dieth, and wasteth away: yea, man giveth up the
ghost, and where is he? As the waters fail from the sea, and
the flood decayeth and drieth up, so man lieth down, and riseth
not; till the heavens be no more, they shall not awake, nor be
raised out of their sleep.

3. The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself—
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this unsubstantial pageant, faded—
Leave not a rack behind.

4. I am thy father's spirit;
Doomed for a certain term to walk the night,
And, for the day confined to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purged away.

VI. PERSONATION.

PERSONATION consists of those modulations, or changes of the voice, necessary to represent two or more persons as speaking.

2. *THIS PRINCIPLE OF EXPRESSION*, upon the correct application of which much of the beauty and efficiency of delivery depends, is employed in reading dialogues and other pieces of a conversational nature.

3. The student will exercise his discrimination and ingenuity in studying the character of persons and things to be represented, and so modulate his voice as best to personate them.

EXERCISE IN PERSONATION.

He. Dost thou love wandering? Whither wouldst thou go?
 Dream'st thou, sweet daughter, of a land more fair?
 Dost thou not love these eye-blue streams that flow?
 These spicy forests? and this golden air?

She. Oh, yes, I love the woods, and streams, so gay;
 And more than all, O father, I love thee;
 Yet would I fain be wandering—far away,
 Where such things never were, nor e'er shall be.

He. Speak, mine own daughter with the sun-bright locks!
 To what pale, banished region wouldst thou roam?

She. O father, let us find our frozen rocks!
 Let's seek that country of all countries—HOME!

He. Seest thou these orange flowers? this palm that rears
 Its head up toward heaven's blue and cloudless dome?

She. I dream, I dream; mine eyes are hid in tears;
 My heart is wandering round our ancient home.

He. Why, then, we'll go. Farewell, ye tender skies,
 Who sheltered us, when we were forced to roam!

She. On, on! Let's pass the swallow as he flies!
 Farewell, kind land! Now, father, now—FOR HOME!

—The red rose laughs, "She is near, she is near;"
 And the white rose weeps, "She is late."

IV. PAUSES.

I.

DEFINITIONS.

PAUSES are suspensions of the voice in reading and speaking, used to mark expectation and uncertainty, and to give effect to expression.

2. *PAUSES ARE OFTEN* more eloquent than words. They differ greatly in their frequency and their length. In lively conversation and rapid argument, they are few and short. In serious, dignified, and pathetic speaking, they are more numerous, and more prolonged.

3. *THE PAUSE IS MARKED* thus ¶ in the following illustrations and exercises.

II.

RULES FOR PAUSES.

THE SUBJECT OF A SENTENCE, or that of which something is declared, when either *emphatic* or *compound*, requires a pause after it; as,

The *cause* ¶ will raise up armies. *Sincerity* and *truth* ¶ form the basis of every virtue.

2. *TWO NOUNS IN THE SAME CASE*, without a connecting word, require a pause between them; as,

I admire *Webster* ¶ the orator.

3. *ADJECTIVES THAT FOLLOW* the words they qualify or limit, require pauses immediately before them; as,

He had a mind ¶ deep ¶ active ¶ well-stored with knowledge.

4. *BUT, HENCE,* and other words that mark a sudden change, when they stand at the beginning of a sentence, require a pause after them; as,

But ¶ these joys are his. Hence ¶ Solomon calls the fear of the Lord ¶ the beginning of wisdom.

5. *IN CASES OF ELLIPSIS*, a pause is required where one or more words are omitted; as,

He thanked Mary many times ¶ Kate but once. Call this man friend, that ¶ brother.

6. A *SLURRED PASSAGE* requires a pause immediately before and immediately after it ; as,

The plumage of the mocking-bird γ though none of the homeliest γ has nothing bright or showy in it.

These rules, though important if properly applied, are by no means complete ; nor can any be invented which shall meet all the cases that arise in the complicated relations of thought.

A good reader or speaker pauses, on an average, at every fifth or sixth word, and in many cases much more frequently. In doing this, he will often use what may be called *suspensive quantity*.

III.

SUSPENSIVE QUANTITY.

SUSPENSIVE QUANTITY means prolonging the end of a word, without a real pause ; thus suspending, without wholly interrupting, the progress of sound.

2. *THIS PROLONGATION* on the last syllable of a word is indicated thus $\bar{}$, in the following examples. It is used chiefly for three purposes :

1st. To avoid too frequent a use of pauses ; as,

Her lover \bar{s} inks—she sheds no ill-timed tear ;

Her chief \bar{i} s slain—she fills his fatal post ;

Her fellows \bar{f} lee—she checks their base career ;

The foe \bar{r} etires—she heads the rallying host.

2d. To produce a slighter disjunction than that of a pause ; and thus at once to separate and unite ; as,

Would you kill \bar{y} our friend and benefactor ?

3d. To break up the current of sound into small portions, easily managed by the speaker without the abruptness which would result from pausing whenever this relief was needed ; and to give ease in speaking ; as,

Warms \bar{i} n the sun, refreshes \bar{i} n the breeze,

Glow \bar{i} s in the stars, and blossoms \bar{i} n the trees.

GENERAL RULE.—When a preposition is followed by

as many as three or four words which depend upon it, the word preceding the preposition will either have suspensive quantity, or else a pause ; as,

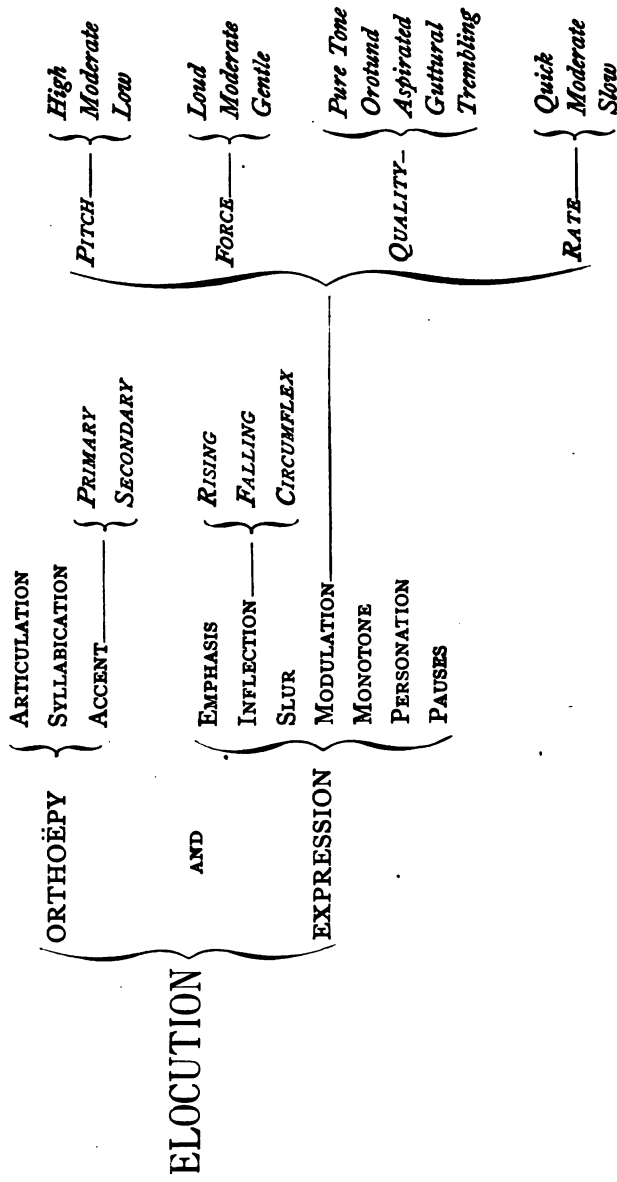
He is the pride of the whole country.

STUDENTS will tell which of the preceding rules or principles is illustrated by the following exercises—both the *marked* and the *unmarked*.

EXERCISES IN PAUSES.

1. All promise γ is pōor dilatory man.
2. Procrastination is the thief of time.
3. Weeping γ may endure for a night γ γ but joy γ cometh in the morning.
4. Paul γ the Apostle γ wrote to Timothy.
5. Solomon, the son of David, was king of Israēl.
6. He was a friend γ gentle γ generous γ good-humored γ affectionate.
7. You see a gentleman, polished, easy, quiet, witty, and, socially, your equal.
8. Husbands and fathers γ think of their wives and children.
9. But γ I shall say no more γ pity and charity being dead γ to a heart of stone.
10. The night wind with a desolate moan swept by.
11. Here come men γ women γ children.
12. It matters very little γ what immediate spot γ may have been the birth-place of such a man as Washington. No people γ can claim γ γ no country γ can appropriate him. The boon of Providence to the human race γ his fame γ is eternity γ γ and his dwelling-place creation.
13. Who γ like Washington γ after having emancipated a hemisphere γ resigned its crown γ γ and preferred the retirement of domestic life γ to the adoration of a land γ he might almost be said to have created ?
14. How shall we rank thee γ upon glory's page,
Thou more than soldier γ and just less than sage!
All thou hast been γ reflects less praise γ on thee,
Far less γ than all thou hast forborne to be.

GENERAL BLACKBOARD DIAGRAM.



PART II.
SELECT READINGS.

rōwş—would ask her forgiveness, her blessing. He kissed his mother's letter, read it again, and then lifted up his heart to Gōd, the first time for lōng years.

11. He sought the soldier to whom had fallen his mother's socks, offering his own and money for them. "Then it *was* your mother that knit them, was it?" questioned the rough soldier when he heard the strong desire of "Boy George" to obtain them. "Well, you shall have them : give me yqur duds, and take them."

12. How precious those socks seemed to him ! Evèry stitch wrought bŷ his mother's kind hand ; and with every stitch a sigh heaved, or a prāyer breathed. He seemed to hear the sighs and prayers ; he held the socks in his hand, and dropped tear after tear upon them, until his heart was moved, so sōftened, that he fell upon his knees, as he had not done since he was a child, and prayed, "*God forgive me !*"

13. It was broad daylight, and no work to be done in the house, when Widow Randall dropped her knitting-work just as she was binding off the heel, never taking cāre to fasten her needles, and letting her ball roll on the floor. One of her neighbors had brought her a letter which he said "had come from the war," and he "mistrusted that it might be from John, or might tell something about him." No wōnder, then, that the mother dropped her needles quickly and forgot her ball. News from John ! John alive !

14. She read, "Dear Mother—How shall I write yqū ? I am alive, but I shall never see you again, never hear you speak my forgiveness. I am mōrtally wōunded,¹ and have not lōng to live. The socks with your note in them came just before the battle. They broke me all up, and sent me to my knees before Gōd. Bless you, mother, that you never forgot me, never forgot to pray for me ; and it is your prāyers that have led me to pray at lāst. How I have mōrned for you, mother ! I heard you were dead, and feared it was my unkindness that caused your death. May God and you bōth forgive your repentant and dying son."

15. The full fountain so lōng sealed is at last opened. The eyes that have not wept for many a year weep now. Joy, grief, which is ūppermost ? Which is strōngest ? Widow Randall

¹ Wounded (wōnd'ed).

knows that she is childless, but she knows that her son died repentant and prayerful. She knows, too, that her labor has not been in vain in the Lord ; not in vain the bread cast on the wide waters : not in vain her hope, and patience, and prayer. Never, never is prayer in vain when prompted by love, and winged by faith.

MRS. P. H. PHELPS.

SECTION VI.

I.

19. EGGS AND FEATHERS.

PART FIRST.

FAR SOUTH, in the Indian¹ Ocean, in the midst of almost ceaseless surf and spray, rises what is appropriately termed Dānger Island. Of all the lonely spots on the globe whose existence has been ascertained, this is probably the most lonely. Once only since the creation has it been known to be visited by man.

2. The sea for many hundred miles rolls and flashes over a shallow bottom, till, arriving at a certain degree of latitude, the floor of rock abruptly ends, and the ocean becomes, in a moment, of unfathomable depth. On the very edge of this abyss³ stands Dānger Island, which the least touch of an earthquake, or an unusual stroke of a hurricane, may topple over into the bottomless gulf.

3. From this persuasion, possibly, man has never attempted to erect his dwellings upon it ; there it stands, in the midst of the surge,³ overcanopied by the bluest of blue skies, surrounded by a boundless expanse of waves, generally shining and beautiful, but as little specked by sails as if they girdled an uninhabited world. Yet, though no gale is stirring, the billows incessantly fret and foam against the cliffs of Dānger Island, which on all sides descend sheer into the deep, so as to appear from a distance perfectly inaccessible.⁴

¹ Indian (ind'yan).

³ Surge (sērj), rolling water.

² A byss', a gulf ; a bottomless

⁴ In'ac cēss'ible, not to be obtained, approached, or reached.

4. A surveying ship, traversing¹ thē ocean in all dīrēctions, for scientific pūrposes, once approached this wild rock. The weather waş cālm and lovely; the waves, usually so rēstlēss, being afforded by the wind no pretext for climbing and rōaring ābout the cliffs, lāy still and smooth, as if to entrap thē unwary² māriner.³

5. Taking advāntage of thē occasion, ā few dāring young officers ordered ā bōat to be lōwered, and, pushing ōff with many ā stūrdy⁴ rower from the ship's side, sōon drew near the perpendicular⁵ precipices⁶ of Dānger Island. Nature has perhaps nowhere produced ā mōre strānge or fāiry⁷ spot.

6. As the men rested on their ōars, and lōoked up, they beheld trees of dense⁸ and beautiful fōliāge⁹ throwing out their arms over the cliffs¹⁰ on all sides; while bīrds of the mōst variegated and brilliant plumage seemed to hang like clustering flowers on the boughs. Having never been dīstūrbēd by man, they were ignorant that his approach boded¹¹ them mischief, so that if they now and then quitted their pērches, and spread out their dazzling wings, it waş ōnly in frolic and spōrt.

7. After rowing to ā considerable dīstance ālōng the foot of the precipices, the gentlemen discovered ā small fissure,¹² through which they felt confident they could climb to the summit; and the bōat being pushed quite close to the rocks, two or thrēe of the mōst dāring landed, and, āfter no slight toil and peril, reached the top. The prospect which then prēsented itself was trūly extrāor'dinary. Rendered green as an emerald¹³ by thē agency of hidden springs, the whōle surface of thē island was thickly strewn with eggs of innumerable oceanic¹⁴ bīrds, which,

¹ Trāv' ers ing, wandering over; crōssing.

² Un wā'ry, not watchful against dānger; unguarded.

³ Mār'in er, seaman; sailor.

⁴ Sturdy (stēr'di), hardy; strōng.

⁵ Per'pen dīc'ū lar, exāctly upright; toward thē earth's center.

⁶ Prēc'i pīce, ā very steep descent of land or rock.

⁷ Fairy (fār'i), relating or belonging to fairies. Fairies were imaginary, not real, spirits, once thought to be able to take ā human form,

ēither male or female, and to meddle in thē affairs of mankind.

⁸ Dēnse, compact; close.

⁹ Fō'li āge, leaves; ā cluster of leaves, flowers, and brānches.

¹⁰ Cliff, ā high and steep rock; ā very steep or overhanging place.

¹¹ Bōd'ed, foreshadowed.

¹² Fissure (fish'qr), ā split, or narrow opening.

¹³ Em'e rald, ā precious stone of ā rīch green color.

¹⁴ Oceanic (ō she ān'ik), relating to, or found or formed in, thē ocean.

rising from the (thủ) task of incubation,¹ formed a canopy of fluttering wings overhead'.

8. The eggs were of all colors—white, light chocolate, and dark blue, dotted with brown or crimson, turquoise² or black. Here and there little bills protruded³ from the shells; and the mothers, though scared away for a moment by the unusual appearance of men, soon alighted near their young, being, in spite of the name of their home, thoroughly unacquainted with danger. It might almost be said that the whole surface of the isle formed but one nest, divided into several compartments, where the naturalist, if he could live on eggs, might study the appearance, habits, and character of half the winged dwellers on the deep.

9. It is altogether unnecessary, however, to voyage so far in order to contemplate⁴ the beauty of one of Nature's masterpieces—the egg. On few things has so much beauty been lavished. Just peep, in any lane, or break, in spring, into a bird's nest, and, lying cozily in their mossy couch, you will behold a number of mysterious spheres, every one of them with life within, but externally smooth and brilliant as a gem, penciled with delicate lines, flecked with red, cloudy, streaked, furnished with thousands of invisible⁵ pores, through which the air penetrates to the imprisoned bird, to hasten its development, and cooperate with animal heat in imparting to it all the mysterious powers of organization⁶ and vitality.⁷

10. Considering one of these marvels⁸ from our own point of view, we should, before instructed by experience, imagine it was something intended to last for ever, so wonderful is its constitution,⁹ so rare its beauty, so exquisite¹⁰ the finish and polish

¹ In'cu bā'tion, the act of sitting on, or otherwise warming, eggs for the purpose of hatching young.

² Turquois (têr kēz'), a mineral used in jewelry, of a peculiar bluish-green color.

³ Protruded (pro trôd'ed), thrust out; came forth.

⁴ Con tēm'plāte, to look at on all sides or in all bearings; to study.

⁵ In vis'ible, unseen; not capable of being seen.

⁶ Or'gan i zā'tion, the parts of which a thing is formed; structure.

⁷ Vi tāl'i ty, life; the power or means of maintaining life.

⁸ Mar'vél, that which causes admiration or surprise; a wonder.

⁹ Cōn'sti tū'tion, the state of being; make.

¹⁰ Exquisite (ēks'kwī zit), carefully selected or sought out; hence, very nice; very great; giving rare satisfaction.

with which, so to speak, it has been chiseled and turned out of hand. Yet it is meant to endure but for a few days at furthest. The young birds are cradled in things of beauty, which, when they have served their purpose, are thrown aside like the merest dross; not here and there, scantily and by driblets, but profusely, in incalculable quantities, over the whole surface of our globe. And why not? The power that called the egg into existence can, when it is broken and thrown aside, bring forth others of equal loveliness in multitudes that know no limit.

11. If you pierce the shell, what do you find within? First, a covering, white, thin, and delicate, like the petal¹ of the rarest flower, which envelops the young bird, and preserves it from contact with the polished but hard substance of the shell. Then, if you proceed further, you come upon the mighty process of matter quickening into life—the changing of two dissimilar fluids into bones, and flesh, and feathers, and talons, and heart, and brains, together with all the machinery of voice, instinct,² affection, and such other things as characterize life in all creatures, whether they emerge, like the ostrich, from a huge globe, or like the humming-bird, from an egg scarcely equalling in size the smallest pea.

12. Every one has heard of the egg-hatching ovens³ of Grand Cairo;³ but unless by actual inspection, it would be almost impossible to form a correct idé'a of them. They are, in fact, not ovens at all, but long suites⁴ of small, low chambers, lighted from above, and heated by hypocausts⁵ below the flooring. When you look down the long line of rooms, you imagine yourself to be gazing upon whole acres of eggs, and experience a warmth equal to that which you would feel if forty hens were sitting on you. About the nineteenth day the throbbings of life are first seen in the egg: soon after which the shell parts, and leaves the bird exposed to the outer changes of life. Then man

¹ Pét'al, one of the inner or colored leaves of a flower.

² Instinct, inward impulse; the natural, unreasoning impulse in an animal by which it is guided to the performance of any action.

³ Cairo (kī'ro), the capital city of Egypt. Population, 250,000.

⁴ Suite (swēt), a connected series; a collection; also, a train of followers.

⁵ Hyp'o caust, an arched, underground room from which the heat of a fire is conducted to rooms above by means of earthen tubes. It was first used in baths.

takes upon himself the office of the hen, and feeds the young chickens till they are able to provide for themselves.

13. If there is romance¹ in hatching birds in this manner, we entirely miss it. Much more poetical did it appear to us to stand beside a solitary nest in the desert. It was that of some unknown bird, which, with sweet confidence in the forbearance of every thing possessing life, had constructed her nest in the open waste, under the frail shelter of a little tuft of grass. We arrived during her brief period of absence, when she had gone out of sight, just to take a sweep, and stretch her wings in the balmy air. The nest was round, made externally of moss and grass, and lined with a variegated pattern of pink and white feathers. On this lay the five eggs, in color of a sky-blue, dotted with spots of gold.

14. It was a sight of rare beauty: the surrounding grass, slightly scorched by the sun's rays, waved and rustled over the lovely spheres, as the gentle desert breeze fanned it into motion. Presently we heard a sharp cry overhead, and looking up, beheld the anxious mother wheeling round in small circles, and, by her cries of increasing agony, entreating us to be gone. Obeying through reverence for maternal love, we left the poor bird, of whatever species she might be, to bring forth her young in peace.

II.

20. EGGS AND FEATHERS.

PART SECOND.

IF from the first home of the bird we turn to its clothing, what endless forms of magnificence² present themselves! The branch of the fern, the frond³ of the palm, the pensile⁴ boughs of the larch bending beneath a weight of snow-flakes, yield the prize of organization to an ostrich feather, to the tail of the peacock, or to that of the bird-of-paradise. Even the rainbow, which in summer spans the plain, and paints the cloud

¹ Ro mance', an extravagant or fictitious tale; the fanciful.

² Măg nificence. grandeur of appearance; splendor of show or state.

³ Frond, the organ formed by the union, into one body, of leaves and stalks in certain plants.

⁴ Pén'sile, pendent; hanging.

with its brilliant *rādīā'tions* of light, is less dazzling in its tints than the plumage of many a bird.

2. Sometimes, at the peep of dawn in the desert, where you have perhaps been sleeping all night on your prayer-carpet, if you glance along the surface of the sand-hills, you may discern millions of spikes, diminutive as the finest needle, and green as an emerald, spreading forth a fairy mantle to the sky. It would be difficult to imagine any thing softer or more lustrous¹ than this evanescent² robe of verdure, which fades as the dawn advances, and disappears altogether at the first touch of the sun.

3. An Arab said it was as green as the wings of the angel Gabriel, or as a feather plucked from the breast of Abou Tob. Who and what is Abou Tob? we inquired, and to our surprise found it was the phoenix,³ which, after having been expelled from the natural history of Europe, has taken refuge in the warmer faith of the children of the desert.

4. One of the most exquisite sights we have ever beheld was produced by the agency of feathers. Sitting on a broad, sandy flat in the Upper Nile, about half an hour before sunrise, we listened, in a delicious⁴ reverie,⁵ to the divine waters, as they flowed and rippled on either side of the isle. Time, in such situations, flies rapidly by. The sun, ere we were aware of it, rose, as if with a bound, from behind the Arabian mountains, and immediately the whole earth lay flooded with golden light. At the same instant, the flapping and rustling of countless wings were heard overhead; and looking up, we beheld an immense flight of pelicans voyaging southward.

5. The breast of the pelican, it is well-known, is milky white; yet now, being touched by the beams of the young sun, it became covered with a roseate flush. In one bird this would have been striking; but when the delicate tinge passed like an irradiation⁶ along the soft curves of a thousand bosoms at once, it produced an effect truly marvelous.

¹ *Lūs'troūs*, shining; bright.

² *Ev'an ës'cent*, vanishing like vapor: fleeting.

³ *Phō'nix*, a bird fabled to live single, and, after death, to rise again from its ashes.

⁴ *Delicious* (de lish'us), delight-

ful; most grateful or sweet to the senses.

⁵ *Rēv'er'y*, a loose or irregular train of thoughts occurring in musing; a vision.

⁶ *Ir rā'dī ā'tion*, act of giving out beams of light; illumination.

6. To our shame, we confess it, we killed, and attempted to eat, one of these harmless dwellers amid the waters. But our punishment was instantaneous: no human teeth could masticate its tough fibers, nor could any human stomach digest them. It is true we could gaze upon its dead breast, and try to fancy the celestial¹ hues that had gladdened our sight in the morning; but they were no longer visible.² The breast was indeed soft as that of the swan; but as it suggested ghastly ideas, we flung it into the Nile; so that nothing remained to us but the regret of having slaughtered the beautiful bird in vain.

7. Far away up in Africa, we met a caravan³ bringing slaves, gold, ivory, odoriferous gums, and ostrich feathers toward the shores of the Mediterranean. Some of these feathers were white—not the cold white of snow, but the creamy soft white of a fair woman's skin. In London, Paris, or New York, we fancy they would have been worth their weight in gold.

8. Each feather was in itself a picture. There was nothing in it which, when touched, produced that harsh, grating sensation of the nerves caused by passing the finger along ordinary feathers. It hung in soft, wavy curls, like the finest lace, on both sides of the stem, and terminated in a little fan of ringlets that fell soothingly upon the hand, like nothing else we are acquainted with in the creation.

9. Yet the bird on which these marvels grew is one of the most awkward, ungainly, flat-footed creatures that Africa—the cradle of monsters—brings forth. While on the body of its owner, a tuft of these lovely feathers looks positively ludicrous, as, with its huge, long legs, long neck, little head, and body like a stuffed cushion, it scours away in droves athwart the waste.

10. Among the treasures of the same caravan were other feathers, of colors so bright that they suggested the idea of having been freshly dyed by art—some vermilion,⁴ others of the brightest green, others turquois, or beryl⁵ yellow, or clouded

¹ Celestial (se lēst'yal), belonging to the heavens, either spiritual or the regions of air; heavenly.

² Vis'ible, to be seen; in view.

³ Car'a van, a company of travelers, pilgrims, or merchants, traveling together for security.

⁴ Ver mīl'ion, a beautiful red color; a lively and brilliant red.

⁵ Bēr'yīl, a hard mineral usually of a green, or bluish-green color. The beryl, when transparent, is of great beauty, and, set as a gem, is called *aqua-marine*.

like the òpal,¹ or sparkling like the chalçed'ony.² One bunch of mingled tints so strikingly resembled a nosegay, that we thought for a moment the young Ar'ab chief who held them in his hand was taking hōme some African flowers to his bride; and so, perhaps, he was; but they were flowers that would not fade, and may still be nodding on the brow of some loving brunette³ beneath the tents of Ishmaël.⁴

11. In the far East, tiny⁵ humming-birds are eagerly sought by the ladies of the harem. In the Moluccas,⁶ the nutmeg bird, with plumage in color like the fruit, is a special favorite, though its sober hues appear to Europē'an⁷ extremely poor in comparison with those of its gaudy neighbors. In old Greece, a vëry peculiar use was made of feathers, not after the death of their owners, but while they yet flashed and fluttered with joy on the wings that bred them.

12. Sèvèral kinds of birds, having been carefully tamed, were scented with liquid òdors, and during banquets,⁷ let loose in spācious⁸ and splendid saloons, where, flitting among the lights, they scattered sweet dews over the guests. Among the luxurious⁹ of the same country, counterpanes were made with feathers of the peacock's tail, which cast their gorgeous hues over the forms of sleeping beauty.

III.

21. ROBERT OF LINCOLN.

MERRILY swinging on briar and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dāme,¹⁰

¹ O'pal, the *precious opal* has a peculiar play of colors of delicate tints, and is highly esteemed as a gem. The colors of *fire opal* are like the red and yellow of flame. *Common opal* has a milky appearance.

² Chāl céd'o nÿ, a stone of several varieties and various colors; used in jewelry.

³ Brunette (brq nēt'), a girl or woman with a brown or dark skin.

⁴ Ish'ma el, here means *the Arabs*

who are the descendants of Ishmael, the son of Abraham.

⁵ Tÿ'nÿ, little; vëry small.

⁶ Mō lūc'cas, or *Spice Islands*, a name given to the islands of the Malay Archipelago.

⁷ Banquet (bāngk'wët), a feast.

⁸ Spā'cious, wide extended; roomy.

⁹ Luxurious (lūgz yū'riūs), greatly delighting in the pleasures of the table; devoted to pleasure.

¹⁰ Dāme, the mistress of a school, or of a family.

Over the mountain-side or mēad,¹
 Robert of Lineóln² is telling his name :
 Bob-o'-línk, bob-o'-línk,
 Spínk, spank, spínk ;
 Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
 Hidden ámong the summer flowers.
 Chée, chee, chee.

2. Robert of Lineóln is gayly dressed,
 Weáring á bright black wedding cōat ;
 White are his shoulders, and white his erest ;—
 Hear him call in his mērry note :
 Bob-o'-línk, bob-o'-línk,
 Spínk, spank, spínk ;
 Look, what á nice new cōat is mine—
 Sùre, there wás never á bird so fine.
 Chée, chee, chee.

3. Robert of Lineóln's Quaker wife,
 Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
 Pássing at hōme á patient life,
 Broods in the gráss while her husband sings
 Bob-o'-línk, bob-o'-línk,
 Spínk, spank, spínk ;
 Brood, kind creature ; you need not fear
 Thieves and robbers while I am here.
 Chée, chee, chee.

4. Mōdèst and shy as á nun is she ;
 One weak chírp is her ónly note.
 Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
 Pōuring bōasts from his little thrōat :
 Bob-o'-línk, bob-o'-línk,
 Spínk, spank, spínk ;
 Never wás I áfráid of man ;—
 Cátch me, eowardly knaves, if you can !
 Chée, chee, chee.

5. Six white eggs on á bed of hāy,
 Flecked with púrple—á pretty sight !
 There as the móther sits all dāy,
 Robert is singing with all his might :

¹ Mēad, a meadow.² Lincoln (línk'ūn).

Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,

Spink, spank, spink ;

Nice, good wife, that never goes out—

Keeping house while I frolic about !

Chee, chee, chee.

6. Soon as the little ones chip the shell,

Six wide mouths are open for food ;

Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,

Gathering seeds for the hungry brood.

Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,

Spink, spank, spink ;

This new life is likely to be

Hard for a gay young fellow like me.

Chee, chee, chee.

7. Robert of Lincoln at length is made

Sober with work, and silent with care ;

Off is his holiday garment laid,

Half-forgotten that merry air :

Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,

Spink, spank, spink ;

Nobody knows but my mate and I

Where our nest and our nestlings lie.

Chee, chee, chee.

8. Summer wanes ;¹ the children are grown ;

Fun and frolic no more he knows ;

Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum erone ;²

Off he flies, and we sing as he goes :

Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,

Spink, spank, spink ;

When you can pipe that merry old strain,

Robert of Lincoln, come back again.

Chee, chee, chee.

BRYANT.³

¹ Wāne, decrease ; waste away.

² Orōne, an old woman or man.

³ William Cullen Bryant, among the first, if not the first, of American poets, was born in Cummington, Mass., Nov. 3, 1794. He is the poet of nature, especially as found in

America. His style, both in prose and verse, is pure, manly, elegant, and vigorous. He has traveled extensively in this country and Europe. His residence was near the village of Roslyn, on Long Island. He died in New York City, June 12, 1878.

IV.

22. THE WHIP-POOR-WILL.

WHY dost¹ thou come at set of sun,
 Those pensive² words to sây?
 Why whip pòor Will?—What has he dône?—
 And who is Will, I prây?

2. Why come from yõn leaf-shaded hill,
 A suppliant³ at my door?
 Why ask of me to whip poor Will?—
 And is Will rěally poor?

3. If poverty's his crime, let mîrth
 From out his heart be driven;
 That is the dēadliēst sin on ēarth,
 And never is forgiven!

4. Art Will himself?—It must be so:
 I lēarn it from thy mōan;
 For nōne can feel another's woe
 As deeply as his own.

5. Yēt whērefōre strain thy tiny thrōat,
 While other birds repose?
 What means thy mēl'ancholy note?—
 The mystery disclose!

6. Still "Whip poor Will!"—Art thou a sprite,⁴
 From unknown regions sent,
 To wander in the gloom of night,
 And ask for punishment?

7. Is thine a conscience⁵ sōre beset
 With guilt?—or, what is worse,
 Hast thou to meet writs, duns, and debt—
 No mōney in thy pūrse?

8. If this be thy hard fate indeed,
 Ah, well māyst thou repine;

¹ Dost (dūst).

² Pēn'sive, thoughtful, or sad.

³ Sūp'pli ant, one who entreats,
 or asks humbly.

⁴ Sprite, an apparition; a spirit.

⁵ Conscience (kōn'shēns), the
 power or principle within us which
 decides on the lawfulness or unlaw-
 fulness of our actions and affections,
 and approves or condemns them.

The sympathy I give, I need—
The poet's doom is thine !

9. Art thou a lover, Will ?—Hast proved
The fairest can deceive ?
Thine is the lot of all who've loved,
Since Adam wedded Eve.
10. Hast trusted in a friend, and seen
No friend was he in need !
A common error—men still lean
Upon as frail a reed.
11. Hast thou, in seeking wealth or fame,
A crown of brambles won ?—
O'er all the earth 'tis just the same
With every mother's son.
12. Hast found the world a Babel¹ wide,
Where man to Mammon² stoops—
Where flourish Arrogance³ and Pride,
While modest Merit droops ?
13. What, none of these ?—Then, whence thy pain ?
To guess it who's the skill ?
Pray have the kindness to explain
Why I should whip poor Will.
14. Dost merely ask thy just desert ?
What, not another word ?—
Back to the woods again, unhurt :
I will not harm thee, bird !
15. But use thee kindly ; for my nerves,
Like thine, have penance⁴ done :
"Use every man as he deserves—
Who shall 'scape whipping ?"—none !

¹ Bā'bel, the name of the city where the confusion of languages took place [Gen. XI. 9] ; hence, confusion ; disorder.

² Mām'mon, wealth ; riches.

³ Ar'ro gance, haughtiness ; the

disposition to urge for one's self undue claims.

⁴ Pēn'ance, labor, pain, or suffering, self-applied, or imposed by authority of the Church, as a punishment for faults.

16. Farewell, poor Will!—not valueless
 This lesson by thee given :
 “Keep thine own counsel, and confess
 Thyself alone to Heaven!”

MORRIS.¹

SECTION VII.

I.

23. THE FRENCHMAN'S DOG.

VOLUMES could be filled with anecdotes² of the mutual attachment of men and dogs; and we are of opinion that the affection in such cases is very much more noble and generous than is usually supposed. No person, probably, can have any proper *idē'a* of this tenderness of feeling, who has not kept a favorite dog.

2. Courage, watchfulness, fidelity³—many of the best qualities that awaken respect, admiration, and love, among human beings—are possessed to a wonderful extent by dogs. There seems to be a sort of humanity⁴ in them. This is most admirably shown in the beautiful picture that appears on the next page. Mark the determination to protect, and conscious repose of power, in the large dog, and the bristling assurance, indulged from a sense of security, of the small one!

3. Dogs, in their love for man, play a part in nearly every tragedy.⁵ A modern novelist, describing a murdered man, adds,

¹ George P. Morris, the popular American song-writer, was born in Philadelphia, Oct. 10, 1802. He commenced his literary career in New York, at the age of fifteen. As a journalist he was sprightly and entertaining, though as a poet, and more particularly as a song-writer, he acquired his chief reputation. Millions of copies of his songs have been circulated. Various editions of his poems have been published, the last of which appeared

in 1860. He died in New York, July 6, 1864.

² *An'ec dōte*, a particular fact or single passage of private life of an interesting nature; a short story.

³ *Fī dēl'i tŷ*, loyalty; faithfulness.

⁴ *Hu mǎn'i ty*, the nature peculiar to man; kindness.

⁵ *Träg'e dy*, a poem prepared for the stage, representing some action having a fatal and mournful end; any event in which human lives are lost by human violence.



with rare power of picture-words : "The full, sweet light of the summer-day fell into the chamber of the dead, where they had laid him down, and left him in the deep stillness that no foot-fall stirred, no voice disturbed, and no love watched, save that of a little spaniel,¹ which had crept into his breast, and flew at those who sought to move her from her vigil,² and crouched there, trembling and moaning piteously."

¹ Spaniel (spän'yel).

² Vig'il, the act of keeping awake ; watch.

4. We believe, that, among the different varieties of dogs, the small spaniel kind is the most affectionate; but probably we are led to entertain this notion from an acquaintanceship with the character of our own favorite Fiddy—a small spaniel, of joyous and intelligent character, and possessing boundless attachment to persons about her. An anecdote is told of a small dog of this variety which does not appear to us to be in any respect incredible.¹

5. During the Reign of Terror in France, a gentleman in one of the northern departments was accused of conspiring against the republic, and sent to Paris, to appear before the revolutionary tribunal.² His dog was with him when he was seized, and was allowed to accompany him, but, on arriving in the capital, was refused admission to the prison of his master.³ The distress was mutual: the gentleman sorrowed for the loss of the society of his dog; the dog pined to get admission to the prison.

6. Living only on scraps of food picked up in the neighborhood, the poor dog spent most of his time near the door of the prison, into which he made repeated attempts to gain admittance. Such unremitting fidelity at length melted the feelings of the porter, and the dog was allowed to enter. His joy at seeing his master was unbounded; that of his master, on seeing his dog, was not less.

7. It was difficult to separate them; but the jailer, fearing for himself, carried the dog out of the prison. Every day, however, at a certain hour, he was allowed to repeat his visit. At these interviews, the affectionate animal licked the hands and face of his master; looked at him again; again licked his hands, and whined his delight. After a few mornings, feeling assured of re-admission, he departed at the call of the jailer.

8. The day came when the unfortunate captive was taken before the tribunal; and, to the surprise of the court, there also was the dog. It had followed its master into the hall, and clung to him, as if to protect him from injury. One would naturally imagine that the spectacle⁴ of so much affection would

¹ In *créd'i ble*, not possible to be credited or believed.

² *Tri bû'nal*, the seat of a judge; hence, a court of justice.

³ *Master* (*mâster*).

⁴ *Spéc'ta cle*, something presented to view; usually, a remarkable sight.

have moved the judges, and induced them to be merciful. But this was a period in which ordinary feelings were reversed, and men acted in the spirit of maniacs¹ or demons.²

9. Will it be credited?—the prisoner, accused only of being an aristocrat,³ was doomed to be guillotined;⁴ and, in pronouncing sentence, the judge added, partly in jest and partly in earnest, that his dog might go with him! The condemned man and his humble companion were conducted back to prison. What were the mental sufferings of the unhappy gentleman, it is needless to inquire; the dog was happily unconscious of the approaching tragedy.

10. Morning dawned; the hour of execution arrived; and the prisoner, with other victims of revolutionary vengeance, went forth to the scaffold. One last caress was permitted; next minute the ax fell, and severed the head of the poor gentleman from his body. His dog saw the bloody deed perpetrated, and was frantic with grief. He followed the mangled corpse of his master to the grave. No persuasions could induce him to leave the spot. Night and day he lay on the bare ground. Food was offered, but he would not eat.

11. If a dog's heart could be broken, the heart of this one surely was. Day by day his body grew thinner, his eye more glassy. Occasionally he uttered low, moaning sounds. They were the expiring efforts of nature. One morning he was found, stretched lifeless on the earth. Death had kindly put an end to his sufferings.

12. Who can describe the depth of agony that this faithful creature had endured? None. All can, however, tell how France has been punished for the crimes of which the above is only one among many thousands.

¹ Mă'ni ac, a madman.

² Dē'mon, a spirit holding a middle place between men and the gods of the pagans; an evil spirit; a devil.

³ A rîs'to crăt, one who favors, in principle or practice, a form of government whose power is vested

in the chief persons of a state; one who is haughty, proud, or overbearing in his temper or habits.

⁴ Guillotined (gîl lō tēnd') beheaded with the guillotine, a machine in which a heavy ax is raised by means of a cord, and let fall upon the neck of the victim.

II.

24. LEWIS AND HIS DOG.

MASTER JOHN had come to sail a little bōat which his grāndfāther had given him: the string by which the length of its voyage was to have been regulated had broken, and the bōat had drifted farther and farther from its hapless owner, until at last it had reached a species of buoy¹ to which the park-keeper's punt² was occasionally moored, and there it had chōsen to stick hard and fast. In this rebellious little craft was embarked, so to speak, all Māster John's present stock of earthly happiness; thence the sorrow which Mary's carresses were unable to assuage, and thence the lamentations³ which had attracted Lewis's attention.

2. "Dōn't cry so, my little man, and we'll see if we cān't⁴ find a way of gētting it for you," observed Lewis, encouragingly, raising the distressed ship-owner in his arms, to afford him a better view of his stranded property. "We must ask my dōg to go and fetch it for us. Come here, Mr. Faust! You are not afraid of him? he wouldn't hurt you; that's right, pat him—there's a brave boy. Now, ask him to fetch your bōat for you: Say 'Please, Mr. Faust, go and get my bōat'—say so."

3. And the child—half-pleased, half-frightened, but with implicit⁵ faith in the dog's intellectual powers, and the advisability of conciliating its good-will and imploring its assistance—repeated the desired formula⁶ with great fervor.⁷ "That's well! Now, nurse, take care of Māster—what did you say?—āy,⁸ Māster John, while I show Faust where the bōat is." As he spoke, he took up a stone, and, attracting Faust's attention to his proceedings, jerked it into the water just beyond the spot where the bōat lay, at the same time directing him to fetch it..

3. With a bound like the spring of a lion, the noble dog

¹ Buoy (bwai), a float; a floating mark to point out the position of objects beneath the water.

² Punt, a flat-bottomed boat.

³ Lām'en tā'tion, the act of bewailing; expression of sorrow.

⁴ Can't (kānt).

⁵ Im plic'it, resting on another;

trusting fully to another's word, power, or authority; entire.

⁶ Formula (fōr'mu lā), a set rule or form; a fixed method in which anything is to be arranged, done, said, or the like.

⁷ Fervor, heat; very great feeling.

⁸ Ay (āi), yea; yes.

dashed into the water, and swam vigorously toward the object of his quest,¹ reached it, seized it in his powerful jaws, and turned his head toward the bank in preparation for his homeward voyage; while the delighted child laughed and shouted with joy at the prospect of regaining his lost treasure. Instead, however, of proceeding at once toward the shore, the dog remained stationary, beating the water with his fore-paws to keep himself afloat, and occasionally uttering an uneasy whine. "Here—Faust! Faust! What in the world's the matter with him?" exclaimed Lewis, calling the dog, and inciting² him, by gestures, to return—but in vain. His struggles only became more violent, without his making the slightest progress through the water.

5. Attracted by the sight, a knot of loungers gathered round the spot, and various suggestions were hazarded as to the dog's unaccountable behavior. "I think he must be seized with cramp," observed a good-natured, round-faced man, in a velvet jacket, who looked like one of the park-keepers. "The animal is suicidally disposed, apparently," remarked a tall, aristocratic-looking young man, with a sinister³ expression of countenance, to which a thick mustache⁴ imparted a character of fierceness. "Anxious to submit to the cold-water cure, more probably," replied his companion. "It will be kill, rather than cure, with him, before long," returned the former speaker, with a half-laugh. "He's getting lower in the water every minute."

6. "He's caught by the string of the boat which is twisted round the buoy!" exclaimed Lewis, who, during the above conversation, had seized the branch of a tree, and, raising himself by his hands, had reached a position from which he was able to perceive the cause of his favorite's disaster. "He'll be drowned if he is not unfastened. Who knows where the key of the boat-house is kept?" "I'll run and fetch it," cried the good-natured man; "it's at the receiving-house, I believe." "Quick; or it will be no use!" said Lewis, in the greatest excitement."

7. The man hurried off, but the crowd round the spot had

¹ Quest, desire; search.

² In cit'ing, moving to action; rousing.

³ Sin'is ter, left-handed; evil.

⁴ Mustache (mūs tash'), that part of the beard which grows on the upper lip; hair left to grow above the mouth.

now become so dense—even carriages filled with fashionably dressed ladies having stopped to witness the catastrophe¹—that it was no easy matter for him to make his way through it; and several minutes elapsed without witnessing his return. In the meantime, the poor dog's struggles were becoming fainter and fainter; his whining had changed to something between a hoarse bark and a howl—a sound so clearly indicative of suffering as to be most distressing to the bystanders; and it was evident, that, if some effort were not speedily made for his relief, he must sink.

8. "He shall not perish unassisted!" exclaimed Lewis, impetuously—"Who will lend me a knife?" Several were immediately offered him, from which he selected one with a broad blade. "May I inquire how you propose to prevent the catastrophe?" asked, superciliously,² the mustached gentleman to whom we have before alluded. "You shall see, directly," returned Lewis, divesting himself of his coat, waistcoat and neckcloth. "I presume you are aware there is not one man in a hundred who could swim that distance in his clothes," resumed the speaker, in the same sneering tone; "do you actually—I merely ask as a matter of curiosity—do you really consider it worth while to peril your life for that of a dog?"

9. "For such a noble animal as that—yes!" replied Lewis, sternly. I might not take the trouble for a *mere puppy*;" and he pronounced the last two words with a marked emphasis, which rendered his meaning unmistakable. The person he addressed colored with anger, and slightly raised his cane—but he read that in Lewis's face which caused him to relinquish his intention; and, smiling scornfully, he folded his arms and remained to observe the event.

10. Having completed his preparations, Lewis placed the knife between his teeth, and, motioning to the crowd to stand aside, gave a short run, dashed through the shallow water, and then, breasting the stream gallantly, swam, with powerful strokes, toward the still struggling animal. As he perceived his master approaching, the poor dog ceased howling; and, seemingly re-animated by the prospect of assistance, redoubled his

¹ *Ca tās'tro phe*, a final event, usually of a disastrous nature.

² *Sā'per cīl'i oūs ly*, proudly; haughtily; overbearingly.

efforts to keep himself afloat. In order to avoid the stroke of his paws, Lewis swam round him, and, supporting himself by resting one hand upon the buoy, he grasped the knife with the other, and at one stroke severed the string.

11. The effect was instantly perceptible : freed from the restraint which had till now paralyzed ¹ his efforts, the dog at once rose higher in the water ; and, even in that extremity, his affection for his master overpowering his instinct of self-preservation, he swam toward him with the child's boat (of which, throughout the whole scene, he had never loosened his hold) in his mouth. Merely waiting to assure himself that the animal had yet strength enough remaining to enable him to regain the shore, Lewis set him the example by quitting the buoy, and striking out lustily for the bank.

12. But now the weight of his clothes, thoroughly saturated as they had become, began to tell upon him ; and his strokes became weaker, while his breath came short and thick. Faust, on the contrary, freed from the string which had entangled him, proceeded merrily, and reached the shore ere Lewis had performed half the distance. Depositing the boat in triumph at the feet of one of the bystanders, the generous animal only stopped to shake the water from his ears, and then, plunging in again, swam to meet his master.

13. It was perhaps fortunate that he did so ; for Lewis's strength was rapidly deserting him, his clothes appearing to drag him down like laden weights. Availing himself of the dog's assistance, he placed one arm across its back, and, still paddling with the other, he was partly dragged and partly swam forward till his feet touched ground, when, letting the animal go free, he waded through the shallow water and reached the bank, exhausted indeed, but in safety.

14. Rejecting the many friendly offers of assistance with which he was instantly overwhelmed, he wrung the water from his dripping hair, stamped it out of his boots, and hastily resuming his coat and waistcoat, was about to quit a spot where he was the observed of all observers, when Lord Bellefield, after exchanging a few words with his companions, made a sign to attract Lewis's attention. Having succeeded in so doing, he said,

¹ Par'a lyzed, made powerless.

"That is a fine dog of yours, sir ; will you take a twenty-pound note for him ?"

15. Lewis's countenance, pale from exhaustion, flushed with anger at these words : pausing a moment, however, ere he replied, he answered, coldly, "Had he been for sale, sir, I should scarcely have risked drowning in order to save him. I value my life at more than twenty pounds." Then, turning on his heel, he whistled Faust to follow him, and walked away at a rapid pace in the direction of Hyde Park Corner.

III.

25. THE KENTUCKIAN'S DOG.

A KENTUCKIAN sportsman had a favorite stag-hound, strong, and of first-rate qualities, named Bravo, which he, on one occasion, when going on a hunting-expedition, left at home, taking in his stead, on trial, a fine-looking hound which had been presented to him a few days before. Having gone a certain length into the woodland in quest of game, he fired at a powerful stag,¹ which he brought down after a considerable run, and believed to be dead.

2. The animal, however, was only stunned by the shot. He was no sooner touched with the keen edge of the knife than he rose with a sudden bound, "threw me from his body," says the hunter, "and hurled my knife from my hand. I at once saw my danger, but it was too late. With one bound he was upon me, wounding and almost disabling me with his sharp horns and feet. I seized him by his wide-spread antlers,² and sought to regain possession of my knife, but in vain ; each new struggle drew us further from it.

3. "My horse, frightened at the unusual scene, had madly fled to the top of an adjoining ridge, where he stood looking down upon the combat,³ trembling and quivering in every limb. My dog had not come up, and his bay,⁴ I could not now hear. The struggles of the furious animal had now become dreadful, and every moment I could feel his sharp hoofs⁵ cutting deep

¹ Stag, the male red deer.

² Ant'ler, a start or branch of a horn of an animal of the deer family, as of the moose or stag.

³ Com'bat, a struggle to resist, conquer, or destroy ; a small battle.

⁴ Bay, bark.

⁵ Hoofs (hofs).

into my flesh ; my grâsp upon his antlers was growing less and less firm, and yet I relinquished not my hold.

4. "The struggle had brought us near a deep ditch, washed¹ by autumn rains, and into this I endeavored to force my adversary ; but my strength was unequal to the effort : when we approached to the very brink, he leaped over the drain. I relinquished my hold, and rolled in, hoping thus to escape him ; but he returned to the attack, and throwing himself upon me, inflicted numerous severe cuts upon my face and breast before I could again seize him.

5. "Locking my arms around his antlers, I drew his head close to my breast, and was thus, by great effort, enabled to prevent his doing me any serious injury. But I felt that this could not last long ; every muscle and fiber of my frame was called into action, and human nature could not long bear up under such exertion. Faltering a silent prayer to Heaven, I prepared to meet my fate.

6. "At this moment of despair² I heard the faint bayings of the hound ; the stag, too, heard the sound, and springing from the ditch, drew me with him. His efforts were now redoubled, and I could scarcely cling to him. Yet that blessed sound came nearer and nearer ! Oh, how wildly beat my heart as I saw the hound emerge³ from the ravine,⁴ and spring forward with a short, quick bark, as his eye rested on his game !

7. "I released my hold of the stag, which turned upon the new enemy. Exhausted,⁵ and unable to rise, I still cheered the dog, that, dastard⁶-like, fled before the infuriated animal, which, seemingly despising such an enemy, again threw himself upon me. Again did I succeed in throwing my arms around his antlers, but not until he had inflicted several deep and dangerous wounds⁷ upon my head and face, cutting to the very bone.

8. "Blinded by the flowing blood, exhausted and despairing, I cursed the coward dog, which stood near, baying furiously, yet refusing to seize his game. Oh, how I prayed for Brâvo !

¹ Washed (wôsh't).

² Despair (de spâr'), loss of hope.

³ Emerge (e mërj'), come forth from ; rise out of and appear.

⁴ Ravine (ra vën'), a deep and narrow hollow, usually worn by water.

⁵ Exhausted (egz hæst'ed), deprived wholly of strength ; fatigued.

⁶ Däs'tard, one who meanly shrinks from danger ; a great coward.

⁷ Wound (wônd), a hurt ; an injury ; damage.

The thoughts of death were bitter. To die thus in the wild forest alone, with none to help! Thoughts of home and friends coursed like lightning through my brain. At that moment, when hope herself had fled, deep and clear over the neighboring hill came the baying of my gallant Brävo!

9. "I should have known his voice among a thousand. I pealed forth, in one faint shout: '*On, Brävo, on!*' The next moment, with tiger-like bounds, the noble dog came leaping down the hill, scattering the dried autumnal leaves like a whirlwind in his path. 'No pause he knew;' but fixing his fangs¹ in the stag's throat, he at once commenced the struggle.

10. "I fell back, completely exhausted. . Blinded with blood, I only knew that a terrific struggle was going on. In a few moments all was still, and I felt the warm breath of my faithful dog as he licked my wounds. Clearing my eyes from gore, I saw my late adversary dead at my feet, and Brävo, 'my own Bravo,' as the heroine of a modern novel would say, standing over me. He had gnawed in two the rope with which he had been tied, and following his master² through all his windings, arrived in time to rescue him from a horrible death."

SECTION VIII.

I.

26. THE BLOOD HORSE.

GAMARRA is a dainty steed,
 Ströng,³ black, and of a noble breed,
 Full of fire, and full of bone,
 With all his line of fathers known;
 Fine his nose, his nostril thin,
 But blown abroad by the pride within!
 His mane is like a river flowing,
 And his eyes like embers glowing
 In the darkness of the night,
 And his pace as swift as light.

¹ Fängs, tusks; löng, pointed teeth
 by which the prey is seized and held.

² Master (mäs'ter).

³ Ströng, see Note 5, p. 18.

2. Look—how 'round his straining throāt
 Grace and shifting beauty float !
 Sinewy strength is in his reins,
 And the red blood gallops through his veins—
 Richer, redder, never ran
 Through the boasting heart of man !
 He can trace his lineāge¹ higher
 Than the Bourbon² dare aspire—
 Douglas,³ Guzman,⁴ or the Guélph,⁵
 Or O'Brien's⁶ blood itself !

3. He, who hath no peer, was born,
 Here, upon a red March morn ;
 But his famous fathers dead
 Were Ar'abs all, and Arab bred,
 And the last of that great line
 Trod like one of a race divine !
 And yet—he was but friend to one,
 Who fed him at the set of sun,
 By some lone fountain fringed with green ;
 With him, a roving Béd'quin,⁷
 He lived—(none else would he obey
 Through all the hot Arabian day)—
 And died, untamed, upon the sands
 Where Balkh⁸ amidst the desert stands ! PROCTER.

II.

27. *DON FULANO.*

THERE they came ! Gerrian's whole band of horses in full
 career ! First, their heads suddenly lifted above a crest

¹ Lin'e age, descendants in a line
 from a common forefather ; race.

² Bourbon (bōr'bon), the name of
 a French royal family which traces
 its origin to Louis IX.

³ Doug'las, here refers to a Scot-
 tish family which has been con-
 nected with the royal houses of
 Scotland and England, and with the
 most distinguished nobles of Europe.

⁴ Guzman (gōth mǎn').

⁵ Guelph (gwēlf), a line of Ger-
 man princes, originally Italian, and
 traced to the 9th century, from which
 the present royal family of England
 claims its descent.

⁶ O'Brien, the name of a family
 ranking among the most ancient in
 Ireland.

⁷ Bedouin (béd'q ēn), one of a
 tribe of Arabs.

⁸ Balkh (bālk).

of the prāi'rie ; then they būst over, like the foam and sprāy of a black, stormy wave when a blāst strikes it, and wildly swept by us, with manes and tails flāring in the wind. It waṣ magnificent.¹ My heart of a horseman leāped in my breast. "Hurrah !" ² I cried. "Hurrah 't is !" said Gerrian.

2. The hērd dashed by in a huddle, making for the eōr-ral.³ Just behind, ālōof from the rush and scamper of his less noble brethren, came the black—my pūrchase. It waṣ grand to see a horse that understood and respected himself so pēr-fectly. One, too, that meant the world should know that he was the vērý chiēfest chief of his race, proud with the blood of a thousand kings. How māsterly he lōoked ! How untamably he stepped !

3. The hērd waṣ galloping furiously. He disdained to break into a gallop. He trotted āfter, a hundred feet behind the hīndmōst, with large and liberal action. And ēven at this hālf speed, easily overtaking his slower cōmrādes, he from time to time paused, bounded in thē āir, tōssed his head, flung out his legs, and then strode on again, writhing all over with sup-pressed power.

4. He waṣ an Amērican horse—so they distinguish in Cali-fōrniā one brought from thē old States—a supērb⁴ young stallion, perfectly black, without spot upon him, except whēre a flake of foam from his indignant⁵ nostril had caught upon his flank. A thōrough-bred horse, with the perfect tail and silky mane of a noble race. Hard āfter him came José, the herdsman, on a fāst mustang.⁶ As he rode, he whirled his lasso⁷ with easy turn of the wrist.

5. The black, trotting still, and halting still to eār'vet⁸ and

¹ Māg nī'fī cent, on a grand scale ; grand in appearance.

² Hurrah (hū rā'), a shout of joy, or triumph, or applause.

³ Cōr'ral, an inclosure or yard, especially for cattle, near a house.

⁴ Su perb', grand ; rich : showy.

⁵ In dīg'nant, greatly provoked, as when a person is excited by un-just treatment, or a mean action ; angrý.

⁶ Mūs'tang, the wild horse of the prairies in Mexico, California, &c.

⁷ Lās'so, a rope or cord with a noose, used for cātching wild horses, and other animals.

⁸ Curvet (kēr'vet), to leap as a horse, when he raises both his fore legs at once, equally advānced, and, as his fore legs are falling, raises his hind legs, so that all of his legs are in thē āir at once.

căracôle,¹ turned back his head contemptuously at his pursuer. "Mexicans may chase their own ponies, and break their spirit by brutality; but an American horse is no more to be touched by a Mexican than an American man. Bah! make your cast! Don't trifle with your lasso! I challenge you. Jêrk âwây, Señor Greaser! I give you as fair a chance as you could wish." So the black seemed to say, with his provoking backward glance, and his whinny of disdain.

6. José took the hint. He dug eryel spurs into his horse. The mustang leaped fôrward. The black gave a tearing bound, and quickened his pace, but still waited the will of his pursuer. They were just upon us, chased and chaser, thundering down the slope, when the herdsman, checking his wrist at the turn, flung his lasso straight as an arrow for the black's head.

7. I could hear the hide rope sing through the summer air, for a moment brêezeless. Will he be tākēn! Will horse or man be victor! The loop of the lasso opened like a hōōp. It hung poised² for one instant a few feet before the horse's head, vibrating in thē air, keeping the cîrclē pērfect, waiting for the hêrdsman's pull to tighten âbout that proud neck and those swelling shoulders.

8. Hurrâh! THROUGH IT WENT THE BLACK! With one brave bound he dashed through thē ôpen loop. He touched ônly to spûrn its vain assault, with his hîndmōst hōōf. "Hurrah!" I cried. "Hurrah 't is!" shouted Gerrian. José dragged in his spurned lasso. The black, with elated³ head, and tail waving like a banner, sprung fôrward, closed in with the hêrd; they parted for his pâssage, he took his leadership, and presently was lōst with his suite⁴ over the swell of the prairie.

9. When we had come in sight of the eôrral, we discovered, to our surprise, the whole band of horses had voluntarily entered. Gerrian sent in José, who drove all but the black out of the staked enclosure. He trotted âbout at his ease, snuffing at the stakes and bars, and showing no special disposition to follow.

¹ Că'r'a côle, a semi-round, or half turn, which a horse makes, either to the right or left.

² Poised, balanced or suspended by equal weight or power.

³ El lă'ted, lifted up; raised by success or pride.

⁴ Suite (swēt), attendants or followers; a set; a series; a collection; as a suite of rooms.

10. I entered alone. Presently he began performing at his own free will. It was magnificent to see him as he circled about me, fire in his eye—pride in his nostril, power and grace from tip to tip. He trotted powerfully; he galloped gracefully; he thundered at full speed; he lifted his fore-legs to welcome; he flung out his hind-legs to repel; he leaped as if he were springing over bayonets; he pranced and curveted as if he were the pretty plaything of a girl. Then, when he had amused himself, and delighted me sufficiently, he trotted up and snuffed about me, just out of reach.

11. Finally, instinctively knowing me for a friend, the black came forward and made the best speech he could of welcome—a neigh, and no more. Then he approached nearer, and, not without shying and starts, of which I took no notice, at last licked my hand, put his head upon my shoulder, suffered me to put my arm round his neck, and in fact lavished upon me every mark of confidence. At last, after a good hour's work, I persuaded him to accept a halter. Then, by gentle seductions,¹ I induced him to start and accompany me homeward.

12. The black would tolerate no one but me. With me he established as close a brotherhood as can be between man and beast. I named him, after the gold mine, my share of which I had given in exchange, DON FULANO.² He represented to me my whole profit for the sternest and roughest work of my life. I looked at him, and looked at the mine—that pile of pretty pebbles, that pile of bogus ore—and I did not regret my bargain. I never have regretted it. “MY KINGDOM FOR A HORSE”—so much of a kingdom as I had, I had given. WINTHROP.³

¹ Seduction, act of leading away from duty; means of tempting or attracting.

² Fulano (fo lă'no).

³ Theodore Winthrop, an American soldier and author, was born in New Haven, Conn., Sept. 22, 1828. He was graduated at Yale College in 1848, and for the sake of his health visited England, Scotland,

France, Germany, Italy, and Greece. He also traveled extensively in this country. He was killed at the battle of Great Bethel, Va., June 10, 1861. He left in manuscript three novels, “Cecil Dreeme,” “John Brent,” and “Edwin Botherkott,” which, as well as a number of magazine articles, have been published since his death.

III.

28. *THE CID AND BAVIECA.*

1.

THE KING looked on him kindly, as on a vassal¹ true;
 Then to the king Ruy Diaz² spake, after reverence due,
 "O King! the thing is shameful, that any man beside
 The liège lord of Castile³ himself, should Bāviecā ride;

2.

"For neither Spain nor Araby could another charger bring
 So good as he, and certes⁴ the best befits my king.
 But, that you may behold him, and know him to the core,
 I'll make him go as he was wont⁵ when his nostrils smelt the Moor."

3.

With that, the Cid,⁶ clad as he was, in mantle furred and wide,
 On Bavieca vaulting, put the rowel in his side;
 And up and down, and round and round, so fierce was his career,
 Streamed like a pennon on the wind, Ruy Diaz' minivere.

4.

And all that saw them praised them—they lauded man and horse,
 As matchèd well, and rivals for gallantry and force;
 Nē'er had they looked on horseman might to this knight come near,
 Nor on other charger worthy of such a cavalier.

5.

Thus, to and fro ā-rushing, the fierce and furious steed,
 He snapped in twain his nēther⁷ rein:—Gōd pity now the Cid!—
 God pity Diaz!" cried the lords—but when they looked again,
 They saw Ruy Diaz ruling him, with the fragment of his rein;
 They saw him proudly ruling with gesture firm and calm,
 Like a true lord commanding, and obeyed as by a lamb.

6.

And so he led him fōaming and pānting to the king.
 But, "No," said Don Alphonso, "it were a shameful thing,
 That pērlēss Bavieca should ever be bestrid,
 By any other mortal but Bivar—mount, mount again, my Cid!"

¹ Vās'sal, one who holds lands of a superior, and who vows fidelity and homage to him; a tenant.

² Ruy Diaz (dē'āfh), Count of Bivar(bē vār'), an illustrious champion of Christianity and of the old Spanish royalty, in the 11th century.

³ Castile (kās tēl'), a former kingdom of Spain.

⁴ Cer'tēs, certainly; in truth.

⁵ Wont(wūnt), used; accustomed.

⁶ Cid, chief or commander—a name given to Ruy Diaz.

⁷ Nēth'er, lower.

SECTION IX.

I.

29. DESTRUCTION OF INSECTS.

A WANTON¹ destruction of insects, simply because they are insects, without question as to their habits, without inquiry as to their mischievousness, for no other reason than that, wherever we see an insect, we are accustomed to destroy it, is wrong. We have no right to seek their destruction if they are harmless. Our only thought of an insect is that it is something to be broomed or trod on. There is a vague² idē'a that naturalists sometimes pin them to the wall, for some reason that they probably know; but that there is any right, or rule, or law that binds us toward Gōd's minor³ creatures, scarcely enters into our conception.⁴

2. A spider in our dwelling is out of place, and the broom is a scepter that rightly sweeps him away; but in the pasture, where he belongs, and you do not—where he is of no inconvenience, and does no mischief—where his webs are but tables spread for his own food—where he follows his own instincts in catching insects for his livelihood—why should you destroy him there, in his brief hour of happiness? And yet, wherever you see a spider, "*Hit him!*" is the law of life.

3. Upturn a stone in the field. You shall find a city unaware. Dwelling together in peace are a score⁵ of different insects. Worms draw in their nimble heads from the dazzling light. Swift shoot shining, black bugs back to their covert.⁶ Ants swarm with feverish agility,⁷ and bear away their eggs. Now sit quietly down and watch the engine⁸ and economy⁹ that are laid open to your view. Trace the canals or highways through which their traffic has been carried. See what strange

¹ Wanton (wōn'tūn), unrestrained; sportive.

² Vague, unsettled; uncertain.

³ Minor, inferior; lesser.

⁴ Conception, the image, idea, or notion of any action or thing which is formed in the mind.

⁵ Score, a notch or mark made to keep an account; twenty.

⁶ Covert (kūv'ert), a covered place; a shelter.

⁷ A gū'i tŷ, quickness of motion.

⁸ Engine ry, artful contrivance.

⁹ E cōn'o mŷ, orderly system.

conditions of life are going on before you. Feel at least sympathy¹ for something that is not a reflection of yourself. Learn to be in'terested without egotism.²

4. But no, the first impulse³ of rational⁴ man, educated to despise insects and Gōd's minor works, is to seek another stone, and, with kindled eye, pound these thoroughfares of harmless insect life until all is utterly destroyed. And if we leave them and go our way, we have a sort of lingering sense that we have fallen somewhat short of our duty. The most universal and the most unreasoning destroyer is man, who symbolizes⁵ death better than any other thing.

5. I, too, learned this murderous pleasure in my boyhood. Through long years I have tried to train myself out of it; and at last I have unlearned it. I love, in summer, to seek the solitary⁶ hillside—that is less solitary than even the crowded city,—and, waiting till my intrusion⁷ has ceased to alarm, watch the wonderful ways of life which a kind Gōd has poured abroad with such profusion.⁸ And I am not ashamed to confess that the leaves of that great book of revelation which God opens every morning, and spreads in the valleys, on the hills, and in the forests, are rich with marvelous⁹ lessons that I could read nowhere else. And often things have taught me what words have failed to teach. Yeā, the words of revelation have themselves been interpreted to my understanding by the things that I have seen in the solitudes of populous nature.

6. I love to feel my relation to every part of animated nature. I try to go back to that simplicity of Paradise¹⁰ in which man walked, to be sure at the head of the animal kingdom, but not bloody, desperate, cruel, crushing whatever was not useful to him. I love to feel that my relationship to Gōd gives me a right

¹ Sŷm'pa thy, kindness of feeling toward sufferers; fellow-feeling.

² E'go tism, the practice of too often using the word I; hence, speaking or writing much of one's self; self-praise.

³ Im'pulse, hasty inclination.

⁴ Rational (rāsh'un al), having reason.

⁵ Sŷm'bol iz es, serves as a sign or representation of.

⁶ Sōl'i ta ry, not much visited; retired.

⁷ Intrusion (in trō'zhun), act of entering into a place without invitation, right, or welcome.

⁸ Profusion (pro fū'zhun), great supply or plenty; rich abundance.

⁹ Mār'vel oūs, strange; wonderful.

¹⁰ Pār'a dise, the Garden of Eden in which Adam and Eve were first placed; heaven.

to look sympathetically upon all that God nourishes. In his bitterness, Job declared, "I have said to the worm, 'Thou art my mother and my sister.'" We may not say this; but I surely say to all living things in God's creation, "I am your elder brother, and the almoner¹ of God's bounty to you. Being his son, I too have a right to look with beneficence² upon your little lives, even as the greater Father does."

7. A wanton disregard of life and happiness toward the insect kingdom tends to produce carelessness of the happiness of animal life everywhere. I do not mean to say that a man who would needlessly crush a fly would therefore slay a man; but I do mean to say that that moral constitution out of which springs kindness is hindered by that which wantonly destroys happiness anywhere. And I hold that a man who wantonly would destroy insect life, or would destroy the comfort of the animal that serves him, is prepared to be inhuman toward the lower forms of animal life.

8. The fact is, that all those invasions³ of life and happiness which are educating men to an indulgence of their passions, to a disregard of God's work, to a low and base view of creation, to a love of destructiveness, and to a disposition that carries with it cruelty and suffering, and that is hindered from breaking out only by fear and selfishness, lead to a disregard of labor and the laborer. The nature which they beget will catch man in his sharp necessities, and mercilessly coerce⁴ him to the benefit of the strong and the spoiling of the weak. And it is the interest of the poor man, and the oppressed man, that there should be a Religion⁵ that shall teach men to regard the whole animal kingdom below themselves as God's kingdom and as having rights—minor and lower rights, but *rights*—before God and before man.

BEECHER.⁶

¹ Al'mon er, one who distributes alms, or gifts, in behalf of another.

² Beneficence, the practice of doing good; kindness.

³ Invasion (in vā'zhun), encroachment; raid.

⁴ Coerce (ko ērs'), restrain by force.

⁵ Religion (re lij'un), right feelings toward God and His creatures;

piety; any system of faith and worship.

⁶ Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, the distinguished American preacher, lecturer, and writer, was born at Litchfield, Conn., June 24, 1813. He graduated at Amherst College, Mass., 1834. He is at present minister of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

II.

30. CHAIN OF DESTRUCTION.

PART FIRST.

DIRECTLY in front of the tent, and at no great distance from it, a thick network of vines stretched between two trees. Over the leaves grew flowers so thickly as almost to hide them; the whole surface shining as if a bright carpet had been spread from tree to tree, and hung down between them. Francis, who had for some time kept his eyes in that direction, all at once exclaimed: "Look yonder—humming-birds!"

2. "Where are they?" inquired Lucian.¹ "Softly, brothers, approach them gently." As Lucian said this, he walked cautiously forward, followed by Băsil² and Francis. "Ah!" exclaimed Lucian, as they drew near, "I see one now; it is the ruby-throat: see his throat how it glitters!"

3. "Shall we try to catch it?" asked Francis. "No, I would rather observe it a bit. You may look for the nest, as you have good eyes." When the curiosity of the boys was satisfied, they were about to return to the tent; but Lucian suddenly made a motion, which caused his brothers to look on the ground.

4. Crouching among the leaves, now crawling side-ways, now making short springs, and then hiding itself, went a fearful-looking creature about the size of the humming-bird. Its body consisted of two pieces joined about the middle, and covered all over with a reddish-brown wool or hair, that stood upright like bristles. It had ten limbs, long, crooked, and covered with hair like the body—two curved claw-like feelers in front, and two horns projecting behind, so that but for its sharp fiery eyes, it would have been difficult to tell which was its head.

5. "The leaping-spider," whispered Lucian to his brothers; "see, it is after the humming-bird!" This was evident. Step by step, and leap after leap, it was approaching the cluster of blossoms where the humming-bird was at that moment. Sometimes the spider would hide itself among the leaves of the vine, then, when the bird settled for a moment to feed, it would advance nearer by a quick run or a leap, concealing itself again

¹ Lucian (lŭ'shī an).

² Basil (băz'il).

to await a fresh opportunity. At last, the bird poised itself at the mouth of a flower, sucking out the honey with its long tongue, and in a moment the spider sprang forward and clutched it round the body with his feeler.

6. The bird, with a wild chirrup, flew outwards and upwards as if to carry the spider away. But its flight was suddenly checked; and, on looking more closely, the fine thread of the spider was seen attached to the tree at one end and his body at the other, strong enough to prevent the poor bird from escaping from his enemy. Soon the little wings ceased to move. The boys could see that the bird was dead, and the mandibles¹ of the spider were buried in its shining throat.

7. And now the spider began reeling in his line, in order to carry up his prey to his nest among the branches. But the eyes of the boys were caught at this moment by a shining object stealing down the tree. It was a lizard of the most brilliant colors; its back of golden green, the underneath part of its body a greenish-white, its throat of the brightest scarlet. It was not more than six inches in length.

8. As it was crawling onward, its bright eye fell on the spider and his prey. All at once the lizard stopped, its color changed; the red throat became white, the green body brown, so that it could hardly be distinguished from the bark of the tree on which it crouched. Soon it was evident that it meant to attack the spider, and to do this it ran round the tree to the nest, where it crouched down, waiting the return of the master of the house.

9. The spider, no doubt exulting² in the thought of the feast he was going to have, and little suspecting a foe so near, came up. In a moment the lizard sprang upon him, and lizard, spider, and bird fell to the ground. There was a short struggle between the first two, but the spider was no match for the lizard, who in a few moments had ground off his legs, and killed him by thrusting his sharp teeth into the spider's skull.

10. From the moment the lizard sprang upon his prey all his bright colors had returned—if possible, brighter than before. And now the lizard began dragging the body of the spider across the grass, when suddenly, from a tree close by, out of a

¹ Mǎn'di bles, jaws; the anterior or upper pair of jaws of spiders.

² Exulting, (эгз ыл'ing), leaping for joy; glad above measure.

dark round hole, some twenty feet from the ground, a red head and brown shoulders were visible. It was moving from side to side, watching the ground below, and evidently preparing to come down. Lucian, when he saw the red head, olive-brown body, and fierce dark eyes, knew it for a scorpion-lizard.

III.

31. CHAIN OF DESTRUCTION.

PART SECOND.

THE little green lizard, rustling over the dead leaves with the spider, caught the scorpion's attention, and he resolved to deprive him of the prey. But the green lizard was brave, and turned to fight—his throat swelled out, and looked brighter than ever.

2. After a while, they sprang at each other open-jawed—wriggled over the ground, their tails flying in the air; then separated, and again assumed defiant¹ attitudes, their forked tongues shot forth, and their sparkling eyes glittering in the sun.

3. The weakest part of the green lizard lies in his tail. So tender is it, that the slightest blow will separate it from the body. Its foe evidently knew this, and tried to attack the tail; but the lizard carefully faced him whichever way he turned. For several minutes they fought, and then the bright colors of the green lizard grew paler; the scorpion rushed forward, threw the other on his back, and before he could recover himself, bit off his tail. The poor little fellow, feeling he had lost more than half his length, ran off, and hid among the logs.

4. It was well for him that he did so; and it would have been better for the scorpion had he stayed in his hole, for a new enemy had drawn near while the battle was raging. From the leafy spreading branches of a mulberry-tree, a red snake, about the thickness of a walking-cane, was hanging down, a full yard of it, out from the trees. Just as the lizard ran off without its tail, the scorpion perceived the long red body of the serpent dangling above him, and knowing it was a terrible enemy, ran off to hide himself.

5. But instead of taking to a tree, where he might have

¹ *De fi'ant*, bold; challenging.

escaped, he ran out, in his fright, to the open ground. The snake dropped down, overtook him in a moment, and killed him on the spot. Snakes do not chew their food, but swallow it whole, sucking it gradually down their throats. This the red snake began to do with the scorpion-lizard—it was a curious operation, and the boys watched it with much interest.

6. But other eyes were bent upon the reptile. A dark shadow was seen moving over the ground; and on looking up, the boys saw a large bird, with snow-white head and breast, wheeling in the air. It was the great southern kite; and beautiful it was to see him sailing in circles with his wide-spread tapering wings.

7. Nearer and nearer he came, till the boys could see the gleam of his eyes; and now for the first time the snake caught sight of him too. It had hitherto been closely occupied with its prey, which it had just swallowed. When it looked up and saw the kite, its red color turned pale, and it struck its head into the grass, as if to hide itself. It was too late. The kite swooped gently down, and when it rose again, the reptile was seen wriggling in his talons!

8. But as the kite rose, it was evident, from the flapping of his wings, that his flight was impeded.¹ The cause soon appeared. The snake was no longer hanging from his talons, it had twined itself round his body. All at once the kite began to flutter, and both bird and serpent fell heavily to the ground. A violent struggle ensued—the bird trying to free himself from the folds of the snake, while the snake tried to squeeze the kite to death. How was it to end? The kite could not free itself from the snake. The snake dared not let go the kite, for it would have been seized by the head, and have lost its power. So, though both would gladly have been parted, neither could let the other go.

9. At length the kite got his beak close to the head of the serpent, then seized the reptile's lower jaw in his mouth; the serpent tried to bite, without effect, and now the kite had the best of it—planting his talons round his adversary's throat, he held him as in a vice. The coils of the reptile were seen to loose and fall off. In a few moments its body lay along the grass motionless. The kite raised his head, extended his wings

¹ Im pēd'ed, obstructed; hindered.

to make sure he was free; then, with a scream of triumph, rose upward, the long body of the serpent trailing after him like a train.

10. At this moment another scream reached the ears of the young hunters. It might have passed for the echo of the first, but its tones were wilder and louder. All eyes were turned in the direction whence it came. The boys knew very well that it was the white-headed eagle.

11. The kite had heard the cry too, and at once tried to rise higher into the air, resolved to hold on to his hard-earned plunder. Birds of his species will sometimes outfly and escape the eagle. Up rose the kite, straining every pinion of his pointed wings, and upward goes the pursuing eagle. Closer and closer they appear to come. Soon both disappear beyond the reach of vision. Hark! there is a sound like the whirling of a rocket—something has fallen on the tree-top. It is the kite—dead, and the blood spurting from a wound in his shoulder!

12. And now the eagle has shot down with the snake in her talons, gliding slowly over the top of the trees, and alighted on the summit of a dead magnolia.¹ Basil seized his rifle, sprung on his horse, and rode off among the bushes. He had been gone but a few minutes, when a sharp crack was heard, and the eagle was seen tumbling from her perch. This was the last link in the CHAIN OF DESTRUCTION. REID.²

IV.

32. *CRUELTY OF ANIMALS.*

THAT one animal should support its own life only by the destruction of another creature,³ appears to be rather a cruel dispensation⁴ of nature, and repugnant⁵ to the beauty and kindness which prevail in the order of created things. Averse⁶ as are we, the created beings, to inflicting pain on any of our

¹ Mag nō'li a, a tree having large, fragrant flowers.

² Mayne Reid, a British novelist, was born in the north of Ireland in 1818. He came to America in 1838, traveled extensively in nearly every State of the Union, and aided the United States in her war with Mex-

ico. He now resides in London. His books for boys are very popular.

³ Creature (krēt'yér), any thing created; an animal; a man.

⁴ Dis'pēn sā'tion, that which is commanded, dealt out, or appointed.

⁵ Re pūg'nant, opposite; contrary.

⁶ A verse', unwilling.

fëllōw-creatures, it can not but seem stränge that the Crëator should have made so many animals to suffer a violënt death, and appärently to endure torturing pang, by the lacerations¹ to which they are subjected by their destroyers.

2. The reflection is a just one, and one which, until late years, has never received a word of answer. Endeavors were made to reconcile the Divine love with this appärent cruëlty, by asserting that the lower animals are endued with so lōw a sense of pain that an injury which would inflict severëst torture on a man would cause but a slight pang to thë animal.

3. Yët, as all animals are clearly sensitive to pain, and many of them are known to feel it acutely, this argument has but trifling weight. Moreover the system which is insensible to pain would be equally dull to enjoyment; and thus we should reduce thë animal creation to a level but little higher than that of the vegetables.

4. The true answer is, that, by some mërçiful and marvelous provisions, the mode of whose working is at present hiddën, the sense of pain is driven out of the victim, as sōön as it is seized or struck by its destroyer. The first përsön who seems to have tåken this view of the case wæs Livingstone,² the well-known traveler, who lëarned the lesson by personal experience. After describing an attack made upon a lion, he proceeds:

5. "Starting, and looking hälf round, I saw the lion just in thë act of springing upon me. I wæs upon a little height: he caught my shoulder as he sprung, and we bōth came to the ground belōw together. Growling hōrribly close to my ear, he shook me as a terrier dōg shakes a rat. The shock produced a stupor similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse äfter the first shake of the cat. It caused a sort of drëaminess, in which thëre was no sense of pain or feeling of terror, though I was quite conscious of all that was happening. It was like what patients, partially under thë influence of ehloroform,³ describe, who see all thë operation, but feel not the knife.

¹ Låc'er å'tion, act of rending or tearing; breach made by tearing.

² David Livingstone, the celebrated African traveler, missionary, and author, was born at Glasgow, Scotland, in 1815. He was busily

exploring portions of Central Africa until his death in 1873.

³ Chloroform (klō'ro fōrm), an oily liquid used to cause insensibility; also applied extërnally to lëssen pain.

6. "This singular condition was not the result of any mental process. The shake annihilated¹ fear, and allowed no sense of horror on looking round at the beast. This peculiar state is probably produced in all animals killed by the Cărnivoră;² and, if so, is a merciful provision by our benevolent Creator for lessening the pain of death."

7. This fearful experience is, although most valuable, not a solitary one, and is made more valuable by that very fact. I am acquainted with a similar story of an officer of the Indian army, a German nobleman by birth, who, while in Bengal,³ was seized and carried away by a tiger. He described the whole scene in much the same language as that of Livingstone, saying, that, as far as the bodily senses were concerned, the chief sensation was that of a pleasant drowsiness, rather admixed with curiosity as to the manner in which the brute was going to eat him.

8. Only by his reasoning powers, which remained unshaken, could he feel that his position was one of almost hopeless danger, and that he ought to attempt to escape. Perhaps, in so sudden and overwhelming a shock, the mind may be startled for a time from its hold upon the nerves, and be, so to speak, not at home to receive any impression from the nervous system.

9. Many men have fallen into the jaws of these fearful beasts, but very few have survived to tell their tale. In the case of Livingstone, rescue came through the hands of a Hottentot servant, who fired upon the lion, and who was himself attacked by the infuriated animal. In the latter instance, the intended victim owed his life to a sudden whim of the tiger, which, after carrying him for some distance, threw him down, and went off without him. The officer used thankfully to attribute his escape to his meager⁴ and fleshless condition, which, as he said, induced the épieuré⁵ an tiger to reject a dinner on so lean and tough an animal as himself.

¹ An n'hi lăt ed, reduced to nothing; destroyed.

² Car nív'o ra, an order of animals which live on flesh.

³ Bengal (bên gāl'), the largest presidency and province of British India.

⁴ Mēa'ger, having little flesh;

thin; lean: without strength, richness, or the like.

⁵ Ep'i cu ré'an, pertaining to Epicurus, a celebrated Greek philosopher, who regarded pleasure as the highest human happiness; hence, given to over-indulgence, especially in the pleasures of the table.

SECTION X.

I.

33. THE TIDES.

THE MOON is at hēr full, and riding high,
 Floods the cālm fields with light ;
 Thē āirs that hōver in the summer sky
 Are all āslēep to night.

2. Thēre comes no voice from the great woodlands round
 That mŭrmŭred all the dāy ;
 Benēath the shādōw of their boughs, the ground
 Is not mōre still than they.
3. But ever heaves and mōans the rēstlēss Deep ;
 His rising tides I hear ;
 Afar I see the glimmering billōws leap :
 I see them breaking near.
4. Each wave springs upward, climbing tōward the fāir,
 Pure light that sits on high ;—
 Springs eagerly, and faintly sinks to whēre
 The mother-wāters lie.
5. Upward again it swells ; the moonbeams shōw,
 Again, its glimmering crest ;¹
 Again it feels the fatal weight belōw,
 And sinks, but not to rest.
6. Again, and yēt again ; until the Deep
 Recalls his brood of waves ;
 And, with ā sullen moan, ābāshed,² they creep
 Back to his inner caves.
7. Brief rēspīte !³ they shall rush from that recess
 With noise and tumult sōon,
 And fling themselves, with unavailing stress,
 Up tōward the placid⁴ mōon.

¹ Crēst, the highest part or summit ; the foamy, feather-like top of a wave.

² A bāshed', much confused.

³ Rēs'pīte, a putting off of that which was appointed ; delay ; rest.

⁴ Plāc'id, pleased ; contented ; unruffled ; quiet.

8. O restless Sea! that in thy prison here
 Dost struggle and complain;
 Through the slow centuries¹ yearning to be near
 To that fair orb in vain.
9. The glorious source of light and heat must warm
 Thy bosom with his glow,
 And on those mounting waves a nobler form
 And freer life bestow.
10. Then only may they leave the waste of brine
 In which they welter² here,
 And rise above the hills of earth, and shine
 In a serener sphere. W. C. BRYANT.

II.

34. *TIDE-BOUND IN THE SEA-CAVES.*

PART FIRST.

IT was on a pleasant spring morning that, with my little curious friend beside me, I stood on the beach opposite the eastern promontory,³ that, with its stern granitic⁴ wall, bars access⁵ for ten days out of every fourteen to the wonders of the Doo'oot,⁶ and saw it stretching provokingly out into the green water. It was hard to be disappointed, and the caves so near.

2. The tide was a low neap;⁷ and if we wanted a passage dry-shod, it behooved⁸ us to wait for at least a week. But neither of us understood the philosophy⁹ of neap-tides at that period. I was quite sure I had got round at low water, with

¹ Century (sɛnt'yū ry), a hundred years.

² Wəl'ter, to rise and fall; to tumble over; to wallow.

³ Pröm'on to ry, headland; high land extending into the sea.

⁴ Gra nít'ic, having the nature of, or consisting of, granite—a kind of rock.

⁵ Doo'oot, sea-caves situated in Scotland, near the entrance of the Crómarty Frith, an inlet of the North

Sea, and connected with wooded headlands which are called South and North Sutors.

⁶ Nsap, neap tides are those which happen in the second and last quarters of the moon, when the difference between high and low water is less than at any other period in the month.

⁷ Be hoove', to be fit, meet, or necessary for.

⁸ Phi lös'o phý, the knowledge of effects by their causes.

my uneles, not á great many days befóre ; and we bõth inférred, that, if we but succeeded in gëttíng round now, it wõuld be quite a pléasure to wait ámong the caves inside, until such time as the fall of the tide should lay báre a pássage for our retúrñ.

3. A nárrõw and brõken shelf runs álong the promontory, on which, by thê assistance of the naked feet, it is just possible to creep. We succeeded in scrambling up to it, and then, crawling outward on all-fours—the precipice, as we proceeded, beetling móre and more formidable¹ from ábõve, and the water becoming greener and deeper belõw—we reached thê outer point of the promontory ; and then dõubling the cape on a still nárrõwing margin—the water, by a revêrse prócess, becoming shallower and less green as we advánced inward—we found the ledge terminating just where, after clearing the sea, it overhung the gravelly beach at an elevation of nearly ten feet.

4. Down we bõth dropped, proud of our success ; up splashed the rattling gravel as we fell ; and for at least the whõle coming week—though we were únáwáre of thê extent of our good luck at the time—the marvels of the Doocot Cave might be regarded as solely and exclusively our own. For one short séven days, to bõrrõw emphasis from the phraseõlogy² of Carlyle,³ “they were our own, and no other man’s.”

5. The first ten hours were hours of sheer enjoyment. The larger cave proved á mine of marvels : and we found a great deal additional to wonder at on the slopes benêath the precipices, and álong the piece of rocky sea-beach in front. We succeeded, by creeping, in discovering dwarf-bushes, that told of the bright influences of the sea-spray ; the pale yëllõw honey-suckle, that we had never seen before save in gardèns and shrubberies ; and on a deeply shaded slope we detected the sweet-scented wõod-rõõf of the flower-pot and pàrtérre,⁴ with its delicate white flowers and pretty vërticillate⁵ leaves.

¹ Fõr'mi da ble, of á nature to excite fear and hinder from undertaking ; alarming.

² Phrà'se ðl'o gý, peculiar manner of using words in sentences.

³ Thomas Carlyle, the Scottish author, was born in 1795 and died in 1881. He was able, brilliant,

and very remarkable as a writer.

⁴ Parterre (pär tár'), an arrangement of plots or beds of flowers, with spaces between of gravel or túrf for walking on.

⁵ Ver tic'il late, arranged in á ring, or áround the stem, like the rays of a wheel.

6. Thêre, too, immediately in thê ôpening of the deeper cave, where a small stream came pattering in detached drops from thê overbeetling precipice âbôve, like the first drops of a heavy thunder-shower, we found the hot, bitter seûrvy-grâss, with its minûte eruçifôrm¹ flowers, which the great Căptain Cook² used in his voyages. Above all, *there* were the caves, with their pigeons, white, variegated, and blue, and their mysterious and gloomy depths, in which plants hardened into stone, and water became marble.

7. In a short time, we had brôken ôff with our hammers whôle pocketfuls of stalăetites³ and petrified mōss. There were little pools at the side of the cave, where we could see the work of congelation⁴ going on, as at the commencement of an October frôst, when the cold north wind but bârely ruffles the sùrface of some mountain pond or sluggish moorland stream, and shows the newly-formed needles of ice glistening from the shôres into the water. So rapid was the cōurse of dēpōsition,⁵ that there were cases in whích the sides of the hōllôw seemed grôwing almôst in propôrtion as the water rose in them; the springs, lipping over, deposited their minûte crystals on the edges, and the reservoirs⁶ deepened and became mōre capăcious⁷ as their mounds were built up by this curious masonry.

8. The long, telescôpic⁸ prospect of the sparkling sea, as viewed from thê inner extremity of the cavern, while all âround was dark as midnight; the sudden gleam of the sea-gull, seen for a mômēt from the recess', as it flitted pâst in the sunshine; the black, heaving bulk of the grampus,⁹ as it threw up its slender jets of sprăy, and then, tûrning downward, displayed its glōssy back and vâst angular fin; even the pigeôns, as they

¹ Oru'ôl form, erôss shaped.

² Capt. James Cook, an English navigator, born in Yorkshire, England Oct. 27, 1728, and killed at the Sandwich Islands, Feb. 14, 1779.

³ Sta lăc'tite, carbonate of lime, attached like an icicle, which it resembles in form, to the rōôf or side of a cave.

⁴ Cōn'ge lă'tion, the prôcess or act of changing a fluid to a solid state, usually by cold.

⁵ Deposition (dēp'ô zish'un), act of dēpōsiting or laying down.

⁶ Reservoir (rēz'er vwar'), a place where anything is kept in stôre; a băsîn or cistern.

⁷ Ca pă'cious, able to contain; roomy; large.

⁸ Tēl'e scôp'ic, like, or pertaining to, a telescope; far-reaching.

⁹ Gram'pus, a large kind of fish which breathes by a spout-hole on the top of the head, as whales do.

shot whizzing by, one moment scarce visible in the gloom, the next radiant in the light—all acquired a new interest from the peculiarity of the *setting* in which we saw them. They formed a series of sun-gilt vignettes,¹ framed in jet, and it was long ere we tired of seeing and admiring in them much of the strange and the beautiful.

9. It did seem rather ominous,² however, and perhaps somewhat supernatural to boot, that about an hour after noon, the tide, while yet there was a full fathom³ of water beneath the brow of the promontory, ceased to fall, and then, after a quarter of an hour's space began actually to creep upward on the beach. But just hoping that there might be some mistake in the matter, which the evening tide would scarce fail to rectify,⁴ we continued to amuse ourselves, and to hope on.

10. Hour after hour passed, lengthening as the shadows lengthened, and yet the tide still rose. The sun had sunk behind the precipices, and all was gloom along their bases, and double gloom in their caves; but their rugged brows still caught the red glare of evening. The flush rose higher and higher, chased by the shadows; and then, after lingering for a moment on their crests of honeysuckle and juniper, passed away, and the whole became somber⁵ and gray.

11. The sea-gull flapped upward from where he had floated on the ripple, and hied him slowly away to his lodge in his deep-sea stack; the dusky cormorant⁶ flitted past, with heavier and more frequent stroke, to his whitened shelf on the precipice; the pigeons came whizzing downward from the uplands and the opposite land, and disappeared amid the gloom of their caves; every creature that had wings made use of them in speeding homeward; but neither my companion nor myself had any, and there was no possibility of getting home without them.

12. We made desperate efforts to scale the precipices, and on two several occasions succeeded in reaching midway shelves

¹ Vignette (vĩn yẻt'), a wood-cut, engraving, etc., without a border.

² Om'i noĩs, pertaining to an omen or sign; usually foreshowing something evil.

³ Fẻth'om, a measure of length, containing six feet.

⁴ Rẻc'ti fy, to make straight or right.

⁵ Sẻm'ber, dull; dusky; gloomy.

⁶ Oẻr'mo rant, a class of web-footed sea-birds, often called *sea-raven*, noted for great greediness of appetite.

among the crags, where the *falcon*¹ and the *raven*² build ; but though we had climbed well enough to render our return a matter of bare possibility, there was no possibility whatever of getting farther up. The cliffs had never been scaled, and they were not destined to be scaled now. And so, as the twilight deepened, and the precarious³ footing became every moment more doubtful and precarious, we had just to give up in despair.

III.

35. *TIDE-BOUND IN THE SEA-CAVES.*

PART SECOND.

“**W**OULDN'T care for myself,” said the poor little fellow, my companion, bursting into tears ; “if it were not for my mother ; but what will my mother say ?” “Wouldn't care, neither,” said I, with a heavy heart ; “but it's just back-water, and we'll get out at twelve.” We retreated together into one of the shallower and dryer caves ; and clearing a little spot of its rough stones, and then groping along the rocks for the dry grass that in the spring season hangs from them in withered tufts, we formed for ourselves a most uncomfortable bed, and lay down in each other's arms.

2. For the last few hours, mountainous piles of clouds had been rising, dark and stormy in the cave's sea-mouth ; and they had flared portentously⁴ in the setting sun, and had worn, with the decline of evening, almost every meteoric tint of anger, from fiery red to a somber, thunderous brown, and from somber brown to doleful black ; and we could now at least hear what they portended, though we could no longer see.

3. The rising wind began to howl mournfully amid the cliffs, and the sea, hitherto so silent, to beat heavily against the shore, and to boom, like distress-guns, from the recesses of the two deep sea-caves. We could hear, too, the beating rain, now heavier, now lighter, as the gusts swelled or sunk ; and the intermittent patter of the streamlet over the deeper cave, now

¹ *Falcon* (fă'kn), a bird of prey, which is often trained to catch other birds, or game.

² *Raven* (ră'vn).

³ *Pre că'ri oă*, exposed to constant risk ; uncertain ; unsteady.

⁴ *Por tēnt'ous ly*, ominously ; in a manner to foreshadow ill.

driving against the precipices, now descending heavily on the stones.

4. My companion had only the real evils of the case to deal with; and so, the hardness of our bed and the coldness of the night considered, he slept tolerably well; but I was unlucky enough to have evils greatly worse than the real ones to annoy me. The corpse of a seaman had been found on the beach, about a month previous, some forty yards from where we lay.

5. The hands and feet, miserably contracted, and corrugated¹ into deep folds at every joint, yet swollen to twice their proper size, had been bleached as white as pieces of alumed sheepskin; and where the head should have been, there existed only a sad mass of decay. I had examined the body, as young people are apt to do, a great deal too curiously for my peace; and though I had never done the poor nameless seaman any harm, I could not have suffered more from him during that melancholy night had I been his murderer. Sleeping or waking, he was continually before me.

6. Every time I dropped into a dose, he would come stalking up the beach, from the spot where he had lain, with his stiff, white fingers, that stuck out like eagles' claws, and his pale, broken pulp of a head, and attempt to strike me; and then I would awaken with a start, cling to my companion, and remember that the drowned sailor had lain festering among the identical bunches of sea-weed that still rotted on the beach not a stone-cast away. The near neighborhood of a score of living bandits² would have inspired less horror than the recollection of that one dead seaman.

7. Toward midnight the sky cleared, and the wind fell, and the moon, in her last quarter, rose, red as a mass of heated iron, out of the sea. We crept down in the uncertain light, over the rough, slippery crags, to ascertain whether the tide had not fallen sufficiently far to yield us a passage; but we found the waves chafing among the rocks, just where the tide-line had rested twelve hours before, and a full fathom of sea encompassing the base of the promontory. A glimmering idea of the real nature of our situation at length crossed my mind. It was not

¹ Cōr'ru gāt ed, formed or shaped into folds; wrinkled.

² Bān'dit, a lawless or desperate fellow; a robber.

imprisonment for a tide to which we had consigned ourselves : it was imprisonment for a week.

8. There was little comfort in the thought, arising as it did amid the chills and terrors of a dreary midnight ; and I looked wistfully on the sea as our only path of escape. There was a vessel crossing the wake of the moon at the time, scarce half a mile from the shore ; and, assisted by my companion, I began to shout at the top of my lungs, in the hope of being heard by the sailors. We saw her dim bulk passing slowly across the red, glittering belt of light that had rendered her visible, and then disappearing in the murky blackness ; and just as we lost sight of her for ever, we could hear an indistinct sound mingling with the dash of the waves—the shout, in reply, of the startled helmsman.

9. The vessel, as we afterward learned, was a large stone-lighter, deeply laden, and unfurnished with a boat ; nor were her crew at all sure that it would have been safe to attend to the midnight voice from among the rocks, even had they the means of communication with the shore. We waited on and on, however, shouting by turns, and now shouting together, but there was no second reply ; and at length losing hope, we groped our way back to our comfortless bed, just as the tide had again turned on the beach, and the waves began to roll upward, higher and higher at every dash.

10. As the moon rose and brightened, the dead seaman became less troublesome, and I had succeeded in dropping as soundly asleep as my companion, when we were both aroused by a loud shout. We started up, and again crept downward among the crags to the shore, and as we reached the sea, the shout was repeated. It was that of at least a dozen harsh voices united. There was a brief pause, followed by another shout ; and then two boats, strongly manned, shot round the western promontory, and shouted yet again. The whole town had been alarmed by the intelligence that two little boys had straggled away in the morning to the rocks of the southern Sutor, and had not found their way back.

11. The precipices had been a scene of frightful accidents from time immemorial, and it was at once inferred that one other sad accident had been added to the number. True, there

wēre cases remembered of people having been tide-bound in the Doocot caves, and not much worse in consequence ; but as the caves were inaccessible ēven during nēaps, we could not, it wāṣ said, possibly be in them ; and the sole remaining ground of hope was, that, as had hāppened once befōre, ōnly one of the two had been killed, and that the survivor was līngēring āmōng the rocks, āfraid to come hōme. And in this belief, when the moon rose, and the sūrf fell, the two bōats had been fitted out.

12. It wāṣ late in the morning ere we reached Crōmarty,¹ but ā crowd on the beach āwaited our arrival ; and there were anxious-looking lights glāncing in the wīndōwṣ, thīck and mani-fold ; nay, such wāṣ thē interest elicited, that some enormously bad verse, in which the writer described the incident, a few days āfter, became popular enough to be handed ābout in manuscript, and read at tea-parties by thē *élite* of the town. MILLER.²

IV.

36. THE HIGH TIDE.³

THE old mayor climbed the belfry tower,

The ringers ran by two, by three ;

“ Pull, if ye never pulled befōre ;

Good ringers, pull your best,” quōth he.

“ Play uppe, play uppe, O Bōston bells !

Ply all yōr chāngēs, all your swells,

Play uppe ‘ The Brides of Enderby.

2. Men say it wāṣ ā stōlen tyde—

The Lord that sent it, He knows all ;

But in myne ears dōfh still ābide

The message that the bells let fall.

And thēre wāṣ nōught of strānge, beside

The flights of mews⁴ and peewits⁵ pied⁶

By millions crouched on thē old sea wall.

¹ Crōm’ar ty, ā seaport town of Scotland, beautifully situated on Crōmarty Frīfh.

² Hugh Miller, ā British geologist and writer, wāṣ born at Crōmarty, on thē east coast of Scotland, Oct. 10, 1802, and died at Portobello, near Edinburgh, Dec. 26, 1856.

³ High Tide on the coast of Līnē-ōnshīre, England (īng’gland), 1571.

⁴ Mew (mū), ā kind of sea-fowl ; a gull.

⁵ Pē’wit, the lapwing ; also, the black-hēaded or lāughing gull.

⁶ Pied, marked with different colors ; spōttēd.

3. I sat and spun within the dōore :
 My thread brake off—I raised myne eyes ;
 The lēvel sun, like ruddy ōre,
 Lay sīking in the barren skies ;
 And dark against day's gōlden death
 She moved where Lindis wanderèth,—
 My sonne's fāire wife, Elizabeth.
4. “Cushá !¹ Cushá ! Cushá !” calling,
 Ere thē ēarly dews were falling,
 Farre āwāy I hēard hēr sōng.
 “Cushá ! Cushá !” all ālōng ;
 Where the reedy Lindis flōwèth,
 Floweth, floweth,
 From the meads where mēlick grōwèth
 Faintly came her milking sōng :
5. “Cushá ! Cushá ! Cushá !” calling,
 “For the dews will soone be falling ;
 Leave yōur mēadōw grāsses mēllōw ;
 Mellow, mellow ;
 Quit your cōwslips, cōwslips yēllōw ;
 Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot,
 Quit the stalks of parsley hōllōw,
 Hollow, hollow ;
 Come uppe Jetty, rise and fōllōw,
 From the clovers lift your head ;
 Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot,
 Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,
 Jetty, to the milking shed.”
6. If it be lōng, āye, long āgō,
 When I beginne to thiñk howe lōng,
 Againe I hear the Lindis flōw,
 Swift as an ārrōwe, sharpe and strōng ;
 And all thē āire it seemèth mee
 Bin full of flōating bells (sayth shee),
 That ring the tune of Enderby.
7. Alle fresh the level pāsture lāy,
 And not ā shadowe might be seene,

¹ Cushá (kush'á).

Save whêre, full fyve good miles awây,
 The steeple towered from out the greene
 And lo ! the great bell farre and wide
 Was heard in all the country side
 That Saturday at eventide.

8. The swannerds,¹ where their sedges are,
 Moved on in sunset's gölden breath,
 The shepherde lads I heard afatre,
 And my sonne's wife, Elizabeth;
 Till, floating o'er the grassy sea,
 Came downe that kyndly message free,
 The "Brides of Mavis Enderby."²
9. Then some looked uppe into the sky,
 And all along where Lindis flows
 To where the goodly vessels lie,
 And where the lordly steeple shows.
 They sayde, "And why should this thing be,
 What danger lowers by land or sea ?
 They ring the tune of Enderby !
10. "For evil news from Mablethorpe,³
 Of pyrate galleys warping down;
 For shippes ashore beyond the scorpe,
 They have not spared to wake the towne :
 But while the west bin red to see,
 And storms be none, and pyrates flee,
 Why ring 'The Brides of Enderby?'"
11. I looked without, and lo ! my sönne
 Came riding downe with might and main ;
 He raised a shout as he drew on,
 Till all the welkin⁴ rang again,
 "Elizabeth ! ELIZABETH !"
 (A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
 Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.)
12. "Thē olde sea wall (he cried) is downe,
 The rising tide comes on apāce,

¹ Swan'nerd, swan.

² Ma'bel thorpe, a parish of En-

³ En'der by-Ma'vis, a parish of gland, county of Lineōln

England, county of Lineōln.

⁴ Wel'kin, the sky.

And bōats adrīft in yōnder townē
 Go sailing uppe the market-place."
 He shook as one that looks on death :
 "Gōd save yōu, mōther !" straight he sayth;
 "Whēre is my wife, Elizabeth ?"

13. "Good sonne, where Lindis winds awāy
 With her two bairns¹ I marked her lōng ;
 And ere yon bells beganne to play,
 Afarre I hēard her milking sōng."
 He looked acrōss the grāssy sea,
 To right, to left, "Ho Enderby !"
 "They rang "The Brides of Enderby !"
14. With that he cried and beat his breast ;
 For lo ! ālōng the river's bed
 A mighty ēygre² reared his crest,
 And uppe the Lindis raging sped.
 It swept with thunderous noises loud ;
 Shaped like a etūrling snow-white cloud,
 Or like a demon in a shroud.
15. And rearing Lindis backward pressed,
 Shook all her trembling bankes āmāine ;
 Then madly at thē ēygre's breast
 Flung uppe her weltering walls again.
 Then bankes came downe with ruin and rout—
 Then bēaten foam flew round ābout—
 Then all the mighty floods were out.
16. "So farre, so fāst the eygre drave,
 The heart had hardly time to beat,
 Before a shallow seething wave
 Sobbed in the grāsses at oure feet :
 The feet had hardly time to flee
 Before it break against the knee,
 And all the world wāş in the sea.
17. Upon the rōōfe we sāte that night,
 The noise of bells went sweeping by :
 I marked the lōfty bēacon light

¹ Bairn (bārn), a child.

ing up a river in one wave, or in

² Ea'gre, an entire flood tide mov- two or threes successive waves.

Stream from the church-tower, red and high—
 A lurid¹ mark and dread to see ;
 And awesome bells they were to mee,
 That in the dark rang "Enderby."

18. They rang, the sailor lads to guide
 From roöfe to roöfe who fearlèss rowed ;
 And I—my sonne was at my side,
 And yet the ruddy bææon glöwed ;
 And yet he moaned benēath his breath,
 "O come in life, or come in death !
 O löst ! my love, Elizabeth."
19. And didst thou visit him no mōre ?
 Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter deare ;
 The waters laid thee at his döore,
 Ere yet the ēarly dawn was clear.
 Thy pretty bairns in fāst embrace,
 The lifted sun shōne on thy face,
 Downe drifted to thy dwelling-place.
20. That flow strewed wrecks ābout the grāss,
 That ebbe swept out the flocks to sea ;
 A fatal ebbe and flōw, ālās !
 To manye mōre than myne and mee :
 But each will mōurn his own (she sayth) ;
 And sweeter wōman ne'er drew breafh
 Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.
21. I shall never hear hēr mōre
 By the reedy Lindis shōre,
 "Cushā, Cushā, Cushā !" calling
 Ere the early dewes be falling ;
 I shall never hear her sōng,
 "Cushā, Cushā !" all ālōng,
 Whēre the sunny Lindis flōwēth,
 Goēth, flowēth ;
 From the meads where mēlick grōwēth,
 When the water winding downe,
 Onward flowēth to the towne.

¹ Lur'id, ghāstly pale ; dismal.

22. I shall never see hēr mōre
 Whére the reeds and rushes quiver,
 Shiver, quiver ;
 Stand beside the sobbing river,
 Sobbing, throbbing, in its falling,
 To the sandy lonesome shōre ;
 I shall never hear her calling—
 “ Leave yōur mēadōw grāsses mēllōw,
 Mellow, mellow ;
 Quit your cōwslips, cōwslips yēllōw ;
 Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot ;
 Quit your pipes of parsley hōllōw,
 Hollow, hollow ;
 Come uppe Lightfoot, rise and fōllōw ;
 Lightfōot, Whitefoot,
 From your clovers lift the head ;
 Come uppe Jetty, follow, follow,
 Jetty, to the milking shed.”

JEAN INGELOW.

SECTION XI.

I.

37. THE WIND IN A FROLIC.

THE WIND, one mōrning, sprang up from sleep,
 Saying, “ Now for ā frolic ! now for a leap !

Now for a madcap galloping chase !

I'll make a commotion¹ in évèry place ! ”

2. So it swept with ā bustle² right thrūgh a great town,
 Creaking the signs, and scattering down
 Shutters, and whisking, with mērcilèss squalls,
 Old women's bōnnets and gingerbread stalls.
 Thère never was hēard a much lustier³ shout,
 As thē apples and ōranges tumbled ābout ;
 And thē ūrchins,⁴ that stand with their thievish eyes
 Forever on watch, ran ōff each with ā prize.

¹ Com mō'tion, distūrbēd or fōrcible motion ; disorder.

² Bustle (būs'l), great stīr.

³ Lūs'ti er, healthier ; strōngēr.

⁴ Urchin (ēr'chin), ā mischievous child.

3. Then away to the fields it went blustering and humming,
And the cattle all wondered whatever was coming.
It plucked by their tails the grave, matronly¹ eows,
And tossed the colts' manes all about their brows—
Till, offended at such a familiar salute,
They all turned their backs, and stood silently mute.²
4. So on it went, capering and playing its pranks;
Whistling with reeds on the broad river banks;
Puffing the birds, as they sat on the spray,
Or the traveler grave on the king's highway.
5. It was not too nice to bustle the bags
Of the beggar, and flutter his dirty rags.
'Twas so bold that it feared not to play its joke
With the doctor's wig, and the gentleman's cloak.
6. Through the forest it roared, and cried gayly, "Now,
You sturdy³ old oaks, I'll make you bow!"
And it made them bow without more ado,
Or it cracked their great branches through and through.
7. Then it rushed, like a monster, o'er cottage and farm,
Striking their inmates with sudden alarm;
And they ran out, like bees, in a midsummer swarm.
There were dames, with their kerchiefs tied over their caps,
To see if their poultry were free from mishaps;
The turkeys they gobbled, the geese screamed aloud,
And the hens crept to roost, in a terrified crowd:
There was rearing of ladders, and logs laying on,
Where the thatch⁴ from the roof threatened soon to be gone.
8. But the wind had passed on, and had met in a lane
With a schoolboy, who panted and struggled in vain;
For it tossed him, and twirled him, then passed, and he stood,
With his hat in a pool, and his shoe in the mud. HOWITT.⁵

¹ *Mā'tron lŷ*, elderly; like a mother.

² *Mūte*, hindered from speaking; silent; a dumb attendant, often employed as an executioner in Turkey.

³ *Sturdy* (*stēr'di*), stiff; strong.

⁴ *Thatch*, straw, turf, or other covering.

⁵ *William Howitt*, an English author, was born in 1795. He was married to Miss Mary Botham in 1823. They have prepared many books, both jointly and separately, in prose and verse. Their writings generally are very popular, and none more so than their juvenile books.

II.

38. THE SEPTEMBER GALE.

I 'M NOT á chicken ; I have seen
 Full many á chill September ;
 And though I was a youngster then,
 That gale I well remember.
 The dáy befóre, my kite-string snapped,
 And I, my kite pursuing,
 Thē wind whisked öff my pálm-leaf hat :—
 For me two storms wére brewing !¹

2. It came as quarrels sometimes do,
 When married páirs get clashing ;
 There was a heavy sigh or two,
 Befóre the fire was flashing ;
 A little stir ámong the clouds,
 Before they rent ásünder ;
 A little rocking of the trees—
 And then came on the thunder.
3. Oh, how the ponds and rivers boiled,
 And how the shinglēs rattled !
 And oaks were scattered on the ground,
 As if the Titans² battled ;
 And all ábóve was in a howl,
 And all belów a clatter—
 Thē éarth was like a frying-pan,
 Or some such hissing matter.
4. It chanced to be our washing-dáy,
 And all our things were drying ;—
 The storm came rōaring thrúgh the lines,
 And set them all á-flying :
 I saw the shirts and pëtticōats
 Go riding öff, like witches ;
 I löst, ah ! bitterly I wept—
 I lost my Sunday breeches !³

¹ Brewing (brö'ing), see Rule 4,
 p. 26.

² Ti'tans, the fabled giants of the
 ancients.

³ Breeches (brich'ez), á kind of
 short trowsers or pantaloons, wörn
 by men and boys, covering the hips
 and thighs.

5. I saw them straddling through the air,
 Alas ! too late to win them ;
 I saw them chase the clouds, as if
 A demon had been in them ;
 They were my darlings and my pride,
 My boyhood's only riches :
 " Farewell, farewell," I faintly cried,
 " My breeches ! O my breeches ! "
6. That night I saw them in my dreams—
 How changed from what I knew them !
 The dews had steeped their faded thread,
 The winds had whistled through them ;
 I saw the wide and ghastly rents,
 Where demon claws had torn them ;
 A hole was in their amplest part,
 As if an imp had worn them.
7. I have had many happy years,
 And tailors kind and clever,
 But those young pantaloons have gone
 Forever and forever !
 And not till fate has cut the last
 Of all my earthly stitches,
 This aching heart shall cease to mourn
 My loved, my long-lost breeches !

HOLMES.¹

III.

39. SPRING CLOTHING.²

IF there's any thing in the world I hate—and you know it—it is, asking you for money. I am sure, for myself, I'd rather go without a thing a thousand times—and I do, the more shame for you to let me.

2. *What do I want now?* As if you didn't know ! I'm sure,

¹ Oliver Wendell Holmes, an American physician and poet, was born at Cambridge, Mass., Aug. 29, 1809. He is professor in the Medical College of Harvard University. His poems are remarkably popular. As

a writer of songs and lyrics, he stands in the first rank. He is also a popular lecturer and prose writer.

² Curtain Lecture of Mrs. Caudle. This is a fine exercise in Personation (see p. 48).

if I'd any mōney of my own, I'd never ask you for a farthing—never! It's painful to me, gracious knows!

3. What do you say? *If it's painful, why so often do it?* I suppose you call that a joke—one of your club jokes! As I say, I only wish I'd any money of my own. If there is any thing that humbles a poor woman, it is coming to a man's pocket for every farthing. It's dreadful!

4. Now, Caudle, you shall hear me, for it isn't often I speak. Pray, do you know what month it is? And did you see how the children looked at church to day—like nobody else's children? *What was the matter with them?* Oh, Caudle! how can you ask? Weren't they all in their thick merinoes¹ and beaver bonnets?

5. What do you say? *What of it?* What! You'll tell me that you didn't see how the Briggs girls, in their new chips, turned their noses up at 'em? And you didn't see how the Browns looked at the Smiths, and then at our poor girls, as much as to say, "Poor creatures! what figures for the first of May!"

6. *You didn't see it?* The more shame for you? I'm sure, those Briggs girls—the little minxes!—put me into such a pucker, I could have pulled their ears for 'em over the pew.

7. What do you say? *I ought to be ashamed to own it?* Now, Caudle, it's no use talking; those children shall not cross over the threshold² next Sunday, if they haven't things for the summer. Now mind—they shā'n't;³ and there's an end of it!

8. *I'm always wanting money for clothes?* How can you say that? I'm sure there are no children in the world that cost their father so little; but that's it—the less a poor woman does upon, the less she may.

9. Now, Caudle, dear! What a man you are! I know you'll give me the money, because, after all, I think you love your children, and like to see 'em well dressed. It's only natural that a father should. *How much money do I want?* Let me see, love. There's Caroline, and Jane, and Susan, and Mary Anne, and——What do you say? *I needn't count 'em!* You know how many there are! That's just the way you take me up!

10. Well, how much money will it take? Let me see—I'll tell you in a minute. You always love to see the dear things

¹ Merino (me rē'no), a thin cloth, of merino wool, for ladies' wear.

² Thresh'old, the door-sill; door.

³ Shā'n't (shānt), Note 3, p. 18.

like new pins. I know that, Caudle ; and, though I say it—bless their little hearts !—they do credit to you, Caudle.

11. *How much ?* Now, dōn't be in a hūrry ! Well, I think, with good pinching—and you know, Caudle, there's never a wife who can pinch closer than I can—I think with pinching, I can do with twenty pounds.

12. What did you say ? *Twenty fiddlesticks ?* What ? *You wōn't¹ give hālf the money ?* Very well, Mr. Caudle ; I dōn't cāre ; let the children go in rags ; let them stop from chūrch, and grow up like heathens and cannibals ; and then you'll save your money, and, I suppose, be satisfied.

13. What do you say ? *Ten pounds enough ?* Yēs, just like you men ; you think things cōst nōthing for women ; but you dōn't cāre how much you lay out upon yourselves.

14. *They ōnly want frocks and bōnnets ?* How do you know what they want ? How should a man know anything at all about it ? And you wōn't give mōre than ten pounds ? Vēry well ! Then you may go shopping with it yourself, and see what *you*'ll make of it ! I'll have nōne of your ten pounds, I can tell you—no, sir !

15. No ; you've no cause to say that. I don't want to dress the children up like cōuntēssēs. You ōften throw that in my teeth, you do ; but you know it's false, Caudle ; you know it ! I ōnly wish to give 'em proper notions of themselves ; and what, indeed, can the poor things think, when they see the Briggses, the Browns, and the Smiths—and their fathers dōn't make the money you do, Caudle—when they see them as fine as tulips ? Why, they must think themselves nobody. However, the twenty pounds I *will* have, if I've any—or not a farthing !

16. No, sir ; no—I dōn't want to dress up the children like peacocks and parrots ! I ōnly want to make 'em respectable. What do you say ? *You'll give me fifteen pounds ?* No, Caudle, no ; not a penny will I take under twenty. If I did, it would seem as if I wanted to waste your money ; and I'm sūre, when I come to think of it, twenty pounds will hardly do ! JERROLD.²

¹ Wōn't, will, or wōll, not.

² Douglas Jerrold, an English author and humorist, was born in London, Jan. 3, 1803. He wrote nu-

merous successful plays for the theaters, and many striking and original pieces for magazines. He died, from disease of the heart, June 8, 1857.

SECTION XII.

I.

40. THE PRISONER'S FLOWER.

THE COUNT,¹ who is in prison for a political cause, and is not allowed books or paper to beguile his solitude, has found one little green plant growing up between the paving-stones of the prison-yard in which he is allowed to walk. He watches it from day to day, marks the opening of the leaves and buds, and soon loves it as a friend. In dread lest the jailer, who seems a rough man, should crush it with his foot, he resolves to ask him to be careful of it; and this is the conversation they have on the subject:—

2. "As to your gillyflower"²—"Is it a gillyflower?" asked the Count. "Upon my word," said the jailer, "I know nothing about it, Sir Count; all flowers are gillyflowers to me. But as you mention the subject, I must tell you, you are rather late in recommending it to my mercy. I should have trodden upon it long ago, without any ill-will to you or to it, had I not remarked the tender interest you take in it, the little beauty!"—"Oh, my interest," said the Count, "is nothing out of the common."

3. "Oh! it's all very well; I know all about it," replied the jailer, trying to wink with a knowing look; "a man must have occupation—he must take to something—and poor prisoners have not much choice. You see, Sir Count, we have amongst our inmates men who doubtless were formerly important people; men who had brains—for it is not small-fry that they bring here: well, now, they occupy and amuse themselves at very little cost, I assure you. One catches flies—there's no harm in that; another carves figures on his deal-table, without remembering that I am responsible for the furniture of the place."

4. The Count would have spoken, but he went on. "Some breed canaries and goldfinches, others little white mice. For my part, I respect their tastes to such a point, that I am happy

¹ Count, a nobleman on the continent of Europe, equal in rank to an English earl.

² Gillyflower, a flowering plant, called also *purple gillyflower*, cultivated for ornament.

to gratify them. I had a beautiful large Angōrā¹ cat with long white fur. He would leap and gambol in the prettiest way in the world, and when he rolled himself up to go to sleep, you would have said it was a sleeping muff. My wife made a great pet of him, so did I. Well, I gave him away, for the birds and mice might have tempted him, and all the cats in the world are not worth a poor prisoner's mouse."

5. "That was very kind of you, Mr. Jailer," replied the Count, feeling uneasy that he should be thought capable of caring for such trifles; "but this plant is for me more than an amusement."—"Never mind, if it only recalls the green boughs under which your mother nursed you in your infancy, it may overshadow half the court. Beside, my orders say nothing about it, so I shall be blind on that side. If it should grow to a tree, and be capable of assisting you in scaling the wall, that would be quite another thing. But we have time enough to think of that; have we not?" added he with a loud laugh. "Oh, if you tried to escape from the fortress!"

6. "What would you do?"—"What would I do! I would stop you, though you might kill me; or I would have you fired at by the sentinel, with as little pity as if you were a rabbit! That is the order. But touch a leaf of your gillyflower! no, no; or, put my foot on it, never! I always thought that man a perfect rascal, unworthy to be a jailer, who wickedly crushed the spider of a poor prisoner; that was a wicked action—it was a crime!"

7. The Count was touched and surprised. "My dear jailer," said he, "I thank you for your kindness. Yes, I confess it, this plant is to me a source of interesting study."

8. "Well, then, Sir Count, if your plant has done you such good service," said the jailer, preparing to leave the cell, "you ought to be more grateful, and water it sometimes; for if I had not taken care, when bringing you your allowance of water, to moisten it from time to time, the poor little flower would have died of thirst."

9. "One moment, my good friend," cried the Count, more

¹ Angora (an gō'ra), a town of Asiatic Turkey, situated in the midst of a rich and elevated plain. The

Angora cats are much larger than ours, with beards like the lynx. They are common in Paris.

and more struck at discovering so much natural delicacy under so rough an outside; "what, have you been so thoughtful of my pleasures, and yet you never said a word about it? Pray, accept this little present, in remembrance of my gratitude;" and he held out his silver drinking-cup.

10. The jailer took the cup in his hand, looking at it with a sort of curiosity. "Plants only want water, Sir Count," he said; "and one can treat them to a drink without ruining one's self. If this one amuses you, if it does you good in any way, that is quite enough;" and he went and put back the cup in its place.

11. The Count advanced toward the jailer, and held out his hand. "Oh! no, no," said the latter, moving back respectfully as he spoke; "hands are only given to equals or to friends."

12. "Well, then, be my friend."—"No, no, that can not be, sir. One must look ahead, so as to do always to-morrow as well as to-day one's duty conscientiously. If you were my friend, and you attempted to escape, should I then have the courage to call out to the sentinel, 'fire!' No; I am only your keeper, your jailer, and your humble servant."

BONIFACE.¹

II.

41. JAFFAR.

J AFFAR² the Bar'mecide, the good vizier,³
 The poor man's hope, the friend without a peer,⁴
 Jaffar was dead! slain by a doom unjust;
 And guilty Hārūn,⁵ sullen with mistrust

¹ Joseph Xavier Boniface, better known by his assumed name of *Saintine*, a French author and dramatist, was born in Paris, July 10, 1797. His dramatic works, romances, and other writings are very numerous and popular. His prize story of *Picciola*, from which the above was selected, has passed through more than twenty editions, and been translated into many languages.

² *Jaffār*, usually written *Girfar*, was beheaded, at the age of 37, at

Anbar, on the Euphrates, in 803; and all the other Barmecides were arrested and deprived of their property. This severity of the Caliph Hārūn al Rāschid was caused by his jealousy of the great popularity of the Barmecides.

³ *Vī ziēr*, a counselor of state; a high officer in Turkey and other countries of the East.

⁴ *Pēer*, one of the same rank or character; an equal.

⁵ Haroun (hārūn).

Of what the good, and e'en the bad, might say,
 Ordained that no man living from that day
 Should dare to speak his name on pain of death.—
 All Ar'aby and Persia¹ held their breath.

2. All but the brave Mondeer. He, proud to show
 How far for love a grateful soul could go,
 And facing death for very scorn and grief
 (For his great heart wanted a great relief),
 Stood forth in Bagdad,² daily, in the square
 Where once had stood a happy house ; and there
 Harangued the tremblers at the cimeter,³
 On all they owed to the divine Jaffar.
3. "Bring me this man !" the caliph⁴ cried. The man
 Was brought—was gazed upon. The mutes began
 To bind his arms. "Welcome, brave cord !" cried he ;
 "From bonds far worse Jaffar delivered me ;
 From wants, from shames, from loveless household fears,
 Made a man's eyes friends with delicious tears ;
 Restored me—loved me—put me on a par
 With his great self. How can I pay Jaffar ?"
4. Hârgun, who felt that on a soul like this
 The mightiest vengeance could but fall amiss,
 Now deigned to smile, as one great lord of fate
 Might smile upon another half as great.
 He said, "Let worth grow frenzied, if it will ;
 The caliph's judgment shall be master still.
 Go ; and since gifts thus move thee, take this gem,
 The richest in the Tartar's diadem,
 And hold the giver as thou deemest fit."
 "Gifts !" cried the friend. He took ; and holding it
 High toward the heavens, as though to meet his star,
 Exclaimed, "*This, too, I owe to thee, Jaffar !*" HUNT.⁵

¹ Persia (pêr'shî à).

² Bagdad (bâg dâd', or bâg'dad),
 a large and noted city of Asiatic
 Turkey, formerly capital of the em-
 pire of the caliphs.

³ Cim'e ter, a short, crookèd sword,
 used by the Persians and Turks.

⁴ Caliph. a successor or repre-

sentative of Mohammed ; the high-
 est title born in Turkey and Persia.

⁵ Leigh Hunt, an English poet
 and essayist, was born in Southgate,
 Middlesex, Oct. 19, 1784, where he
 died, Aug. 28, 1859. He was an ex-
 tensive and popular writer of prose
 and verse.

III.

42. GENEROUS REVENGE.

AT the period when the Republic of Gën'ôá¹ was divided between the factions² of the nobles and the people, Uberto, a man of lōw ðrigin, but of an elevated mind and superior talents, and enriched by commerce, having raised himself to be head of the popular party, maintained for a considerable time a democratic³ form of góvernment.

2. The nobles at length, uniting all thêir efforts, succeeded in subvërting⁴ this state of things, and regained their former supremacy.⁵ They used their victory with considerable rigór; and in particular, having imprisoned Uberto, proceeded against him as a traitor, and thought they displayed sufficient lenity⁶ in passing upon him a sentence of perpetual banishment, and the confiscation⁷ of all his property.

3. Adorno, who was then possessed of the first mäg'istracy, —a man haughty in temper, and proud of ancient nobility, though otherwise not void of generous sentiments—in pronouncing the sentence on Uberto, aggravated⁸ its severity, by thê insolent⁹ tërms in which he conveyed it. “Yqu,” said he, —“you, the son of a base meehänie, who have dâred to trample upon the nobles of Gën'ôá—you, by their clemency,¹⁰ are ðnly doomed to shrink again into the nôthing whence you sprung.”

4. Uberto received his condemnation with respectful submission to the cōurt; yet, stüing by the manner in which it was expressed, he could not forbear saying to Adorno, that perhaps he might hereafter find cause to repent the language he had used to a man capable of sentiments as elevated as his own. He then made his obêisance, and retired; and, âfter taking leave

¹ Gën'ô á, a famous fortified seaport city of Northern Italy.

² Fäc'tion, a party united in opposition to the prince, government, or state; any party acting solely for their own private ends, and for the destruction of the common good.

³ Dëm'ô crät'ic, pertaining to a government by the whole people.

⁴ Sub vër'ting, overturning.

⁵ Su prēm'a cy, higher authority

or power; the state of beingsupreme.

⁶ Lën' i ty, gentleness of treatment; mercy.

⁷ Cõn'fis ca'tion, thê act of appropriating private property, as a penalty, to the public use.

⁸ Ag' gra vât' ed, made worse; heightened.

⁹ In'so lent, overbearing; rude.

¹⁰ Clēm' en cý, mildness; kindness; indùlgence.

of his friends, embarked in a vessel bound for Naples, and quitted his native country without a tear.

5. He collected some debts due to him in the Nēapōlitan dominions, and with the wreck of his fortune went to settle on one of the islands in the Archipel'ago, belonging to the state of Venice. Here his industry and capacity in mercantile pursuits raised him in a course of years to greater wealth than he had possessed in his most prosperous days at Gēn'ōā; and his reputation for honor and generosity equaled his fortune.

6. Among other places which he frequently visited as a merchant, was the city of Tunis, at that time in friendship with the Venetians, though hostile to most of the other Italian¹ states, and especially to Gēn'ōā. As Uberto was on a visit to one of the first men of that place at his country-house, he saw a young Christian² slave at work in irons, whose appearance excited his attention.

7. The youth seemed oppressed with labor, to which his delicate frame had not been accustomed; and while he leaned at intervals upon the instrument with which he was working, a sigh burst from his full heart, and a tear stole down his cheek. Uberto eyed him with tender compassion, and addressed him in Italian. The youth eagerly caught the sounds of his native tongue, and replying to his inquiries,³ informed him that he was a Gēnōēse'.

8. "And what is your name, young man?" said Uberto. "You need not be afraid of confessing to me your birth and condition."—"Alas!" he answered, "I fear my captors already suspect enough to demand a large ransom. My father is, indeed, one of the first men in Gēnōā. His name is Adorno, and I am his only son."—"Adorno!" Uberto checked himself from uttering more aloud, but to himself he said, "Thank heaven! then I shall be nobly revenged."

9. He took leave of the youth, and immediately went to inquire after the corsair⁴ captain, who claimed a right in young Adorno, and, having found him, demanded the price of his ransom. He learned that he was considered as a captive

¹ Italian (i täl'yan).

² Christian (krīst'yan), born in a Christian land, or professing the re-

ligion of Christ; pertaining to Christ.

³ In qu'ry, a question.

⁴ Corsair (kār'sāir), a pirate.

of value, and that less than two thousand crowns¹ would not be accepted. Uberto paid the sum; and causing his servant to follow him with a horse, and a complete suit of handsome apparel,² he returned to the youth, who was working as before, and told him that he was free.

10. With his own hands he took off his fetters, and helped him to change his dress, and mount on horseback. The youth was tempted to think it all a dream, and the flutter of emotion almost deprived him of the power of returning thanks to his generous benefactor. He was soon, however, convinced of the reality of his good fortune, by sharing the lodging and table of Uberto.

11. After a stay of some days at Tunis, to dispatch the remainder of his business, Uberto departed homeward, accompanied by young Adorno, who, by his pleasing manners, had highly ingratiated³ himself with him. Uberto kept him some time at his house, treating him with all the respect and affection he could have shown for the son of his dearest friend. At length, having a safe opportunity of sending him to Gēnōā, he gave him a faithful servant for a conductor, fitted him out with every convenience, slipped a purse of gold into one hand, and a letter into the other, and thus addressed him:—

12. "My dear youth, I could with much pleasure detain you longer in my humble mansion, but I feel your impatience to revisit your friends, and I am sensible that it would be cruelty to deprive them, longer than necessary, of the joy they will receive in recovering you. Accept this provision for your voyage, and deliver this letter to your father. He probably may recollect somewhat of me, though you are too young to do so. Farewell! I shall not soon forget you, and I hope you will not forget me." Adorno poured out the effusions of a grateful and affectionate heart, and they parted with mutual tears and embraces.

13. The young man had a prosperous voyage home, and the transport with which he was again beheld by his almost broken-

¹ Crown, a piece of money so called because stamped with the image of a crown. The English silver crown is of the value of about \$1.20.

² Ap pār'el, clothing; dress.

³ Ingratiated (In grā' shi āt ed), introduced or commended to the favor of another; brought into favor.

hearted párents may mōre easily be conceived than described. After lēarning that he had been a captive in Tunis—for it was supposed that the ship in which he sailed had foundered¹ at sea—"And to whom," said old Adorno, "am I indebted for the inēstimable² benefit of restōring you to my arms!" "This letter," said his son, "will inform you." He opened it and read as follōws :—

14. "*That son of a vile mechanic, who told you that one day you might repent the scorn with which you treated him, has the satisfaction of seeing his prediction³ accomplished. For know, proud noble! that the deliverer of your only son from slavery is 'THE BANISHED UBERTO.'*" Adorno dropped the letter and covered his face with his hands, while his son was displaying, in the warmēst language of gratitude, the virtues of Uberto, and the truly párental kindnēss he had experienced from him.

15. As the debt could not be canceled,⁴ Adorno resolved, if possible, to repáy it. He made so powerful intercession⁵ with thē other nobles, that the sentence pronounced on Uberto was revērsed, and full permission gīven him to rēturn to Gēnōâ. In apprising him of this event, Adorno expressed his sense of thē obligations he lay under to him, acknowledged the gēnuīne noblenēss of his character, and requested his friendship. Uberto rēturnēd to his country, and closed his dāys in peace, with the universal esteem of his fellow-citizens.

IV.

43. SELECTED EXTRACTS.

THE phīlānthropist⁶ Howard⁷ made the law of kindness his great rúle of life. He left his cōmfortable hōme to visit and console thē outcāsts of society shut up in dark, gloomy

¹ Found'ered, filled with water and sunk.

² In ēs'ti ma ble, ábōve all mēasure or price.

³ Pre dīo'tion, thē act of foretelling; that which is foretold.

⁴ Cān'celed, blotted out; made void.

⁵ In ter cēs'sion, a prāyer or pleading for the cause of another.

⁶ Phī lán' thro pist, a lover of mankind; one who aims to do good to all men.

⁷ John Howard, the English phīlanthropist, was born at Hackney, London, in 1726. To improve the condition of prisoners, he visited all the prisons of the United Kingdom and the principal ones of Europe. He died at Kherson, Rússiá, in 1790.

prisons. The hearts of the poor prisoners were awfully hardened by blows, chains, starvation and neglect ; but no sooner was the angel voice of Howard heard, and his kindness felt, than the long-sealed feelings were opened, the dried-up sources of tears were filled, the waters of sorrow flowed, and the heart of sin became radiated with deep and undying love for their benevolent visitor.——

2. ROWLAND HILL¹ was once waylaid by a robber, who, with pistol in hand, demanded his money. Mr. Hill gazed at him with a mild and benevolent look, and kindly remonstrated with him to abandon such a dreadful course, which must soon end in ruin. Tears started from the robber's eyes, while he fell upon his knees, and begged his pardon. Mr. Hill took him home, and made him his coachman ; and he became a reformed and good man, and, after being twenty years in Mr. Hill's family, died a peaceful death.——

3. Who can tell the value of a smile ? It costs the giver nothing, but it is beyond price to the erring and relenting, the sad and cheerless, the lost and forsaken. It disarms malice ; subdues temper ; turns hatred to love—revenge to kindness—and paves the darkest paths with gems of sunlight.

4. A smile on the brow betrays a kind heart, a pleasant friend, an affectionate brother, a dutiful son, and a happy husband. It adds charm to beauty, decorates the face of the deformed, and makes lovely woman resemble the angel of Paradise. Who will refuse to smile ?——

5. How beautiful, how sublime² the precept, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us !" But who would willingly be thus adjudged ? Who is there that does not hope for more mercy at the hand of his Maker than he has shown to his fellow-men ? And yet how positive is the sentence that, "if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Heavenly Father forgive your trespasses."——

6. Two good men, on some occasion, had a warm dispute ; and, remembering the exhortation of the apostle, "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath,"³ just before sunset, one of them

¹ Rowland Hill, a noted English (ing'lish) clergyman, born Aug. 12, 1774, and died April 11, 1833.

² Sublime, lifted up ; high ; excellent.

³ Wrath (răth), great anger.

went to thē other, and knocking at the door, his offended friend came and opened it, and seeing who it was, started back in astonishment and surprise; thē other, at the same time, cried out, "The sun is almost down!" This unexpected salutation softened the heart of his friend into affection, and he returned for answer, "Come in, brother, come in." What a happy method of conciliating matters, of redressing grievances, and of reconciling brēthren!——

7. It is the bubbling spring which flows gently; the little rivulet, which glides through the mēadōw, and which runs along day and night by the farm-house, that is useful, rather than the swollen flood or the roaring cataract. Nīāgarā¹ excites our wonder; and we stand amazed at the power and greatness of Gōd thēre, as he "pōurs it from the hōllōw of his hand." But one Niagara is enough for a continent or a world; while that same world needs thousands of silver fountains and gently flowing rivulets, that water ēvēry farm and mēadōw, and every garden, and that shall flow on unceasingly, day and night, with thēir gentle, quiet beauty.

8. So with thē acts of our lives. It is not by great suffering only, like those of the martyrs, that good is to be done: it is by the daily and quiet vīrtues of life—the religious temper, the meek forbēarance, the spirit of forgiveness in the husband, the wife, the fāther, the mōther, the brōther, the sister, the friend, the neighbor, that good is to be dōne, and in this all may be useful.——

9. BE valiant² against the corruptions of the world, but fear to do an evil. He that fears not to do an evil is always āfrāid to suffer evil: he that never fears is desperate: he that fears always, is a coward. He is a true valiant man that dāres nōthing but what he may, and fears nōthing but what he ought. Hāh any wrōnged thee? Be bravely revenged: slight it, and the work is begun; forgive it, and it is finished. He is belōw himself that is not ābōve an injury.——

10. GOD has written upon the flower that sweetens thē air; upon the breeze that rocks the flower on its stem; upon the rain-drop that refreshes the sprig of mōss which lifts its head in the dēsert; upon thē ocean that rocks ēvēry swimmer in its

¹ Niagara (nī āg'a rā).

² Valiant (vāl'yant), brave.

deep chambers; upon every penciled shell that sleeps in the caverns of the deep, no less than upon the mighty sun which warms and cheers millions of creatures that live in its light—upon all his works he has written, “*None of us lives to himself.*”

11. We admire and praise the flower that best answers the end for which it was created, and bestows the most pleasure; and the tree that bears fruit the most rich and abundant. The star that is most useful in the heavens is the star that we admire the most. Now, is it not reasonable, that *man*, to whom the whole creation, from the flower up to the spangled heavens, all minister—man, who has the power of conferring deeper misery or higher happiness than any other being on earth—man, who can act like God if he will—is it not reasonable that he should live for the noble end of living, not to himself, but for others?—

12. LIVE for something! Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storms of time can never destroy. Write your name by kindness, love, and mercy on the hearts of thousands with whom you come in contact, year by year, and you will never be forgotten. No; your name, your deeds will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind, as the stars on the brow of the evening. Good deeds will shine as brightly on the earth as the stars of heaven.——

13. THE true hero¹ is the great, wise man of duty—he, whose soul is armed by truth, and supported by the smile of God; he who meets life's perils with a cautious, but tranquil² spirit, gathers strength by facing its storms, and dies, when he is called to die, as a religious victor at the post of duty. And, if we must have heroes, and wars wherein to make them, there is none so brilliant as a war with wrong; no hero so fit to be sung as he who hath gained the bloodless victory of truth and mercy.

V.

44. CHARITY.

COULD I command, with voice or pen,
The tongues of angels and of men,

¹ Hē'ro, a great warrior: a brave and ready man in danger.

² Tranquil (trāngk' wīl), quiet; calm, peaceful

- A tinkling cymbal,¹ sounding brass,²
 My speech and preaching would surpass;
 Vain were such eloquence³ to me
 Without the grace of charity.⁴
2. Could I the martyr's⁵ flame endure,
 Give all my goods to feed the poor—
 Had I the faith from Al'pine steep,—
 To hurl the mountain to the deep,—
 What were such zeal, such power, to me,
 Without the grace of charity?
3. Could I behold with prescient⁶ eye
 Things future, as the things gone by—
 Could I all earthly knowledge scan,
 And mete out heaven with a span—
 Poor were the chief of gifts to me
 Without the chiefest—charity.
4. Charity suffers long, is kind;
 Charity bears a humble mind;
 Rejoices not when ills befall,
 But glories in the weal⁷ of all;
 She hopes, believes, and envies not,
 Nor vaunts,⁸ nor murmurs o'er her lot.
5. The tongues of teachers shall be dumb;
 Prophets discern not things to come;
 Knowledge shall vanish out of thought,
 And miracles⁹ no more be wrought,
 But charity shall never fail—
 Her anchor is within the veil.

MONTGOMERY.¹⁰¹ Cŷm'bal, a musical instrument.² Brass (brás), see Note 3, p. 18.³ El'o quence, such an utterance of one's thoughts, feelings, or desires, as awakens a perfect sŷm-pathŷ, or corresponding emotions in the listener.⁴ Chär'i ty, love; good-will; act of giving freely.⁵ Mar'tyr, a witness who sacrifices his life or property for the truth, or to sustain a cause.⁶ Prescient (prē'shī ent), having

knowledge of events before they take place; foreknowing.

⁷ Wéal, a sound, healthy, or prosperous condition of a person or thing.⁸ Vaunt (vānt), to boast or brag.⁹ Mīr'a cle, a wonder; an event or effect contrary to the known laws of nature.¹⁰ James Montgomery, a British poet, was born in Irvine, Ayrshire, Nov. 4, 1771, and died near Sheffield, April 30, 1854. A complete edition of his poetical works appeared in 1855.

SECTION XIII.

I.

45. COBBLER KEEZAR'S VISION.

PART FIRST.

1.

THE BEAVER cut his timber with patient teeth that dāy,
 The minks were fish-wards, and the crows surveyors of highway,
 When Keezar¹ sat on the hill side upon his cobbler's² form,
 With a pan of coals on either hand to keep his waxed-ends warm.

2.

And there, in the golden weather, he stitched and hammered and sung :
 In the brook he moistened his leather, in the pewter mug his tongue.
 Well knew the tough old Teuton³ who brewed the stoutest ale,
 And he paid the good-wife's reckoning in the coin of song and tale.
 The songs they still are singing who dress the hills of vine—
 The tales that haunt the Bröcken⁴ and whisper down the Rhine.

3.

Woodsy and wild and lonesome, the swift stream wound away,
 Through birches and scarlet maples flashing in foam and spray—
 Down on the sharp-horned ledges plunging in steep cascade,
 Tossing its white-maned waters against the hemlock's shade.

4.

Woodsy and wild and lonesome, east and west and north and south ;
 Only the village of fishers down at the river's mouth ;
 Only here and there a clearing, with its farm-house rude and new,
 And tree-stumps, swart⁵ as Indians, where the scanty harvest grew.

5.

No shout of home-bound reapers, no vintage song he heard,
 And on the green no dancing feet the merry violin stirred.
 "Why should folk be glum," said Keezar, "when Nature herself is glad,
 And the painted woods are laughing at the faces so sour and sad?"

¹ Cobbler Keezar was a noted character among the first settlers in the valley of the Merrimack.

² Cöb'b'ler, a maker or mender of coarse shoes or boots.

³ Teu'ton, one of the ancient inhabitants of Germany.

⁴ Brocken (brök'ken), a mountain of Prussia, Province of Saxony, 3740 feet above the level of the sea. It is cultivated nearly to the top. This is a district of many popular superstitions.

⁵ Swart, tawny ; very dark.

6.

Small heed had the cāreless cobbler what sōrrōw of heart wās thēirs
 Who travailed in pain with the birfhs of Gōd, and planted a state with
 prāyers—
 Hunting of witches and warlocks, smiting the hēathen hōrde—
 One hand on the māson's trowel, and one on the soldier's sword !
 But give him his ale and cider, give him his pipe and sōng,
 Little he cāred for chūrch or state, or the balance of right and wrōng.

7.

"'Tis work, *work*, WORK," he muttered—"and for rest & snuffle of
 psālmg !"
 He smote on his lēathern apron with his brown and wāxen pālms.
 "Oh for the pūrple harvēsts of the days when I was yōung !
 For the mērry grape-stained māidens and the pleasant sōngs they sung !

8.

"Oh for the breaeth of vineyards, of apples and nuts and wine !
 For an oar to row, and a breeze to blow, down the grand old river
 Rhine !"
 A tear in his blue eye glistened, and dropped on his bēard so grāy.
 "Old, old am I," said Keezar, "and the Rhine flows far & wāy !"

9.

But a cunning man was the cobbler ; he could call the bīrds from the
 trees,
 Charm the black snake out of the ledges, and bring back the swarming
 bees.
 All the vīrtues of hērbs and metals, all the lōre of the woods, he knew,
 And thē arts of thē Old World mingled with the marvels of the New.

10.

Well he knew the tricks of magic—and the lapstone on his knee
 Had the gift of the Mormon's Urim¹ or the stone of Doctor Dee.²
 For the mighty māster Agrippā³ wrought it with spell and rhyme

¹ Mōrmon's Urim, two trans-
 pārent stones in silver bows like
 spectacles, by thē aid of which Jo-
 seph Smith, founder of the Mormon
 religion, claimed that he read, from
 hieroglyphic plates, the "Book of
 Mormon," or Gōlden Bible.

² John Dee, an Engliš mathe-
 matician and astrologer, born in Lōn-
 dōn, July 13, 1527. Though lēarnēd
 in the science of the times, he wās a

sincere devotee to magic. One of
 his magic mirrors is in the British
 musē'um. He died ābout 1607.

³ Henry Cornelius Agrippa, a
 philōsopher and alchemist, wās born
 of a noble family at Cologne, Sept.
 14, 1486. Though well educated
 and vēry talented, his whōle life wās
 spent in vainstrivings āfter universal
 knowledge. He was an ardent stu-
 dent of alchemy. He died in 1535.

From a fragment of mystic¹ mōon-stōne² in the tower of Nettesheim.
To a cobbler Minnesinger³ the marvelous stone gave he—
And he gave it, in tūrn, to Keezar, who brought it over the sea.

II.

46. COBBLER KEEZAR'S VISION.

PART SECOND.

1.

HE held up that mystic lapstone, he held it up like a lens,⁴
And he counted the lōng years coming by twenties and by tens,
"One hundred years," quōth Keezar; "and fifty have I told:
Now open the new before me, and shut me out the old!"

2.

Like a eloud of mist, the blacknēss rolled from the magic stōne,
And a marvelous picture mingled the unknown and the known.
Still ran the stream to the river, and the river and ocean joined;
And there were the bluffs⁵ and the blue sea-line, and cold north hills
behind.

3.

But the mighty fōrest was brōken by many a steepled town,
By many a white-walled farm-house, and many a garner⁶ brown.
Tūrning a scōre of mill-wheels, the stream no mōre ran free;
White sails on the winding river, white sails on the far-off sea.
Below in the noisy village the flags were floating gāy,
And shōne on a thousand faces the light of a holiday.

4.

Swiftly the rival plowmen tūrned the brown ēarth from their shāres;
Here were the farmer's trēasures, there were the crāftsman's wāres.
Gōlden the good-wife's butter, rūby⁷ hēr cūrrant-wine;
Grand were the strutting tūrkeys, fat were the beeves and swine.

5.

Yēllow and red were the apples, and the ripe pears russet-brown,
And the peaches had stolen blushes from the girls who shook them
down.

¹ *Mys'tic*, far from human understanding; obscure.

² *Moon'-stone*, a variety of feldspar, often used as a gem.

³ *Min'-ne-sing'er*, a love-singer.

⁴ *Lēns*, glāss, or other transparent substance, used in instruments for

chānging the dirēction of rays of light, thus enlarging or otherwise modifying the appearance of objects.

⁵ *Blūff*, a high, steep bank extending into the sea or a river.

⁶ *Gar'ner*, a grānary.

⁷ *Ruby* (rū'bi), red.

And with blooms of hill and wild-wood, that shame the toils of art,
Mingled the gorgeous blossoms of the garden's tropic heart.

6.

"What is it I see?" said Keezar: "Am I here, or am I *thêre*?
Is it a *fête*¹ at *Bîng'en*?² Do I look on *Frankfort*³ *fâir*?
But where are the clowns and puppets, and imps with horns and tail?
And where are the *Rhênish*⁴ *flagons*?⁵ and where is the foaming ale?"

7.

"Strange things, I know, will happen—strange things the Lord permits;
But that doughty⁶ folk should be jolly puzzles my poor old wits.
Here are smiling manly faces, and the maiden's step is gay;
Nor sad by thinking, nor mad by drinking, nor mopes, nor fools, are they.
Here's pleasure without regretting, and good without abuse,
The holiday and the bridal of beauty and of use.

8.

"Here's a priest, and *thêre* is a Quaker—do the cat and the dög agree?
Have they burned the stocks for oven-wood? Have they cut down the
gallows-tree?
Would thē old folk know their children? Would they own the graceless
town,
With never a ranter to wörř, and never a witch to drown?"

9.

Loud laughed the cobbler Keezar, laughed like a school-boy gay;—
Tössing his arms above him, the lapstone rolled away;
It rolled down the rugged hill-side, it spun like a wheel bewitched
It plunged through the leaning willöws, and into the river pitched.

10.

Thêre, in the deep, dark water, the magic stone lies still,
Under the leaning willöws in the shädöw of the hill:
And oft thē idle fisher sits on the shadowy bank,
And his dreams make marvelous pictures where the wizard's⁷ lapstone
sank.

¹ *Fête* (*fät*), a festival; a holiday.

² *Bîng'en*, a town of Germany, grand-duchy of Hesse-Darmstadt.

³ *Fränk'fort*—ON THE MAIN, an important city of Germany, formerly the seat of the Germanic Diet.

⁴ *Rhên'ish*, of, or relating to, the river Rhine.

⁵ *Fläg'on*, a vessel with a narrow mouth, used for holding liquors.

⁶ *Dough'ty*, noted for bravery; noble.

⁷ *Wiz'ard*, an enchanter; one supposed to be able to perform remarkable acts by the aid of spirits or unseen powers.

11.

And still, in the summer twilights, when the river seems to run
 Out from the inner glory, warm with the melted sun,
 The weary mill-girl lingers beside the charmed stream,
 And the sky and the golden water shape and color her dream.
 Fair wave the sunset gardens, the rosy signals fly;
 Her homestead beckons from the cloud, and love goes sailing by.

WHITTIER.¹

III.

47. THE DAYS OF OLD.

1.

OH, the pleasant days of old, which so often people praise !
 True, they wanted all the luxuries that grace our modern days :
 Bare floors were strewn with rushes, the walls let in the cold ;
 Oh, how they must have shivered in those pleasant days of old !

2.

Oh, those ancient lords of old, how magnificent they were !
 They threw down and imprisoned kings—to thwart them who might
 dare !
 They ruled their serfs right sternly ; they took from Jews their gold :
 Above both law and equity² were those great lords of old !

3.

Oh, the gallant knights of old, for their valor so renowned !
 With sword and lance, and armor strong, they scoured the country round ;
 And whenever aught to tempt them they met by wood or wild,³
 By right of sword they seized the prize—those gallant knights of old !

4.

Oh, the gentle dames of old ! who, quite free from fear or pain,
 Could gaze on joust⁴ or tournament,⁵ and see their champions slain ;

¹ John Greenleaf Whittier, a true and most worthy American poet, was born of a Quaker family near Haverhill, Mass., in 1807. He has written much and well, both in verse and prose. He resides in Amesbury, Mass., where all his later publications have been written.

² Equity (ĕk'wī tī), justice ; honesty ; even-handed action.

³ Wild, a plain, open country ; ridges of highland.

⁴ Joust, a combat for sport or for exercise, in which horsemen pushed with lances and swords, man to man, in mock fight.

⁵ Tournament (tēr' na ment), a mock fight by a number of men on horseback, practiced as a sport in the middle ages.

They lived on good beefsteaks and ale, which made them strong and bold ;—

Oh, more like men than women were those gentle dames of old !

5.

Oh, those mighty towers of old ! with their turrets,¹ moat,² and keep ;³
 Their battlements⁴ and bastions,⁵ their dungeons dark and deep :
 Full many a baron⁶ held his court within the castle hold ;
 And many a captive languished there, in those strong towers of old.

6.

Oh, the troubadours⁷ of old ! with their gentle minstrelsie
 Of hope and joy, or deep despair, whichever their lot might be :
 For years they served their lady-love ere they their passion told ;—
 Oh, wondrous patience must have had those troubadours of old !

7.

Oh, those blessed times of old ! with their chivalry⁸ and state ;
 I love to read their chronicles,⁹ which such brave deeds relate ;
 I love to sing their ancient rhymes, to hear their legends¹⁰ told—
 But, Heaven be thanked ! I live not in those blessed days of old !

FRANCES BROWN.¹¹

¹ *Tür-ret*, a little tower ; a small spire attached to a building and rising above it.

² *Mōat*, a deep trench round the mound of a wall or castle or other fortified place, sometimes filled with water ; a ditch.

³ *Kēep*, the strongest and securest part of a castle.

⁴ *Bāt'tle ment*, an indented or notched rampart or wall used on castles, and fortifications generally.

⁵ *Bastion* (*bāst'yun*), a part of the main inclosure which extends toward the outside, consisting of the *faces* and the *flanks*.

⁶ *Bār'on*, a nobleman ; in England, a nobleman of the lowest grade of rank in the House of Lords.

⁷ *Troubadour* (*trō'ba dōr'*), one of a school of poets who flourished

from the eleventh to the latter end of the thirteenth century, principally at Provence, in the south of France, and also in the north of Italy.

⁸ *Chivalry* (*shiv'al rī*), a body or order of knights serving on horseback ; cavalry.

⁹ *Chronicle* (*krōn'ī kl*), a historical register or account of acts or events arranged in the order of time ; a history ; a record.

¹⁰ *Lē'gend*, that which is appointed to be read ; a story about saints, especially, one of a marvelous nature ; any narrative or story.

¹¹ *Frances Brown*, a blind Irish poetess, was born June 16, 1818. She has been a frequent contributor, both in prose and verse, to "Fraser's Magazine," "Chambers' Journal," and other periodicals.

SECTION XIV.

I.

48. THE HONEST DUTCHMEN.

PART FIRST.

IT came to pass, in the days of old, that the men of Holland found themselves straitened in their habitations; for who knows not that they were, from the first, a sober, hardy, and industrious race, tilling the ground, buying and selling, eating and drinking in humility? And therefore they lived to a good old age, and "sent forth their little ones like a flock, and their children danced;" so that, their land being small, they filled it brimful of inhabitants, till they were ready to overflow all its borders.

2. And they looked this way and that way, and they said, "What shall we do? for the people are many, and the land is small, and we are much straitened for room." So they called together the chief men of their nation, and they held a great council, to consider what they must do.

3. And, behold, there arose amongst them a man unlike the men of the land; for they were short, and broad, and well-formed in body, of a solemn and quiet countenance, and clad in peaceable garments; but he was tall and bony, and of a grim and hairy aspect. He had a great hard hand, and a fierce eye; his clothes had a wild look; he had a sword by his side, a spear in his grasp, and his name was Van Manslaughter.

4. With a glad, but a savage gaze, he looked round upon the assembly, and said, "Fellow citizens! I marvel at your perplexity. You sit quietly at home, and know nothing of the world; but I and my followers have pursued the deer and the boar far away into the forests of Germany. We have fought with the wolf and the bear, and, if need were, with the men of the woods; and enjoy our hunting, and to eat of our prey with joy and jollity.

5. "Why sit ye here in a crowd, like sheep penned in a fold? We have seen the land that is next to ours, and we have been through it to the length of it, and to the breadth of it, and it is

a good land. There are corn and wine ; there are cities, towns, and villages ready built to our hands.

6. "Let us arise and come suddenly upon them and we shall not only get all these possessions, but we shall get great glory." And when he had so said, he looked round him with much exultation,¹ and a crowd of dark hairy faces behind him cried out, "Ay, it is true ! Let us arise and get great glory !"

7. But at that word, there stood up Mynheer² Kindermann, an old man—a very old man. He was of low stature, of a stout, broad frame, and his hair, which was very white, hung down upon his shoulders ; and his beard also, as white as driven snow, fell reverently upon his breast. That old man had a large and tranquil countenance ; his features were bold, and of a very healthful complexion ; his face, though of a goodly breadth, was of a striking length, for his forehead was bold and high, and his eyes had a pleasant fireside expression, as though he had been used only to behold his children and his children's children at their play, or to fix them on the loving form of his wife or his friend.

8. As he arose, there was a great silence, and he stood and sighed ; and those who were near him heard him mutter, in a low tone, the word "*Glory*," but those afar off only saw his lips move. Then he said aloud, "My brethren, I am glad that you are called upon to get great glory ; but what is that glory to which Mynheer Van Manslaughter calls you ? In my youth, as some of you well know, I traveled far and wide with my merchandise ; I have sojourned in all the countries that adjoin ours, and they are truly good countries, and full of people ; but what of that ?

9. "It is not people that we lack : it is land ; and I should like to know how we are to take this land, that is full of people, and yet do those people no wrong ! If we go to take that land, we shall find the people ready to defend their homes and their children ; and if we fight in a bad cause, we shall probably get beaten, like thieves and robbers, for our pains ;—and is that glory ? But if we are able to take that land, we must first kill

¹ **Exultation** (эгз'ул тэ'shun), lively joy at success or victory, or at any advantage gained ; great delight.

² **Myn heer**, Sir ; Mr.—the ordinary title of address among the Dutch ; hence, a Dutchman.

or drive out those that cultivate it, and make it fit to live in ;— and is that glōry ?

10. And if we take those cities, and towns, and villages, we must kill those who built them, or have lived pleasantly in them, with Gōd's blessing. Oh, what hōnèst, inoffensive men, what gōod, kind-hearted mothers, what sweet and tender brothers and sisters, what dear little babes, we must mûrder and destroy, or drive âwây from thêir warm hōmes, which Gōd has givén them, and which are almost as dear to them as their lives, into the dismal fōrèsts, to perish with cold and hûngèr, or to be devoured by wild beasts, and, in thêir ânguîsh, to cûrse us before the Great Fâther who made us all ! My brêthren, I can not think that is glōry, but great disgrace and infamy,¹ and a misery that, I trust, shall never come upon us.

11. "I have lōng looked âbout me, and I see that hêâven has given all those countries round us to whom he would, and they are full of people ; they are full of rich fields and vineyards ; they are full of towns for men, and temples for Gōd ; they are full of warm, bright, happy hōmes, where there are proud fathers, and glad mothers, and innocent children, as âmōngst ourselves ; and cûrsèd be he who would distûrb or injure them."

II.

49. THE HONEST DUTCHMEN.

PART SECOND.

"BUT, my brethren, how shall we gèt glōry ? and, what is of mōre immediate necessity, how shall we get land to live in ? I have been thinking of this, and it has come into my mind that it has been too lōng the custom for men to call themselves *warriors* when they desire to be *murderers*, and to invade the property and the lives of their neighbors ; and I have thōught, as all the land is tâken up, and as we can not, without great sin, invade the land, that *we had better invade the sea*, where we can take, and wrōng no man.

2. "And who dôes not know, that has lōokèd tōward the sea, that thêre is much ground which seems properly to belong nêither to the sea nor the land ? Sometimes it is covered with the

¹ In'fa my, the complete lōss of character ; public disgrace.

waters, and sometimes it is partly bare—a dreary, slimy, and profitless region, inhabited only by voracious¹ crabs, that make war upon one another,—the stronger upon the weaker—and sea-fowl, which come in like conquerors and subdue them, and devour them, and get what Van Manslaughter calls ‘great glōry.’ My brethren, let us invade the sea—let us gēt piles, and beams, and stōnes, and dig up thē ēarth, and make a large mound which will shut out the sea, and we shall have land enough and to spāre.”

3. As he finished his speech, thēre ārōse a deep mūrmūr, that grew (grō) and grew, till it spread among the people collected in thousands without, and at length became like the sound of thē ocean itself; and then the people cried out, “Yēs, we will invade the sea!” and so it wāş decreed.

4. Then began they with axes to fell wood; with lēvers² and mattocks³ to wrench up stōnes; and with wagons, horses, and oxen, to draw them to the sea. Now, it being the time of low water, and the tide being gōne down vērly far, they began to dig up thē ēarth, and to make a mighty bank. So, when the sea came up again, it saw the bank and the people upon it in great numbers; but it took no notice thereof.

5. And it went down, and came up again, and they had pushed out the bank still farther, and raised it higher, and secured it with beams, and piles, and huge stones, and it began to wonder. And it went down and came up again, and they had pushed the bank still farther, so that, in great amāze, it said within itself, “What are these little insignificant creatures doing? Some great scheme is in their heads, but I wot⁴ not what; and one of these days I will come up and overturn their banks, and sweep bōth it and them awāy togēther.”

6. But, at length, as it came up once on a time, it beheld that the bank was finished. It stretched across from land to land, and the sea was entirely shut out. Then it was filled with wonder that such little creatures had done so amāzing a deed; and with great indignation that they had presumed to interrupt the

¹ Vo rā'cious, greedy for eating; eager to devour or swallow; vērly hungry.

² Lē'ver, a bar of metal, wood, or other substance used to exert a

pressure, lift, or sustain a weight.

³ Māt'tock, a kind of pick-ax, having thē iron ends broad instead of pointed.

⁴ Wōt, to know.

progress of itself—the mighty sea, which stretched round the whole world, and was the greatest moving thing in it. Retreating in fury, it collected all its strength, and came with all its billows, and struck the bank in the midst as with thunder.

7. In a moment there appeared on the top of the mound, on the whole length of it, a swarm of little stout men, thick as a swarm of bees. Marvelous was it to see how that throng of little creatures was all astir, running here, and running there; stopping up crevices, and repairing damages done by that vast and tremendous enemy, that, roaring and foaming, repeated its blows like the strokes of a million of battering-rams, till the faces of the men were full of fear, and they said, “Surely the mound will fall!” Then came the sea, swelling and raging more dreadfully than ever, and, urged by the assistance of a mighty wind, it thundered against the bank and burst it! The waters flowed triumphantly over all their old places, and many men perished.

8. Then went Van Manslaughter among the people with great joy, and many loud words, saying, “See what has come of despising my counsel! See what glory your old counselor has brought you to! Come now, follow me, and I will lead you to possessions where you need not fear the sea. Let us leave it to people this bog with fish. I am for no new-fangled schemes, but for the good old plan of fair and honorable war, which has been the highway to wealth and glory from the beginning of the world.”

9. Then began the people to be very sad, and to listen to his words; but Mynheer Kindermann called them again to him, and bid them be of good heart, and to repair the bank; to make it stronger, and to build towers upon it, and to appoint men to dwell in them, that they might continually watch over and strengthen it. So the people took courage and did so; for they said, “Let us take no man’s goods, and let us do no murder.” Therefore they renewed the mound; and the sea came up in tenfold wrath, and smote it worse than before; but it was all in vain. It failed not, save a little here and there; and the people seeing it, set up a great shout, and cried, “The mound will stand!”

10. Then did they begin to dig and drain, to plant trees, to

build towns, and to lāy out gārdenſ; and it became a beautiful eountry. Then thē inhabitants rejoiced, saying, "Others have invādēd lands, and killed people; but we have hūrt no man. We have ōnly invaded the sea, and Hēaven has made us out of it a goodly heritage!"

11. These are the people whose wealth and in'dustry are known through the whōle world. They have sent out colonies to thē ends of thē earth, and have got themselves the name of the Hōnēst Dūtmēn. Would that they had always been (bīn) as wise and mērciful as they were on that day!

WILLIAM HOWITT.

III.

50. WAR NOT ALL A BLESSING.

IT WAS a serjeant¹ old and grāy,
Well singed and bronzed from siege and pillage,
Went tramping in an army's wake,²
Alōng the tūrnpike of the village.

2. For days and nights the winding hōst
Had through the little place been marching;
And ever loud the rustics cheered,
Till every thrōat wāſ hōarse and parching.

3. The squīre and farmer, maid and dame,
All tōōk the sight's elēe'trie³ stirring;
And hats wēre waved, and staves⁴ were sung,
And 'kerchiefs white were countlēs whirling.

4. They ōnly saw a gallant shōw
Of heroes stalwart⁵ under banners;
And in the fierce heroic glōw
'Twaſ thēirs to yield but wild hōsān'nās.

5. The serjeant hēard the shrill hurrahſ,
Where he behind in step wāſ keeping;

¹ Serjeant (sār'jēnt), a non-commissioned officer, next in rank above the corporal, in a company of infantry, or troop of cavalry, whose duty is to instruct recruits in discipline, to form the ranks, etc.

² Wake, the track left by a vessel

in the water; hence in the way or train of.

³ Elēe'tric, relating to, or caused by, electricity.

⁴ Stāve, part of a psalm or hymn.

⁵ Stalwart (stōl'wart), brave; strong; violent.

But glānçing down beside the rōad,
He saw a little maid sit weeping.

6. "And how is this?" he gruffly said,
A moment pausing to regard hēr;
"Why weep'st thou, my little chit?"
And then she only cried the harder.
7. "And how is this, my little chit?"
The sturdy trooper straight repeated,
"When all the village cheers us on,
That you, in tears, apart are seated?"
8. "We march two hundred thousand strong!
And that's a sight, my baby beauty,
To quicken silence into song,
And glorify the soldier's duty."
9. "It's verry, very grand, I know,"
The little maid gave soft replying;
"And father, mother, brother too,
All say 'hurrah,' while I am crying.
10. "But think, O Mr. Soldier! think,
How many little sisters' brothers
Are going all away to fight,
Who may be *killed*, as well as others!"
11. "Why, bless thee, child," the sergeant said,
His brawny² hand hēr curls caressing,
"Tis left for little ones like you
To find that *war's not all a blessing*."
12. And "bless thee!" once again³ he cried;
Then cleared his throāt, and looked indignant,
And marched away with wrinkled brow
To stop the straggling tear benignant.⁴
13. And still the ringing shouts went up
From dōorway, thatch, and fields of tillage—
The pall behind the standard seen
By one alone of all the village.

¹ Chit, a child or babe.

² Brawn'y, having large, strong
muscles; fleshy; strong.

³ Again (à gën').

⁴ Be nīg'nant, kind; gracious;
favorable.

14. Thē oak and cedar bend and writhe,
 When rōars the wind through gap and brāken;¹
 But 'tis the tēdèrèst reed of all
 That trembles first when ēarḥ is shaken.

J. X. BONIFACE.

IV.

51. WHERE IS THE ENEMY?

I HAVE sōmewhere rēad of ā rēg'imènt² ordered to march into a small town and *take it*. I think it wās in the Tȳrol;³ but, wherever it was, it chānced that the place was settled by ā colony who believed the gōspel of Christ, and proved their faith by works.

2. A equirier⁴ from ā neighboring village informed them that troops were advāncing to take the town. They quietly ānswered, "If they *will* take it, they must."

3. Soldiers sōon came riding in, with colors flying, and fifes piping their shrill defiance. They looked round for an enemy, saw the farmer at his plow, the blacksmith at his anvil, and the women at thēir chūrn̄s and spinning-wheels. Babies crōwed to hear the music, and boys ran out to see the pretty (prīt'tl) trainers, with feathers and bright bŭtton̄s—"the harlequins⁵ of the nineteenth century." Of cōurse nōne of these were in a proper position to be shot at.

4. "Where are your soldiers?" they āsked.—"We have nōne," wās the brief reply.—"But we have come to take the town."—"Well, friends, it lies before you."—"But is there nobody here to fight?"—"No: we are all Christians."

5. Here wās an emērgēncy⁶ altogeth̄er unprovided for—ā

¹ Brāk'en, same as *brake*, ā thick-et; ā place overgrown with shrubs and brambles, or with brakes.

² Rēg'i ment, ā body of soldiers, commanded by ā colonel, and consisting of a number of companies, usually ten.

³ Tȳr'ol, ā province of thē Austrian dominions, on the south-west frontiers of Germany.

⁴ Courier (kq'ri er), ā messenger

sent with haste for conveying letters or dispatches, usually on public business.

⁵ Har'le quin, ā man, dressed in party-colored elōthes, who plays tricks, ōften without speaking, to dīvērt the bystanders or an audience; ā merry-andrew.

⁶ El mer'gen cy, ā condition of things appearing suddenly or unexpectedly.

sort of resistance which no bullet could hit, a fortress perfectly bomb-proof.¹ The commander was perplexed. "If there is nobody to fight *with*, of course we can not fight," said he: "it is impossible to take such a town as this." So he ordered the horses' heads to be turned about, and they carried the human animals out of the village as guiltless as they entered, and perchance somewhat wiser.

6. This experiment, on a small scale, indicates how easy it would be to dispense with armies and navies, if men only had faith in the religion they profess to believe. MRS. CHILD.²

V.

52. THE TWO ARMIES.

AS LIFE'S unending column pours,
Two marshaled hosts are seen—
Two armies on the trampled shores
That Death flows black between.

2. One marches to the drum-beat's roll,
The wide-mouthed clarion's³ bray,
And bears upon the crimson scroll—
"OUR GLORY IS TO SLAY."
3. One moves in silence by the stream,
With sad, yet watchful eyes,
Calm as the patient planet's gleam
That walks the clouded skies.
4. Along its front no sabers shine,
No blood-red pennons wave;
Its banner bears the single line—
"OUR DUTY IS TO SAVE."
5. For *those*, no death-bed's lingering shade;—
At Honor's trumpet call,
With knitted brows and lifted blade,
In Glory's arms they fall.

¹ Bomb-proof (bŭm'prŭf), secure against the force of bombs, or shells.

² Lydia Maria Child, an American authoress, was born at Medford, Mass., Feb. 11, 1802. She has writ-

ten successfully many educational, biographical, and religious works, and several novels. Died in 1880.

³ Clarion, a kind of trumpet, whose note is clear and shrill.

6. For *these*, no flashing falchions¹ bright,
No stirring battle-cry;—
The bloodless stabber calls by night—
Each answers—“ HERE AM I ! ”
7. For those, the sculptor's laureled bust,
The builder's marble piles,
The anthems pealing o'er their dust
Through long cathedral aisles.²
8. For these, the blossom-sprinkled turf
That floods the lonely graves,
When Spring rolls in her sea-green surf
In flowery-foaming waves.
9. Two paths lead upward from below,
And angels wait above,
Who count each burning life-drop's flow,
Each falling tear of love.
10. Though from the Hero's bleeding breast
Her pulses Freedom drew ;
Though the white lilies in her crest
Sprang from that scarlet dew—
11. While Valor's haughty champions wait
Till all their scars are shown,
Love walks unchallenged through the gate,
To sit beside the Throne ! O. W. HOLMES.

SECTION XV.

I.

53. A CHILD'S DREAM OF A STAR.

THERE was once a child, and he strolled³ about a good deal, and thought of a number of things. He had a sister, who was a child too, and his constant companion. These two used to wonder all day long. They wondered at the beauty of the flowers ; they wondered at the height and blueness of

¹ Falchion (fal' chun), a short, crooked sword.

² Aisles (ilz), alleys ; passages.

³ Strolled, wandered on foot.

the sky ; they wondered at the depth of the bright water ; they wondered at the goodness and the power of God, who made the lovely world.

2. They used to say to each other, sometimes, "Supposing all the children upon the earth were to die, would the flowers, and the water, and the sky be sorry?" They believed they would be sorry. For, said they, the buds are the children of the flowers, and the little playful streams, that gambol down the hill-sides, are the children of the water ; and the smallest bright specks, playing at hide-and-seek in the sky all night, must surely be the children of the stars ; and they would all be grieved to see their playmates, the children of men, no more.

3. There was one clear, shining star, that used to come out in the sky before the rest, near the church-spire above the graves. It was larger and more beautiful, they thought, than all the others ; and every night they watched for it, standing hand in hand at a window.

4. Whoever saw it first, cried out, "I see the star !" And often they cried out both together, knowing so well when it would rise, and where. So they grew to be such friends with it, that, before lying down in their beds, they always looked out once again, to bid it good-night ; and when they were turning round to sleep, they used to say, "God bless the star !"

5. But while she was still very young—oh ! very, very young—the sister drooped, and came to be so weak that she could no longer stand in the window at night ; and then the child looked sadly out by himself, and, when he saw the star, turned round and said to the patient, pale face on the bed, "I see the star !" and then a smile would come upon the face, and a little weak voice would say, tremulously, "*God bless my brother and the star !*"

6. And so the time came—all too soon—when the child looked out alone, and when there was no face on the bed ; and when there was a little grave among the graves, not there before ; and when the star made long rays down toward him, as he saw it through his tears. Now, these rays were so bright, and they seemed to make such a shining way from earth to heaven, that when the child went to his solitary bed, he dreamed about the star ; and he dreamed that, lying where he was, he saw

a train of people taken up that sparkling road by angels.¹ And the star, opening, showed him a great world of light, where many more such angels waited to receive them.

7. All these angels, who were waiting, turned their beaming² eyes upon the people who were carried up into the star; and soon came out from the long rows in which they stood, and fell upon the people's necks, and kissed them tenderly, and went away with them down avenues³ of light, and were so happy in their company, that, lying in his bed, he wept for joy.

8. But there were many angels who did not go with them, and among them one he knew. The patient face that once had lain upon the bed was glorified⁴ and radiant,⁵ but his heart found out his sister among all the host.⁶ His sister's angel lingered⁷ near the entrance of the star, and said to the leader among those who had brought the people thither, "Is my brother come!" And he said, "No."

9. She was turning hopefully away, when the child stretched out his arms, and cried, "*O sister, I am here! Take me!*" And then she turned her beaming eyes upon him, and it was night; and the star was shining into the room, making long rays down toward him as he saw it through his tears. From that hour forth, the child looked out upon the star as on the home he was to go to, when his time should come; and he thought he did not belong to the earth alone, but to the star too, because of his sister's angel gone before.

10. There was a baby born to be a brother to the child; and while he was so little that he never yet had spoken a word, he stretched his tiny form out on his bed, and died. Again the child dreamed of the opened star, and of the company of angels, and the train of people, and the rows of angels, with their beaming eyes all turned upon those people's faces.

11. Said his sister's angel to the leader, "*Is my brother come?*"

¹ An'gel, a spirit employed by God to make known his will to man; a ministering spirit: a messenger.

² Beam'ing, sending forth beams or rays of light; shining.

³ Av'e nue, a way, opening, or passage; an alley or walk; a wide street.

⁴ Glō'ri fied, made glorious or excellent.

⁵ Rā'di ant, beaming with brightness; shining.

⁶ Hōst, an army; a multitude; any great number.

⁷ Līn'gered, delayed; remained or waited long.

And he said, "Not that one, but another." As the child beheld his brother's angel in her arms, he cried, "*O sister, I am here! Take me!*" And she turned and smiled upon him, and the star was shining.

12. He grew (grō) to be a young man, and was busy at his books, when an old servant came to him, and said, "Thy mother is no more. I bring her blessing on her darling son." Again at night he saw the star, and all that former company. Said his sister's angel to the leader, "*Is my brother come?*" And he said, "*Thy mother!*" A mighty cry of joy went forth through all the star, because the mother was reunited to her two children. And he stretched out his arms, and cried, "*O mother, sister, and brother, I am here! Take me!*" And they answered him, "*Not yet.*" And the star was shining.

13. He grew to be a man whose hair was turning gray, and he was sitting in his chair by the fireside, heavy with grief, and with his face bedewed¹ with tears, when the star opened once again. Said his sister's angel to the leader, "*Is my brother come?*" And he said, "*Nay, but his maiden daughter.*" And the man who had been the child saw his daughter, newly lost to him, a celestial creature among those three; and he said, "My daughter's head is on my sister's bosom, and her arm is round my mother's neck, and at her feet there is the baby of old time, and I can bear the parting from her, God be praised!" And the star was shining.

14. Thus the child came to be an old man, and his once smooth face was wrinkled, and his steps were slow and feeble, and his back was bent. And one night, as he lay upon his bed, his children standing round, he cried, as he had cried so long ago, "*I see the star!*" They whispered one another, "*He is dying.*" And he said, "*I am.* My age is falling from me like a garment, and I move toward the star as a child. And O, my Father! now I thank thee that it has so often opened to receive those dear ones who await me." And the star was shining; and it shines upon his grave.

DICKENS.²

¹ **Bedewed** (be dūd'), moistened with dew, or as with dew.

² **Charles Dickens**, an English novelist, was born at Portsmouth, Feb. 7, 1812. His numerous writings

most happily combine humor and pathos. Some of his most beautiful and striking passages were drawn from the sorrows and sufferings of childhood. He died in 1870.

II.

54. MY CHILD.

I CAN NOT make him dead !
 His fáir sunshiny head
 Is ever bounding round my study-chair ;
 Yét, when my eyes, now dim
 With tears, I túrn to him,
 The vision vanishes—he is not thére !

2. I walk my parlor floor,
 And, thrugh thê ôpen door,
 I hear â footfall on the chāmber stáir ;
 I'm stepping tōward the hall
 To give the boy a call ;
 And then bethínk me that—he is not there !

3. I thread the crowded street ;—
 A satcheled lad I meet,
 With the same beaming eyes and colored háir,
 And, as he's running by,
 Follōw him with my eye,
 Scárcely believing that—he is not there !

4. I know his face 'is hid
 Under the cōffin lid ;
 Closed are his eyes ; cold is his förehéad fáir ;
 My hand that marble felt ;
 O'er it in práyer I knelt ;
 Yét my heart whispers that—he is not there !

5. I can not make him dead !—
 When pássing by the bed,
 So löng wáttched over with párental cáre,
 My spirit and my eye
 Seek him inquiringly,
 Befóre the thought cōmes that—he is not there !

6. When, at the cool, grāy break
 Of day, from sleep I wake,
 With my first breathing of the morning áir
 My soul goes up, with joy,

To him who gave my boy ;
Then comes the sad thought that—he is not there !

7. When at the day's cālm close,
 Befōre we seek repose,
I'm with his mother, offering up our prayer,
 Whaté'er I may be saying,
 I am in spirit praying,
For our boy's spirit, though—he is not there !

8. Not there !—Where, then, is he ?—
 The form I used to see
Was but the rāimēt that he used to wear.
 The grave, that now dóth press
 Upon that cāst-off dress,
Is but his wardrobe locked ;—he is not there !

9. He lives !—In all the pāst
 He lives ; nor, to the lāst,
Of seeing him again, will I despāir ;
 In dreams I see him now ;
 And, on his āngel brow,
I see it written, "*Thou shalt see me there !*"

10. Yēs, we all live to Gōd !
 FATHER, thy chāstening¹ rod
So help us, thine afflicted ones, to bear,
 That, in the spirit land,
 Meeting at thy right hand,
"Twill be our hēaven to find that—he is there !

PIERPONT.²

¹ Chastening (chā'sn ing), punishing for the sake of correcting or reclaiming ; purifying.

² John Pierpont, an American elērgyman, poet, and author, was born in Litchfield, Conn., April 6, 1785. He was graduated at Yale College in 1804, studied law and was admitted to practice in 1812, and was ordained minister of a Congrega-

tional Church in 1819. As a public speaker, a writer, and a reformer, he was highly esteemed. The first edition of his poetical works, under the title of "*Airs of Pālestine, and other Poems,*" appeared in 1840. Many of his poems were called fōrth by circumstances connected with the mōral and religious movements of the times. He died Aug. 26, 1866.

III.

55. LITTLE EDWARD.

PART FIRST.

WERE any of you born in New England, in the good old catechising,¹ church-going, school-going, orderly times? If so, you may have seen my uncle Abel; the most perpendicular, rectangular,² upright, downright good man that ever labored six days and rested on the seventh?

2. You remember his hard, weather-beaten countenance, where every line seemed drawn with “a pen of iron and the point of a diamond;” his considerate gray eyes, that moved over objects as if it were best not to be in a hurry about seeing; the circumspect³ opening and shutting of the mouth; his down-sitting and uprising, all performed with deliberate forethought; in short, the whole ordering of his life and conversation, which was, after a military fashion, “*to the right about face—forward, march!*”

3. Now, if you supposed, from all this sternness of exterior, that this good man had nothing kindly within, you were much mistaken. You often find the greenest grass under a snow-drift; and though my uncle’s mind was not exactly of the flower-garden kind, still there was an abundance of wholesome and kindly vegetation there.

4. It is true he seldom laughed, and never joked himself; but no man had a more serious and weighty conviction of what a joke was in another; and when a witticism⁴ was uttered in his presence, you might see his face relax into an expression of solemn satisfaction, and he would look at the author with a sort of quiet wonder, as if it were past his comprehension how such a thing could ever come into a man’s head.

5. Uncle Abel, too, had some relish for the fine arts;⁵ in proof of which, I might adduce the pleasure with which he gazed at

¹ Căt’ e chis ing, instructing by asking questions, receiving answers, and offering corrections and explanations—usually in regard to religion.

² Răct ăn’ gu lar, right-angled; having one or more angles of ninety degrees; exact.

³ Cîr’cum spect, attentive to all the circumstances of a case; cautious; watchful.

⁴ Wit’ti cism, a jest: a joke.

⁵ Fine Arts are those in which the mind is chiefly concerned, as poetry, music, painting.

the plates in his family Bible, the likeness whereof is neither in heaven, nor on earth, nor under the earth. And he was also so eminent a musician, that he could go through the singing-book at one sitting, without the least fatigue, beating time like a windmill all the way.

6. He had, too, a liberal hand, though his liberality was all by the rule of three. He did by his neighbor exactly as he would be done by; he loved some things in this world very sincerely; he loved his God much, but he honored and feared him more; he was exact with others, but he was more exact with himself, and he expected his God to be more exact still.

7. Every thing in uncle Abel's house was in the same time, place, manner, and form, from year's end to year's end. There was old Master Bose, a dog after my uncle's own heart, who always walked as if he were studying the multiplication table. There was the old clock, forever ticking in the chimney-corner, with a picture of the sun upon its face, forever setting behind a perpendicular row of poplar trees. There was the never-failing supply of red peppers and onions hanging over the chimney.

8. There, too, were the yearly hollyhocks and morning-glories blooming about the windows. There was the "best room," with its sanded floor; the cupboard in one corner, with its glass doors; the evergreen asparagus bushes in the chimney; and there was the stand with the Bible and almanac on it in another corner. There, too, was aunt¹ Betsey, who never looked any older, because she always looked as old as she could; who always dried her catnip and wormwood the last of September, and began to clean house the first of May. In short, this was the land of continuance.² Old Time never took it into his head to practice either addition or subtraction or multiplication, on its sum total.³

9. This aunt Betsey aforementioned was the neatest and most efficient⁴ piece of human machinery that ever operated in forty places at once. She was always everywhere, predominating⁵ over and seeing to every thing; and though my uncle had been

¹ Aunt (änt).

² Con tîn'u ance, a holding on, or remaining in one condition; stay.

³ Tō'tal, whole; entire; not divided; complete.

⁴ Efficient (ef fish'ent), causing effects; producing results; able, active, and prompt.

⁵ Pre dōm' i nāt ing, prevailing; ruling.

twice married, äunt Betsey's rule and authöricity had never been bröken. She reigned over his wives when living, and reigned after them when dead ; and so seemed likely to reign on till the end of the chapter.

10. But my unele's lätèst wife left äunt Betsey ä much less tractable¹ subject than ever before had fallen to her lot. Little Edward was the child of my unele's old äge, and ä brighter, mërrier little blossom never grew on the vèrge of a snow-drift. He had been committed to the nürsing of his grändmämmä till he had arrived at the äge of indiscretion, and then my old unele's heart so yèarned for him that he was brought hōme. His introduction into the family excited ä terrible sensation. Never was there such a contemner² of dignities, such a violator of high places and sanetities,³ as this same Mäster Edward.

11. It was in vain to try to teach him decōrum.⁴ He was the möst outrageously mërry elf⁵ that ever shook a head of cürls. He läughed and frolicked with övèry body and every thing that came in his way, not èven excepting his solemn old father ; and when you saw him with his fair arms äround the old man's neck, and his bright blue eyes and blooming cheek peering⁶ out beside the bleak face of uncle Abel, you might fancy you saw Spring caressing Winter. Uncle Abel's metaphysics⁷ were sorely puzzled by this sparkling, dāncing compound of spirit and matter ; nor could he devise any method of bringing it into any reasonable shape, for it did mischief with an energy and perseverance that were trüly astonishing.

12. But uncle Abel was möst of all perplexed to know what to do with him on the Sabbath ; for on that day Mäster Edward seemed to exert himself to be particularly diligent and entertaining. "Edward ! Edward must not play Sunday !" his father

¹ Träct'a ble, capable of being easily led, taught, or managed.

² Con tēm'ner, one who despises, slights, or neglects.

³ Sānc'ti ties, religions ; religious rules or practices.

⁴ De cō'rum, justness or fitness of manner or conduct ; decency.

⁵ Elf, ä fairy ; ä little fancied spirit, supposed to live in wild and lonely

places, and to delight in mischievous tricks ; hence, any small and spörtive being.

⁶ Pëer'ing, looking närröwly, or curiously ; peeping.

⁷ Mët'a phÿs ics, the science, or regulated knowledge, of the mind ; the science of the principles and causes of all things existing ; the science of réal being.

would call out ; and then Edward would hold up his curly head, and look as grave as the catechism ; but in three minutes you would see pussy scampering through the "best room," with Edward at her heels, to the entire discomposure of all devotion in Aunt Betsey, and all others in authority.

13. At length my uncle came to the conclusion that "it wasn't in nature to teach him any better," and that "he could no more keep Sunday than the brook down in the lot." My poor uncle ! he did not know what was the matter with his heart ; but certain it was, he lost all faculty of scolding when little Edward was in the case, and he would rub his spectacles a quarter of an hour longer than common when Aunt Betsey was detailing his witticisms and clever doings.

IV.

56.. *LITTLE EDWARD.*

PART SECOND.

IN process of time, our hero had completed his third year, and arrived at the dignity of going to school. He went through the spelling-book, and then attacked the catechism ; went through with it in a fortnight, and at last came home in great delight, to tell his father that he had got to "Amen."

2. After this, he made a regular business of saying over the whole every Sunday evening, standing with his hands folded in front, occasionally glancing around to see if pussy gave proper attention. And being of a practically benevolent turn of mind, he made several commendable efforts to teach Bose the catechism, in which he succeeded as well as might have been expected. In short, without further detail, Master Edward bade fair to become a literary wonder.

3. But, alas for poor little Edward ! his merry dance was soon over. A day came when he sickened. Aunt Betsey tried all her simple remedies, but in vain ; he grew rapidly worse and worse. His father's heart was torn with sorrow, but he said nothing ; he only stayed by his child's bedside day and night, trying all means to save him, with affecting pertinacity.¹

4. "Can't you think of any thing more, doctor ?" he said to

¹ *Per'ti nác'i ty*, great firmness in holding on to a thing ; fixedness.

the physician, when all had been tried in vain. "Nothing," answered the physician.

5. A momentary convulsion passed over my uncle's face. "The will of the Lord be done," said he, almost with a groan of anguish.

6. Just at this moment, a ray of the setting sun pierced the checked curtains, and gleamed like an angel's smile across the face of the little sufferer. He woke from troubled sleep. "Oh dear! I am so sick!" he gasped, feebly. His father raised him in his arms; he breathed easier, and looked up with a grateful smile. Just then his old playmate, the cat, crossed the room. "There goes pussy," said he: "Oh dear! I shall never play any more."

7. At that moment, a deadly change passed over his countenance. He looked up in his father's face with an imploring expression, and put out his hand as if for help. There was one moment of agony, and then the sweet features settled into a smile of peace, and "mortality was swallowed up of life." My uncle laid him down, and looked one moment at his beautiful face. It was too much for his principles, too much for his consistency,¹ and he "lifted up his voice and wept."

8. The next morning was the Sabbath—the funeral day; and it rose with "breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom." Uncle Abel was as calm and collected as ever; but in his face there was a sorrow-stricken expression touching to behold. I remember him at family prayers, as he bent over the great Bible, and began the psalm, "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations." Apparently he was touched by the melancholy splendor of the poetry, for, after reading a few verses, he stopped.

9. There was a dead silence, interrupted only by the ticking of the clock. He cleared his voice repeatedly, and tried to go on, but in vain. He closed the book, and knelt down to pray. The energy of sorrow broke through his usual formal reverence, and his language flowed forth with a deep and sorrowful pathos² which I shall never forget. The God so much revered, so

¹ Oñ siſt' en cý, agreement of one's belief or conduct at different times; steadiness.

² Pá'thos, passion; warmth of feeling or action; that which awakens tender emotions or feelings.

much feared, seemed to draw near to him as a friend and comforter, his refuge and strength, "a very present help in time of trouble."

10. My uncle rose, and I saw him walk to the room of the departed one. He uncovered the face. It was set with the seal of death; but oh, how surpassingly lovely! The brilliancy of life was gone, but that pure, transparent¹ face was touched with a mysterious,² triumphant brightness, which seemed like the dawning of heaven.

11. My uncle looked long and earnestly. He felt the beauty of what he gazed on; his heart was softened, but he had no words for his feelings. He left the room unconsciously, and sat in the front door.

12. The morning was bright, the bells were ringing for church, the birds were singing merrily, and little Edward's pet squirrel³ was frolicking about the door. My uncle watched him as he ran up one tree, and then down, and up another, and then over the fence, whisking his brush, and chattering just as if nothing was the matter.

13. With a deep sigh, uncle Abel broke forth: "How happy that creature is! Well, the Lord's will be done!" That day the dust was committed to dust, amid the lamentations of all who had known him.

14. Years have passed since then, and all that was mortal of my uncle has long since been gathered to his fathers; but his just and upright spirit has entered the glorious liberty of the sons of God. Yes, the good man may have had opinions which the philosophical⁴ scorp, and weaknesses at which the thoughtless smile; but death shall change him into all that is enlightened, wise, and refined; for he shall awake in "His likeness," and "be satisfied."

MRS. STOWE.⁵

¹ Transparent (trans pâ'rent), admitting the passage of light; open; bright.

² Mÿs tẽ'ri ous, secret; not easily understood.

³ Squirrel (skwũr'el).

⁴ Phil' o sũph' ic al, skilled in philosophy; deeply learned; wise.

⁵ Harriet Beecher Stowe, an

American authoress, was born in Litchfield, Conn., June 15, 1812. She has written frequently for periodicals, and published several novels, one of which, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," has had a wider circulation than any other work of fiction in the English language. She is one of the most popular and successful of living writers.

V.

57. THE DYING CHILD.

1. -

MOTHER, I'm tired, and I would fain¹ be sleeping ;
 Let me repose upon thy bosom seek ;
 But promise me that thou wilt leave off weeping,
 Because thy tears fall hot upon my cheek.
 Here it is cold ; the tempest rävèth madly ;
 But in my dreams all is so wondrous bright ;—
 I see the ängel children smiling gladly,
 When from my weary eyes I shut out light.

2.

Móther, one stands beside me now ! and listen !
 Dóst thou not hear the music's sweet accord ?²
 See how his white wings beautifully glisten !
 Surely, those wings were given him by our Lord !
 Green, gold, and red are floating all around me ;
 They are the flowers the ängel scätterèth,
 Shall I have also wings whilst life has bound me ?
 Or, mother, are they given alone in death ?

3.

Why dóst thou clásp me as if I were going ?
 Why dost thou press thy cheek thus unto mine ?
 Thy cheek is hot, and yèth thy tears are flowing ;
 I will, dear mother, will be always thine !
 Do not thus sigh—it marrèth my reposing ;
 And if thou weep, then I must weep with thee !
 Oh ! I am tired—my weary eyes are closing ;
 Look, mother, look ! the ängel küssèth me ! ANDERSEN.³

¹ Fäin, with joy or pleasure ; gladly.

² Ac cord', the union of different sounds, which is agreeable to the ear ; agreement of things.

³ Hans Christian Andersen, a Danish poet and novelist, was born

at Odensee, April 2, 1805. His writings generally are very popular. His novel, "Improvisatore," his charming "Fairy Tales" for children, and many of his other works, have been translated into almost every modern language. He died in 1875.

SECTION XVI.

I.

58. THE MERRY SUMMER MONTHS.

1.

THEY come ! the mērry summer mōnths of beauty, sōng, and flowerz ;
 They come ! the gladsome mōnths that bring thick lēafinēss to
 bowērs.

Up, up, my heart ! and walk ābroād ; fling cark¹ and cāre āside ;
 Seek silēnt hills, or rest thyself whēre peaceful wātērs glide ;
 Or, underneath the shādōw vast of pātriarehāl tree,
 Scan through its leaves the cloudless sky in rapt tranquillity.

2.

The grāss is sōft, its velvet touch is grateful to the hand ;
 And, like the kiss of māiden love, the breeze is sweet and blānd ;
 The daisy and the buttercup are nodding cōurtēously ;
 It stirs their blood with kindēst love, to bless and welcome thee :
 And mark how with thine own thin locks—they now are silvery gray—
 That blissful breeze is wāntōning, and whispering, "*Be gay!*"

3.

Thēre is no cloud that sails ālōng thē ocean of yōn sky,
 But hāth its own winged māriners to give it melody ;
 Thou seest their glittering fans outspread, all gleaming like red gold ;
 And hark ! with shrill pipe musical, their mērry cōurse they hold.
 Gōd bless them all ! those little ones, who, far ābōve this ēārth,
 Can make a scōff² of its mean joys, and vent³ a nobler mīrth.

4.

But sōft ! mine ear upcaught ā sound—from yōnder wood it came !
 The spirit of the dim green glade did breathe his own glād name ;—
 Yēs, it is he ! the hērmīt bīrd, that, apart from all his kind,
 Slow spells his beads monotonous⁴ to the sōft western wind ;
 Cuckōō ! Cuckōō ! he sings again—his notes are void of art ;
 But simplēst strains do sōnēst sound the deep founts of the heart.

5.

Good Lord ! it is ā gracious bōōn⁵ for thought-crazed wight⁶ like me,
 To smell again these summer flowers bēnēath this summer-tree !

¹ Cark, ā state of anxiety or oppression under cāre ; solitude.

² Scōff, mōckery ; reproach.

³ Vent, to utter ; to pōūr fōrth.

⁴ Mo nōt'ō nous, prēsēnting a tiresome sameness.

⁵ Boon, ā gift ; ā prēsēnt.

⁶ Wight, ā bēing ; ā pērsōn.

To suck once mōre in èvèry breafh their little souls àwāy,
And feed my fancy with fond dreams of youth's bright summer dāy,
When, rushing fōrth like untamed cōlt, the rēcklèss truant¹ boy
Wandered through greenwoods all day lōng, & mighty heart of joy!

6.

I'm sadder now— I have had cause; but oh! I'm proud to think
That each pure joy-fount, loved of yōre,² I yēt delight to drink;—
Leaf, blossom, blade, hill, valley stream, the cālm, unclouded sky
Still mingle music with my dreams, as in the days gōne by.
When summer's lōvelinèss and light fall round me dark and cold,
I'll beâr indeed life's heavieſt cūrse—& heart that hath waxed old!

MOTHERWELL.³

II.

59. SUMMER.

I THANK hēaven èvèry summer's dāy of my life that my
lot wāſ humbly cāst within the hearing of rōmping brōōks,
and benēath the shādōw of oaks. And from all the tramp and
bustle of the world, into which fortune has led me in these
latter years of my life, I delight to steal àwāy for days and for
weeks together, and bathe my spirit in the freedom of thē old
woods, and to grow young again lying upon the brōōk-side, and
counting the white elouds that sail àlōng the sky, sōftly and
tranquilly—even as holy memories go stealing over the vault⁴
of life.

2. Two days since, I wāſ sweltering in the heat of the city,
jōstled⁵ by the thousand eager workers, and pānting under the
shādōw of the walls. But I have stōlen àwāy; and, for two
hours of healthful regrowth into the darling pāst, I have
been (bĭn) lying, this blessèd summer's morning, upon the
grāssy bank of à stream that babbled⁶ me to sleep in boyhood.
Dear old stream! unchānging, unfaltering—with no harsher
notes now than then—never growing old, smiling in yqur silver

¹ Truant (trp'ant), idle, and shirk-
ing duty; loitering.

² Yōre, *of yore*, of old time; lōng
since; long àgō.

³ William Motherwell, & Scot-
tish poet and jōurnalist, wāſ born in
Glasgow, Oct. 13, 1797, and died in
that city, Nov. 1, 1835.

⁴ Vault (vālt), & continued arch or
curved cōvering.

⁵ Jostled (jōs'ld), run against and
shāken; caused to totter or move
unsteadily; distūrbēd by crowding.

⁶ Bāb'bled, made à constant mūr-
mūring noise; uttered words impēr-
fectly.

rūstle and cālming yqursel in the broad, plācid pools ; I love you as I love ā friend.

3. But now that the sun has grown scalding hot, and the waves of heat have come rocking under the shādōw of the mēadōw oaks, I have sought shelter in ā chāmber of thē old farm-house. The wīndōw-blinds are closed ; but some of them are sadly shattered, and I have intertwined in them a few branches of the late blossoming white āzālēā,¹ so that evēry puff of the summer āir comes to me cooled with frāgrance.

4. A dimple or two of the sunlight still steals through my flowery screen, and dānces, as the breeze moves the brānches, upon thē ōaken floor of the farm-house. Throgh one little gap, indeed, I can see the broad stretch of mēadōw, and the workmen in the field bending and swaying to thēir scythes. I can see, too, the glistering of the steel, as they wipe their blades ; and can just cātch, flōating on thē āir, the mēasured, tinkling thwack of the rifle² stroke.

5. Here and thēre ā lark, scāred from his feeding-place in the grāss, sōars up, bubbling fōrth his melody in globules³ of silvery sound, and settles upon some tall tree, and waves his wings, and sinks to the swaying twigs. I hear, too, a quail piping from the mēadōw fence, and another trilling his ānswering whistlē from the hills. Nearer by, the tyrant king-bird is poised on the tōpmōst brānch of ā veteran pēār-tree ; and now and then dashes down, assassin-like, upon some hōme-bound, honey-lāden bee, and then, with ā smack of his bill, resumes his predatory⁴ wātch.

6. As I sit thus, wātching throgh thē īnterstices⁵ of my leafy screen the various images of country life, I hear distant mutterings from beyōnd the hills. The sun has thrown its shadow upon the pewter diāl, two hours beyōnd the meridian⁶ line. Great cream-cōlored heads of thunder-elōuds are lifting ābōve

¹ A zā'le ā, ā clāss of flowering plants, mostly natives of Chinā or North Amēricā.

² Rī'fle, ā thin blade or strip of wood covered with emery or similar material, used for sharpening scythes ; also, ā whetstone for a scythe.

³ Glōb'ule, ā little globe,

⁴ Prēd'a to rŷ, hungrŷ ; gīven to plunder.

⁵ In'ter stice, that which comes between or separates one thing and another ; an empty space between things ; ā hole.

⁶ Me rī'ī an, the point dīrēctly overhead' ; mid-day.

the sharp, clear line of the western hori'zon ; the light breeze dies away, and the air becomes stifling, even under the shadow of my withered boughs in the chamber window.

7. The white-capped clouds roll up nearer and nearer to the sun, and the creamy masses below grow dark in their seams. The mutterings, that came faintly before, now spread into wide volumes of rolling sound, that echo again and again from the eastward heights. I hear in the deep intervals the men shouting to their teams in the meadows ; and great companies of startled swallows are dashing in all directions around the gray roofs of the barn.

8. The clouds have now well-nigh reached the sun, which seems to shine the fiercer for its coming eclipse. The whole west, as I look from the sources of the brook to its lazy drifts under the swamps that lie to the south, is hung with a curtain of darkness ; and, like swift-working golden ropes that lift it toward the zenith,¹ long chains of lightning flash through it, and the growling thunder seems like the rumble of the pulleys.

9. I thrust away my azalea boughs, and fling back the shattered blinds, as the sun and the clouds meet ; and my room darkens with the coming shadows. For an instant the edges of the thick, creamy masses of cloud are gilded by the shrouded sun, and show gorgeous scallops² of gold that toss upon the hem of the storm. But the blazonry³ fades as the clouds mount, and the brightening lines of the lightning dart up from the lower skirts, and heave the billowy masses into the middle heaven.

10. The workmen are urging their oxen fast across the meadow ; and the loiterers come straggling after, with rakes upon their shoulders. The air freshens, and blows now from the face of the coming clouds. I see the great elms in the plain, swaying their tops, even before the storm-breeze has reached me ; and a bit of ripened grain, upon a swell of the meadow, waves and tosses like a billowy sea.

11. Presently I hear the rush of the wind, and the cherry and

¹ Ze'nith, that point of the heavens directly overhead.

into parts of circles ; a kind of sea shell-fish.

² Scallop (sköl'lup), a recess or curving of the edge of any thing,

³ Blä'zon rŷ, showy display ; exhibition of coats of arms.

pear-trees rustle through all their leaves, and my paper is whisked away by the intruding blast. There is a quiet of a moment, in which the wind, even, seems weary and faint; and nothing finds utterance save one hoarse tree-toad, doling out his lugubrious¹ notes.

12. Now comes a blinding flash from the clouds; and a quick, sharp clang clatters through the heavens, and bellows loud and long among the hills. Then—like great grief spending its pent agony in tears—come the big drops of rain, pattering on the lawn, and on the leaves, and most musically of all upon the roof above me; not now with the light fall of the spring shower, but with strong steppings, like the first proud tread of youth.

MITCHELL.²

III.

60. THANK GOD FOR SUMMER.

I LOVED the Winter once with all my soul,
And longed for snow-storms, hail and mantled skies;
And sang their praises in as gay a tröll³

As troubadours have poured to Beauty's eyes.

2. I deemed the hard, black frost a pleasant thing,

For logs blazed high, and horses' hoofs rung out;
And wild birds came, with tame and gentle wing,
To eat the bread my young hand flung about.

3. But I have walked into the world since then,

And seen the bitter work that cold can do—
Where the grim Ice King levels babes and men
With bloodless spear that pierces through and through.

4. I know now, there are those who sink and lie

Upon a stone bed at the dead of night;
I know the roofless and unfed *must* die,
When even lips at Plenty's feast turn white.

5. And now when'er I hear the cuckoo's song

In budding woods, I bless the joyous comer;

¹ Lu gū'brī oās, mournful; indicating sorrow.

² Donald G. Mitchell, an American author, was born in Norwich, Conn., in April, 1822. His numerous

works have been well received. His style is quiet, pure, and effective.

³ Tröll, a song, the parts of which are sung in succession; a catch; a round.

While my heart runs a cadence in a thröng
Of hopeful notes, that say—"Thank Góð for summer!"

6. I've léarnt that sunshine bringèth mōre than flowers,
And fruits, and fōrèst leaves to cheer thē earh;
For I have seen sad spirits, like dark bowers,
Light up benēath it with a grateful mīrth.
7. Thē āgèd limbs that quiver in their tāsks
Of dragging life on, when the north winds gōad,
Taste once again contentment, as they bāsks
In the straight beams that warm their chūrchyard rōad.
8. And Childhood—pōor, pinched Childhood, hālf forgets
The starving pittance¹ of our cottage hōmes,
When he can leave thē heārth, and chase the nets
Of gossamer that crōss him as he rōams.
9. The mōping idiot seemèth less distraught²
When he can sit upon the grās all day,
And lāugh, and clutch the blades, as though he thought
The yēllōw sun-rays challenged him to play.
10. Ah! dearly now I hail the nightingale,
And greet the bee—the merry-going hummer;—
And when the lilies peep so sweet and pale,
I kiss their cheeks, and say—"Thank Góð for summer!"
11. Feet that limp, blue and bleeding, as they go
For dainty cresses in December's dawn,
Can wade and dabble in the brōoklet's flow,
And wōo the gūrgles, on a July morn.
12. The tired pilgrim, who would shrink with dread
If Winter's drowsy torpor lulled his brain,
Is free to chōose his mōssy summer bed,
And sleep his hour or two in some green lane.
13. O! Ice-tōothed King, I loved you once—but now
I never see you come without a pang
Of hopeless pity shadowing my brow,
To think how nākèd flesh must feel your fang.

¹ Pit'tance, an allowance of food, ² Dis traught', distracted; perplexed in charity; any small allowance.

14. My eyes watch now to see the elms unfold,
 And my ears listen to the callow¹ rook;
 I hunt the palm-trees for their first rich gold,
 And pry for violets in the southern nook.²
15. And when fair Flōra³ sends the butterfly
 Painted and spangled, as her herald mummer⁴—
 "Now for warm holidays," my heart will cry,
 "The poor will suffer less! THANK GOD FOR SUMMER!"
 ELIZA COOK.⁵

SECTION XVII.

I.

61. THE WISDOM OF ALEXANDER.

PART FIRST.

THE bannered hosts of Macedon⁶ stood arrayed in splendid night. Crowning the hills, and filling the valleys, far and wide extended the millions in arms, who waited on the word of the young Alexan'der⁷—the most superb array of human power which sceptered ambition ever evoked⁸ to do its bidding.

2. That army was to sweep nations off the earth, and make a continent its camp; following the voice of one whose sword

¹ Cal'low, naked; unfledged; des- titute of feathers.

² Nook (nok), a narrow place be- tween bodies; a corner; a recess; a retired place.

³ Flō'ra, the Roman goddess of flowers and spring.

⁴ Mūm'mer, one who makes divēr- sion in disguise; a masker; a clown.

⁵ Eliza Cook, an English author- ess, was born in London about 1818. A collection of her poems was first published in 1840. For several years she was editress of "Eliza Cook's

Journal," a popular weekly publi- cation. She has contributed much, both in prose and verse, to different periodicals.

⁶ Māc'e don, an ancient country of S. E. Europe, N. of Greece.

⁷ Alexander the Great, son of Philip, king of Macedon, was born in the autumn, B.C. 356. He made so many conquests that he was styled the Conqueror of the World. He died in May or June, B.C. 323.

⁸ Evoked', called out; summoned forth.

was the index to glory, whose command was the synonym¹ of triumph. It now stood expectant, for the king yet lingered.

3. While his war-horse fretted at the gate, and myriads² thus in silence waited his appearance, Alexander took his way to the apartment of his mother. The sole ligament³ which bound him to virtue and to feeling was the love of that mother; and the tie was as strong as it was tender.

4. In mute dejection,⁴ they embraced; and Alexander, as he gazed upon that affectionate face, which had never been turned to him but in tenderness and yearning love, seemed to ask, "Shall I ever again behold that sweet smile?" The anxiety of his mother's countenance denoted the same sad curiosity; and without a word, but with the self-same feeling in their hearts, they went out together to seek the oracles⁵ in the temple of Philip, to learn their fate.

5. Alone, in unuttered sympathy, the two ascended the steps of the sacred temple, and approached the shrine. A priest stood behind the altar. The blue smoke of the incense curled upward in front, and the book of oracles was before him.

6. "Where shall my grave be digged?" said the king; and the priest opened the book and read, "Where the soil is of iron, and the sky of gold, there shall the grave of the monarch of men be digged."

7. To the utmost limit, Asia⁶ had become the possession of the Macedonian. Fatigued with conquest, and anxious to seek a country where the difficulty of victory should enhance⁷ its value, the hero was returning to Europe. A few days would have brought him to the capital of his kingdom, when he fell suddenly ill. He was lifted from his horse, and one of his generals,

¹ *Sŷn'o nŷm*, one of two or more words in the same language which are the precise equivalents of each other, or which have very nearly the same meaning.

² *Mŷr'i ad*, the number of ten thousand—sometimes used for any very large number.

³ *Lig'a ment*, any thing that ties or unites one thing or part to another; a bond.

⁴ *Dejection* (de jĕk'shŷn), low-

ness of spirits caused by misfortune or grief.

⁵ *Oracle* (ŏr'a kl), the answer of a god, or some person said to be a god, among the heathen, to an inquiry made in regard to some future event; the god who gave the answer, or the place where it was given; the Sacred Scriptures; a wise person.

⁶ *Asia* (ā'shĭ ā).

⁷ *Enhance* (en hāns'), raise to a higher point; advance; increase.

unlacing his armor, spread it out for him to lie upon, and held his golden shield to screen him from the mid-day sun.

8. When the king raised his eyes, and beheld the glittering canopy, he was conscious of the omen. "The oracle has said that where the ground should be of iron, and the sky of gold, there should my grave be made! Behold the fulfillment! It is a mournful thing! The young cypress is cut down in the vigor of its strength, in the first fullness of its beauty. The thread of life is snapped suddenly, and with it a thousand prospects vanish, a thousand hopes are crushed! But let the will of fate be done! She has long obeyed my behest!¹ I yield myself now to hers! Yet, my mother!"

9. And the monarch mused in melancholy silence. At length he turned to his attendants, and ordered his tablets to be brought; and he took them, and wrote, "Let the customary alms, which my mother shall distribute at my death, be given to those who have never felt the miseries of the world, and have never lost those who were dear to them;" and sinking back upon his iron couch, he yielded up his breath. They buried him where he died, and an army wept over his grave!

II.

62. THE WISDOM OF ALEXANDER.

PART SECOND.

WHEN the intelligence of the death of Alexander was brought to his mother, as she sat among her ladies, she was overwhelmed by anguish.² "Ah! why," she exclaimed, "was I exalted so high, only to be plunged into such depth of misery?"³ Why was I not made of lower condition, so, haply, I had escaped such grief? The joy of my youth is plucked up, the comfort of my age is withered! Who is more wretched than I?" And she refused to be comforted.

2. The last wish of her son was read to her, and she resolved to perform that one remaining duty, and then retire to solitude,⁴ to

¹ Be hest', that which is willed or ordered; command.

² Anguish (ang'gwis), extreme pain of body or mind; bitter sorrow.

³ Mis'er y, wretchedness; woe; great unhappiness.

⁴ Sol'i tude, the state of being alone; loneliness.

indulge her grief for the remainder of her life. She ordered her servants to go into the city, and bring to the palace such as the will of Alexander directed—selecting those who were the poorest.

3. But the messengers, ere long, returned, and said that there were none of that description to be found among the poor. “Go then,” said the queen, “and apply to all classes, and return not without bringing some who have never lost any who were dear to them.”

4. And the order was proclaimed through all the city, and all heard it and passed on. The neighboring villages gave no better success; and the search was extended through all the country; and they went over all Macedoniā, and throughout Greece, and at every house they stood, and cried, “If there are any here who have never known misery, and never lost those that were dear to them, let them come out, and receive the bounty of the queen;” but none came forth.

5. And they went to the haunts¹ of the gay, and into the libraries of the philosophers; to the seats of public office, and to the caves of hermits; they searched among the rich, and among the poor—among the high and among the low; but not one person was found who had not tasted misery: and they reported the result to the queen.

6. “It is strange!” said she, as if struck with sudden astonishment. “Are there none who have not lost their friend? And is my condition the condition of all? It is not credible! Are there none here, in this room, in this palace, who have always been happy?” But there was no reply to the inquiry.

7. “You, young page, whose countenance is gay, what sorrow have you ever known?”—“Alas! madam, my father was killed in the wars of Alexander, and my mother, through grief, has followed him.”

8. And the question was put to others; but all had lost a brother, a father, or a mother. “Can it be,” said the queen, in perplexity, “can it be that all are as I am?”

9. “All are as you are, madam,” said an old man that was present, “excepting in these splendors and these consolations. By poverty and humility, you might have lost the alleviations,²

¹ Haunts (hānts), resorts; places often visited.

² Al lē'vi ā'tion, that which mitigates, or makes more tolerable.

but you could not have escaped the blow. There are nights without a star; but there are no days without a cloud. To suffer is the lot of all; to bear, the glory of a few!"—"I recognize," said the queen, "the wisdom of Alexander!" and she bowed in resignation, and wept no more.

WALLACE.¹

III.

63. SOLOMON AND THE BEES.

WHEN Solomon was reigning in his glory,
Unto his throne the Queen of Shēbā came—
(So in the *Talmud*² you may read the story)—

Drawn by the magic of the monarch's fame,
To see the splendors of his court, and bring
Some fitting tribute³ to the mighty king.

2. Nor this alone: much had her Highness heard
What flowers of learning graced the royal speech;
What gems of wisdom dropped with every word;
What wholesome lessons he was wont⁴ to teach
In pleasing proverbs; and she wished, in sooth,
To know if Rumor spoke the simple truth.
3. Besides, the Queen had heard (which piqued⁵ her most)
How through the deepest riddles he could spy;
How all the curious arts that women boast
Were quite transparent to his piercing eye;
And so the Queen had come—a royal guest—
To put the sage's⁶ cunning to the test.
4. And straight she held before the monarch's view,
In either hand, a radiant wreath of flowers;
The one, bedecked with every charming hue,

¹ Horace Binney Wallace, an American lawyer and author, was born in Philadelphia, Feb. 26, 1817. His essays and other miscellaneous writings display great depth of thought, power of description, and a finely cultivated taste. He died suddenly in Paris, Dec. 16, 1852.

² Tāl'mud, the body of the He-

brew laws, traditions, and explanations, or the book that contains them.

³ Trib' ūte, a personal gift bestowed in token of services rendered, or as that which is due or deserved.

⁴ Wont (wūnt), used; accustomed.

⁵ Piqued (pēkt), wounded the pride of; offended.

⁶ Sage, a wise man.

Was newly culled from Nature's choicest bowers ;
 The other, no less fair in every part,
 Was the rare product¹ of divinest Art.

5. "Which is the true, and which the false?" she said.

Great Solomon was silent. All amazed,
 Each wondering courtier² shook his puzzled head ;
 While at the garlands long the monarch gazed,
 As one who sees a miracle,³ and fain,
 For very rapture, né'er would speak again.

6. "Which is the true?" once more the woman asked,

Pleased at the fond amazement⁴ of the King ;
 "So wise a head should not be hardly tasked,
 Most learned Liège,⁵ with such a trivial thing !"
 But still the sage was silent ; it was plain
 A deepening doubt perplexed the royal brain.

7. While thus he pondered, presently he sees,

Hard by the casement⁶—so the story goes—
 A little band of busy, bustling bees,
 Hunting for honey in a withered rose.
 The monarch smiled, and raised his royal head ;
 "Open the window !"—that was all he said.

8. The window opened at the King's command ;

Within the rooms the eager insects flew,
 And sought the flowers in Shebá's dexter⁷ hand !
 And so the king and all the courtiers knew
 That wreath was Nature's ; and the baffled⁸ Queen
 Returned to tell the wonders she had seen.

¹ Product, that which is produced, brought forth, or effected ; fruit ; work.

² Courtier, one who attends or frequents the courts of princes ; one who courts or solicits favor ; one who flatters to please.

³ Mir'a cle, a wonder ; an event or act beyond, or contrary to, the laws of nature.

⁴ A mæze'ment, the act or condition of being filled with fear, sudden

surprise, or wonder, at what is not understood.

⁵ Liège, a lord or superior ; a sovereign.

⁶ Casement, a frame or sash, furnished with glass, opening on hinges, which are affixed to the upright sides of the frame into which it is fitted.

⁷ Dexter, pertaining to, or situated on, the right hand ; right.

⁸ Baffled (bă'f'ld), checked ; foiled ; defeated.

9. My story teaches (every tale should bear
 A fitting moral¹) that the wise may find
 In trifles light as atoms in the air
 Some useful lesson to enrich the mind—
 Some truth designed to profit or to please—
 As Israel's king learned wisdom from the bees! *SAXE.*²

IV.

64. *COMPENSATION.*

ONE day an Antelope³ was lying with her fawn⁴ at the foot of the flowering Mimosa⁵. The weather was intensely⁶ sultry,⁷ and a Dove, that had sought shelter from the heat among the leaves, was cooing above her head.

2. "Happy bird!" said the Antelope—"happy bird! to whom the air is given for an inheritance,⁸ and whose flight is swifter than the wind. At your will you alight upon the ground, at your will you sweep into the sky, and fly races with the driving clouds: while I, poor I, am bound a prisoner to this miserable earth, and wear out my pitiable⁹ life crawling to and fro upon its surface."

3. Then the Dove answered, "It is sweet to sail along the sky, to fly from land to land, and coo among the valleys; but, Antelope, when I have sat above amidst the branches, and watched your little one close its tiny lips upon your breast, and feed its life on yours, I have felt that I could strip off my wings,

¹ *Mōr'al*, the inner meaning of a fable, narrative, or occurrence; the practical lesson which any thing is intended or fitted to teach.

² *John G. Saxe*, an American poet and journalist, was born in Highgate, Franklin Co., Vermont, June 2, 1816. His poems abound in fine wit and satire.

³ *An'te lope*, an animal almost midway between the deer and goat. Its horns are almost always round and ringed. The eyes of some varieties are large, black, and very beautiful.

⁴ *Fawn*, a young deer; a deer of the first year.

⁵ *Mi mō'sa*, a family of pod-bearing plants, of many varieties, including the sensitive plant.

⁶ *In tēnsē'ly*, to an extreme degree.

⁷ *Sūl'try*, very hot, burning, and oppressive.

⁸ *In hēr'it ance*, land, money, or other property received as a right on the death of a parent or other ancestor; possession.

⁹ *Pit'i a ble*, deserving pity; sorrowful; wretched.

lay down my plumage, and remain all my life upon the ground, only once to know such blessed enjoyment."

4. The breeze sighed among the boughs of the Mīmōsā, and a voice came trembling out of the rustling leaves: "If the Antelope mourns her destiny,¹ what should the Mimosa do? The Antelope is the swiftest among the animals. It rises in the morning: the ground flies under its feet—in the evening it is a hundred miles away.

5. "The Mimosa is feeding its old age on the same soil which quickened its seed-cell into activity. The seasons roll by me, and leave me in the old place. The winds sway among my branches, as if they longed to bear me away with them; but they pass on, and leave me behind. The wild birds come and go. The flocks move by me in the evening on their way to the pleasant waters. I can never move. My cradle must be my grave."

6. Then from below, at the root of the tree, came a voice which neither bird, nor Antelope, nor tree had ever heard, as a Rock Crystal from its prison in the limestone, followed on the words of the Mimosa.

7. "Are ye all unhappy?" it said. "If ye are, then what am I? Ye all have life. You! O Mimosa! you, whose fair flowers year by year come again to you, ever young, and fresh, and beautiful—you who can drink the rain with your leaves, who can wanton with the summer breeze, and open your breast to give a home to the wild birds—look at me, and be ashamed. I only am truly wretched."

8. "Alas!" said the Mīmōsā, "we have life, which you have not, it is true. We have also what you have not, its shadow—death. My beautiful children, which year by year, I bring out into being, expand in their loveliness only to die. Where they are gone I too shall soon follow, while you will flash in the light of the last sun which rises upon the earth." FROUDE.²

¹ Dēs'ti ny, that to which any person or thing is appointed, intended, or doomed.

² James Anthony Froude, an English historian and journalist,

son of the (thū) late Archdeacon Froude, was born at Dartington Rectory, Totness, Devonshire, in 1818. He is a bold and original thinker, and a finished writer.

SECTION XVIII.

I.

65. DESTINY OF AMERICA.

THE MUSE,¹ disgusted at an age and clime
 Barren of ev'ry glōrious theme,
 In distant lands now waits a better time
 Producing subjects worthy fame :

2. In happy climes, where, from the gēniāl sun
 And virgin earth, such scenes ensue,
 The fōrce of Art by Nature seems outdone,
 And fancied beauties by the true :
3. In happy climes, the seat of innocence,
 Where Nature guides, and Virtue rules ;
 Where men shall not impose for truth and sense
 The pedantry² of cōurts and schools :
4. Thēre shall be sung another gōlden āge,
 The rise of empire and of arts ;
 The good and great inspiring epic³ rage,
 The wisēst heads and noblēst hearts.
5. Not such as Europe breeds in hēr decāy :
 Such as she bred when fresh and young ;
 When heavenly flame did animate her clāy—
 By future poets shall be sung.
6. Westward the cōurse of empire takes it wāy ;
 The four first acts already pāst,
 A fifth shall close the drāmā⁴ with the dāy :
 Time's noblēst offspring is the lāst.

BERKELEY.⁵

¹ *Muse*, one of the nine fabled goddesses of the ancients, originally of song, and afterward of all kinds of poetry, and of the arts and sciences.

² *Péd'ant ry*, a boastful display of knowledge of any kind.

³ *Ep'ic*, containing narrative or recital ; relating to an epic or heroic poem, in which the deeds of some great hero are narrated.

⁴ *Drā'ma* (or *drā'mā*), a stōry which is acted, not related ; a number of connected events ending in some in'teresting or striking result.

⁵ *George Berkeley*, Bishop of Cloyne, was born at Thomastown, County of Kilkenny, Ireland, in 1684, and died at Oxford, England, in 1753. He was the author of several works. He visited America in 1728.

II.

66. OUR COUNTRY'S HONOR OUR OWN.

I PROFESS to feel a strong attachment to the (thū) liberty of the United States—to the constitution and free institutions of the United States—to the honor, and I may say the glory, of this great government and great country.

2. I feel every injury inflicted upon this country, almost as a personal injury. I blush for every fault which I think I see committed in its public councils, as if they were faults or mistakes of my own.

3. I know that, at this moment, there is no object upon earth so attracting the gaze of the intelligent and civilized nations of the earth as this great Republic. All men look at us, all men examine our course, all good men are anxious for a favorable result to this great experiment of Republican liberty.

4. We are on a hill, and can not be hid. We can not withdraw ourselves either from the commendation or the reproaches of the civilized world. They see us as that star of empire which half a century ago was predicted¹ as making its way westward.

5. I wish they may see it as a mild, placid, though brilliant orb, making its way athwart the whole heavens, to the enlightening and cheering of mankind; and not a meteor² of fire and blood, terrifying the nations.

WEBSTER.³

III.

67. THE YOUNG AMERICAN.

SCION¹ of a mighty stock—
Hands of iron—hearts of oak—

¹ Pre dict'ed, presaged; fore-shown; foretold.

² Mē'te or, a fire-ball or other shining body seen in the sky; any appearance in the atmosphere, as clouds, rain, snow, &c.

³ Daniel Webster, one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of Amer-

ican orators, jurists, and statesmen, was born in Salisbury, N. H., Jan. 18, 1782. His works, arranged by his friend Edward Everett, were published in six volumes, in 1851. He died at Marshfield, Mass., Oct 24, 1852.

⁴ Sci'on, a shoot or twig of a plant; hence, a descendant; an heir.

Föllow with unflinching tread
Where the noble fäthers led.

2. Cräft and subtle treachery,
Gallant youth ! are not for thee ;—
Follow thou in word and deeds
Where the Göd within thee leads.

3. Honesty with steady eye,
Truth and pure simplicity,
Love that gently winnèth hearts—
These shall be thy öny arts.

4. Prudent in the counçil train,
Däuntlèss on the battle plain,
Ready at thy country's need
För hër glōrious cause to bleed.

5. Whère the dews of night distil
Upon Vèrnon's holy hill ;
Where äböve it, gleaming far,
Freedom lights her guiding star—

6. Thithèr tårn the steady eye,
Flashing with ä pårpose high ;
Thithèr with devotion meet
Often tårn the pilgrim feet.

7. Let thy noble motto be,
God—the Country—Liberty !
Planted on Religion's rock,
Thou shalt stand in every shock.

8. Lāugh at dānger far or near ;
Spurn at basenèss, spurn at fear ;
Still, with persevering might,
Speak the truth, and do the right.

9. So shall peace, ä charming guest,
Dovelike in thy bösom rest ;
So shall honör's steady blaze
Beam upon thy closing days :

10. Happy if celestial favor
 Smile upon the high endeavor ;
 Happy if it be thy call
 In the holy cause to fall. A. H. EVERETT.¹

IV.

58. OUR NATIONAL BANNER.

ALL HAIL to our glōrious ensign ! cōurage to the heart, and strength to the land, to which, in all time, it shall be intrusted ! May it ever wave in honor, in unsullied glōry, and pātriotic hope, on the dome of the capitol, on the country's stronghold, on the entented plain, on the wave-rocked tōpmāst.

2. Whērever, on the ēarth's sūrface, the eye of the Amērican shall behold it, may he have rēason to bless it ! On whatsoever spot it is planted, there may freedom have a foothold, humanity a brave champion, and religion an altar.

3. Thōugh stained with blood in a righteous cause, may it never, in any cause, be stained with shame. Alike, when its gōrgeous folds shall wantōn in lazy holiday triumphs on the summer breeze, and its tattered fragments be dimly seen through the elouds of war, may it be the joy and the pride of the Amērican heart.

4. First raised in the cause of right and liberty, in that cause alōne may it forever spread out its streaming blazonry to the battle and the storm. Having been bōrne victoriously ācross the continent, and on every sea, may vīrtue, and freedom, and peace forever fōllōw where it leads the wāy. EVERETT.²

¹ Alexander H. Everett, an Amērican diplōmatist, and accomplished man of letters, was born in Bōston, March 19, 1792. He wrote much and well. For five years he was editor and proprietor of the "North Amērican Review." He was U. S. Minister to the Netherlands, to Spain, and Commissioner to

Chīnā, where he died in Canton, May 29, 1847.

² Edward Everett, an Amērican statesman, orator, and man of letters, brother of the preceding, was born in Dorchester, Mass., April 11, 1794. As a scholar, rhetorician, and orator, he had but few equals. He died in Bōston, Mass., Jan. 15, 1865.

SECTION XIX.

I.

69. *THE EMIGRANT'S SONG.*

- B**ID adieu to the homestead, adieu to the vale ;
 Though the memory recalls them, give grief to the gale :
 Thère the hearths are unlighted, thē embers are black,
 Whère the feet of thē onward shall never tūrn back.
 For as well might the stream that comes down from the mount,
 Glāncing up, heave the sigh to retūrn to its fount :
 Yēt the lordly Ohio feels joy in his breast
 As he fōllōws the sun onward into the West.
2. Oh ! to roam, like the rivers, thrūgh empires of wōōds,
 Whère the king of thē eagles in majesty brōōds ;
 Or to ride the wild horse ō'er the boundlēs domain,
 And to drag the wild buffalo down to the plain ;
 Thère to chase the fleet stag, and to track the huge bear,
 And to face the lithe¹ pānther at bay in his lāir,
 Are ā joy which ālōne cheers the pioneer's breast ;
 For thē ōnly true hunting-ground lies in the West !
3. Leave the tears to the māiden, the fears to the child,
 While the future stands beckoning afar in the wild ;
 For there Freedom, more fāir, walks the primeval² land,
 Where the wild deer all cōurt the caress of her hand.
 There the deep fōrēsts fall, and thē old shadōws fly,
 And the palace and temple leap into the sky.
 Oh, thē East holds no place where thē onward can rest,
 And ālōne there is rōōm in the land of the West !

READ.³

II.

70. *LIFE IN THE WEST.*

HO ! brōthers—come hither and list to my stōry—
 Mērry and brief will the narrative be :

¹ Lithe, pliant ; limber.² Pri mē'val, primitive ; belonging to thē earliest times ; original.³ Thomas Buchanan Read, an Amērican painter and poet, was born

in Chester Co., Pa., March 12, 1822.

A new edition of his poetical works in a collected form appeared in 1860. His verse is musical and his descriptions beautiful. He died May, 1872.

Here, like a monareh, I reign in my glōry—

Māster am I, boys, of all that I see.

Whêre once frowned a fōrêt, a gārden is smiling—

The mēadōw and moorland are marshes no mōre ;

And thêre eûrls the smoke of my cottage, beguiling

The children who cluster like grapes at the door.

Then enter, boys ; cheerly, boys, enter and rest ;

The land of the heart is the land of the West.

2. Talk not of the town, boys—give me the broad prairie ;

Where man, like the wind, roams impulsive and free ;

Behold how its beautiful colors all vary,

Like those of the clouds, or the deep-rolling sea !

A life in the woods, boys, is even as changing :

With proud independence we sēason our cheer ;

And those who the world are for happinēss rānging,

Wōn't find it at all, if they dōn't find it here.

Then enter, boys ; cheerly, boys, enter and rest ;

I'll show you the life, boys, we live in the West.

3. Here, brothers, sēcure from all tūrmoil and dānger,

We reap what we sow ; for the soil is our own :

We spread hōspitālit̄y's bōard for the strānger,

And cāre not a fig for the king on his throne.

We never know wānt, for we live by our labor,

And in it contentment and happiness find ;

We do what we can for a friend or a neighbor,

And die, boys, in peace and good-will to mankind.

Then enter, boys ; cheerly, boys, enter and rest ;

You know how we live, boys, and die in the West !

GEO. P. MORRIS.

III.

70. THE BISON TRACK.

1.

STRIKE the tent ! the sun has rīsen ; not a vapor streaks the dawn,

And the frōsted prairie brightens to the westward, far and wan :

Prime afresh the trusty rifle—sharpen well the hunting spear ;

For the frōzen sod is trembling, and a noise of hōofs I hear !

2.

Fiercely stamp the tethered ¹ horses, as they snuff the morning's fire ;
 Their impatient heads are tossing, and they neigh with keen desire.
 Strike the tent ! the saddles wait us—let the bridle-reins be slack—
 For the prairie's distant thunder has betrayed the bison's track.

3.

See ! a dusky line approaches : hark ! the onward surging roar,
 Like the din of wintry breakers on a sounding wall of shore !
 Dust and sand behind them whirling, snort the foremost of the van,
 And their stubborn horns are chasing through the crowded ear'avan.

4.

Now the storm is down upon us : let the maddened horses go !
 We shall ride the living whirlwind, though a hundred leagues it blow !
 Though the cloudy manes should thicken, and the red eyes' angry glare
 Lighten round us as we gallop through the sand and rushing air !

5.

Myriad hoofs will scar the prairie, in our wild, resistless race,
 And a sound, like mighty waters, thunders down the desert space ;
 Yet the rein may not be tightened, nor the rider's eyes look back—
 Death to him, whose speed should slacken, on the maddened bison's track !

6.

Now the trampling herds are threaded, and the chase is close and warm
 For the giant bull that gallops in the edges of the storm :
 Swiftly hurl the whizzing lasso—swing your rifles as we run :
 See ! the dust is red behind him—shout, my comrades, he is won !

7.

Look not on him as he staggers—'tis the last shot he will need !
 More shall fall, among his fellows, ere we run the mad stampede ²—
 Ere we stem the brinded ³ breakers, while the wolves, a hungry pack,
 Howl around each grim-eyed carcass, on the bloody bison track !

TAYLOR.⁴

¹ Teth'ered, confined with a rope or a chain, for feeding within certain limits.

² Stäm pēde', a sudden fright seizing upon large bodies of cattle or horses, in droves or encampments upon the prairies, and leading them to run for many miles, until they often sink down or die under their

terror ; hence, any sudden flight caused by a panic.

³ Brin' ded, streaked ; spotted ; having different colors.

⁴ Bāyard Taylor, the noted American traveler and author, was born in Kennet Square, Penn., Jan. 11, 1825. While U. S. Minister to Germany, he died at Berlin, Dec., 1878.

SECTION XX.

I.

72. THE PINE-TREE SHILLINGS.

CAPTAIN JOHN HULL was the mint-master of Massachusetts, and coined all the money that was made there. This was a new line of business; for, in the earlier days of the colony, the current coinage consisted of gold and silver money of England, Portugal, and Spain. These coins being scarce, the people were often forced to barter their commodities, instead of selling them. For instance, if a man wanted to buy a coat, he perhaps exchanged a bear-skin for it. If he wished for a barrel of molasses, he might purchase it with a pile of pine boards.

2. Musket-bullets were used instead of farthings. The Indians had a sort of money, called wampum, which was made of clam-shells; and this strange sort of specie was likewise taken in payment of debts, by the English settlers. Bank-bills had never been heard of. There was not money enough of any kind, in many parts of the country, to pay the salaries of the ministers; so that they sometimes had to take quintals of fish, bushels of corn, or cords of wood, instead of silver or gold.

3. As the people grew more numerous, and their trade one with another increased, the want of current money was still more sensibly felt. To supply the demand, the general court passed a law for establishing a coinage of shillings, sixpences, and threepences. Captain John Hull was appointed to manufacture this money, and was to have about one shilling out of every twenty, to pay him for the trouble of making them.

4. Hereupon, all the old silver in the colony was handed over to Captain John Hull. The battered silver cans and tankards, I suppose, and silver buckles, and broken spoons, and silver buttons of worn-out coats, and silver hilts of swords that had figured at courts—all such curious old articles were doubtless thrown into the melting-pot together. But by far the greater part of the silver consisted of bullion¹ from the mines of South America, which the English buccaneers—who were little better

¹ Bullion (bul'yun), uncoined gold or silver in the mass.

than pirates—had taken from the Spaniards, and brought to Massachusetts.

5. All this old and new silver being melted down and coined, the result was an immense amount of splendid shillings, sixpences, and threepences.¹ Each had the date, 1652, on the one side, and the figure of a pine-tree on the other. Hence they were called pine-tree shillings. And for every twenty shillings that he coined, you will remember, Captain John Hull was entitled to put one shilling into his own pocket.

6. The magistrates soon began to suspect that the mint-master would have the best of the bargain. They offered him a large sum of money if he would but give up that twentieth shilling, which he was continually dropping into his own pocket. But Captain Hull declared himself perfectly satisfied with the shilling. And well he might be; for so diligently did he labor, that, in a few years, his pockets, his money-bags, and his strong box, were overflowing with pine-tree shillings. This was probably the case when he came into possession of Grandfather's chair; and, as he had worked so hard at the mint, it was certainly proper that he should have a comfortable chair to rest himself in.

7. When the mint-master had grown very rich, a young man, Samuel Sewell by name, came a courting to his only daughter. His daughter—whose name I do not know, but we will call her Betsey—was a fine, hearty damsel, by no means so slender as some young ladies of our own days. On the contrary, having always fed heartily on pumpkin-pies, doughnuts, Indian puddings, and other Puritan dainties, she was as round and plump as a pudding herself.

8. With this round, rosy Miss Betsey, did Samuel Sewell fall in love. As he was a young man of good character, industrious in his business, and a member of the church, the mint-master very readily gave his consent. "Yes, you may take her," said he, in his rough way; "and you'll find her a heavy burden enough!"

9. On the wedding-day, we may suppose that honest John Hull dressed himself in a plum-colored coat, all the buttons of which were made of pine-tree shillings. The buttons of his

¹ Threepence (thrip'ens).

wāisteōat were sixpences; and the knees of his small-clōthes were buttoned with silver threepences. Thus attired, he sat with great dignity in Grandfather's chāir; and, being a pōrtly old gentleman, he completely filled it from elbow to elbow. On thē opposite side of the rōom, between her bridemaids, sat Miss Betsey. She wāz blushing with all her might, and looked like a full-blown pēōny, or a great red apple.

10. Thēre, too, wāz the bridegroom, dressed in a fine pūrple cōat, and gold-lace waistcoat, with as much other finery as the Puritan laws and customs would allow him to put on. His hair was cropped close to his head, because Governor Endicott¹ had forbiddēn any man to wear it belōw thē ears. But he was a vērly pērsonable² young man; and so thōught the bridemaids, and Miss Betsey herself.

11. The mīnt-māster also wāz pleased with his new sōn-in-law; especially as he had cōurted Miss Betsey out of pure love, and had said nōthing at all ābout her pōrtion. So when the marriage ceremony was over, Cāptāin Hull whispered a word to two of his men-servants, who immediately went out, and sōōn rēturnēd, lugging in a large pāir of scales. They were such a pāir as whōlesale mērchānts use, for weighing bulky commodities; and quite a bulky commodity was now to be weighed in them.

12. "Daughter Betsey," said the mīnt-māster, "get into one side of these scales." Miss Betsey—or Mrs. Sewell, as we must now call her—did as she wāz bid, like a dutiful child, without any question of the why and whērefōre.³ But what her father could mean, unless to make her husband pay for her by the pound (in which case she would have been a dear bārgain), she had not the least idē'a.

13. "And now," said hōnēst John Hull to his sērvants, "bring that box hither." The box to which the mīnt-māster

¹ John Endicott, gōvērnor of Mass., wāz born in Dorchēster, Eng., in 1589, and died in Bōstōn, Mass., March 15, 1665. He wāz a sincere and zealous Puritan, rigid in his principles, and severe in thē execution of the laws. He wāz opposed to lōng hāir, insisted that women

should wear veils in public assemblies, and did all in his power to establish what he tērmēd a pure chūrch.

² Pēr'son a ble, having a well-formed body or person; graceful.

³ Whērefōre (whār'fōr), for what or which rēāson.

pointed was a huge, square, iron-bound oaken chest; it was big enough, my children, for all four of you to play at hide-and-seek in. The servants tugged with might and main, but could not lift this enormous receptacle,¹ and were finally obliged to drag it across the floor.

14. Captain Hull then took a key from his girdle, unlocked the chest, and lifted its ponderous² lid. Behold! it was full to the brim of bright pine-tree shillings, fresh from the mint; and Samuel Sewell began to think that his father-in-law had got possession of all the money in the Massachusetts treasury. But it was only the mint-master's honest share of the coinage.

15. Then the servants, at Captain Hull's command, heaped double handfuls of shillings into one side of the scales, while Betsey remained in the other. Jingle, jingle, went the shillings, as handful after handful was thrown in, till, plump and ponderous as she was, they fairly weighed the young lady from the floor.

16. "Thère, son Sewell!" cried the honest mint-master, resuming his seat in Grandfather's chair, "take these shillings for my daughter's portion. Use her kindly, and thank Heaven for her. It is not every wife that's worth her weight in silver!"

HAWTHORNE.³

II.

73. THE SWAN'S NEST.⁴

LITTLE ELLIE sits alone
Mid the beeches of a meadow,
By a stream-side, on the grass;
And the trees are showering down
Doubles of their leaves in shadow,
On her shining hair and face.

¹ Re cěp'ta cle, any thing capable of receiving or holding.

² Pőn' der oős, weighty; very heavy.

³ Nathaniel Hawthorne, an American novelist and essayist, was born in Salem, Mass., July 4, 1804. He died suddenly in Plymouth, N. H.,

May 19, 1864. His literary reputation was not confined to his own country. His most important works have been republished and widely read in England, and, in the form of translations, in Germany.

⁴ Illustration, see the *frontispiece*, facing the title-page.

2. She has thrown hēr bōnnet by ;
And her feet she has been dipping
In the shāllōw water's flōw ;—
Now she holds them nakedly
In her hands, all slēek and dripping,
While she rōckèth to and frō.
3. Little Ellie sits ālōne ;
And the smile she sōftly uses,
Fills the silence like ā speech ;
While she thinks what shall be dōne—
And the sweetèst plēasure chōōses,
For her future within reach.
4. Little Ellie in her smile
Choosèth—"I will have ā lover,
Riding on ā steed of steeds !
He shall love me without guile ;
And to *him* I will discover
That swān's nest āmōng the reeds.
5. "And the steed shall be red-roan,
And the lover shall be noble,
With an eye that takes the breath ;
And the lute he plays upon
Shall strike ladies into trouble,
As his swōrd strikes men to death.
6. "And the steed it shall be shod
All in silver, housèd in āzure,
And the mane shall swim the wīnd
And the hōofs ālōng the sod
Shall flash onward and keep mēasure,
Till the shepherds lōok behind.
7. "But my lover will not prize
All the glōry that he rides in,
When he gazes in my face.
He will say, 'O Love, thine eyes
Build the shrine my soul ābides in ;
And I kneel here for thy grace.'

8. "Then, āy ! then he shall kneel low,
 With the red-roan steed ānēar him,
 Which shall seem to understand—
 Till I ānswer, ' Rise and go !
 For the world must love and fear him
 Whom I gift with heart and hand.'
9. "Then he will āriṣe so pale,
 I shall feel my own lips tremble
 With a *yēs* I must not sāy—
 Nāthless ' māiden-brave, ' Fārewell,
 I will utter and dissemble—
 ' Light to-mōrrōw with to-dāy.'
10. "Then he'll ride āmōng the hills
 To the wide world pāst the river,
 Thēre to put āwāy all wrōng :
 To make straight distorted wills,
 And to empty the broad quiver
 Which the wicked beār ālōng.
11. "Three times shall a young foot-page
 Swim the stream and climb the mountaīn
 And kneel down beside my feet—
 ' Lo ! my māster sends this gage,²
 Lady, for thy pity's counting !
 What wilt thou exchānge for it ?'
12. "And the first time I will send
 A white rosebud for ā guērdon³—
 And the second time, a glove :
 But the thīrd time—I may bend
 From my pride, and answer—' Pardon—
 If he comes to take my love.'
13. "Then the young foot-page will run—
 Then my lover will ride fāster,
 Till he kneelēth at my knee :

¹ *Nathless* (nāth'lēss), nevertheless ; not the less ; notwithstanding.

² *Gāge*, a pledge or pawn ; a challenge to combat ; that, is, a gāuntlet, a glove, a cap, or the like, cast on

the ground by the challenger, and taken up by the acceptor of the challenge.

³ *Guerdon* (gēr'don), a requital ; a recompense, or reward.

'I am a dūke's eldest son !
Thousand sērfs do call me māster—
But, O Love, I love but *thee* !'

14. "He will kiss me on the mouth
Then ; and lead me as a lover,
Through the erowds that praise his deeds :
And, when soul-tied by one trōth,¹
Unto *him* I will discover
That swan's nest among the reeds."

15. Little Ellie, with hēr smile
Not yet ended, rose up gayly,
Tied the bōnnet, donned the shōe—
And went hōmeward, round a mile,
Just to see, as she did daily,
What mōre eggs were with the *two*.

16. Pushing through thē elm-tree cōpse²
Winding by the stream, light-hearted,
Whēre thē ōsier pāthway leads—
Pāst the boughs she stōops—and stops !
Lo ! the wild swan had dēserted—
And a rat had gnawed the reeds.

17. Ellie went hōme sad and slow :
If she found the lover ever,
With his red-roan steed of steeds,
Sōōth³ I know not ! but I know
She could never show him—never,
That swan's nest among the reeds !

MRS. BROWNING.⁴

III.

74. DAVID MATSON.

PART FIRST.

ONE bright summer morning, mōre than three scōre years
āgō, David Mātson, with his young wife and his two

¹ Trōth, trūth ; belief ; faith.

² Cōpse, a wood of small growth.

³ Sōōth, trūth.

⁴ Elizabeth Barrett Browning,
an English poetess, and one of the

greatest, if not the greatest, was
born in Lōndōn, in 1809. She died
in Florence, the principal residence
of the Brownings for several years,
June 29, 1861.

healthy, barefooted boys, stood on the bank of the river, near their dwelling. They were waiting there for Pelatiah Curtis to come round the point with his wherry,¹ and take the husband and father to the Port, a few miles below. The Lively Turtle was about to sail on a voyage to Spain, and David was to go in her as mate.

2. They stood there in the level morning sunshine talking cheerfully; but had you been near enough, you could have seen tears in Anna Matson's blue eyes, for she loved her husband, and knew there was always danger on the sea. And David's bluff, cheery voice trembled a little now and then, for the honest sailor loved his snug home on the Merrimack, with the dear wife and her pretty boys.

3. But presently the wherry came alongside, and David was just stepping into it, when he turned back to kiss his wife and children once more. "In with you, man," said Pelatiah Curtis; "there's no time for kissing and such fooleries when the tide serves."

4. And so they parted. Anna and the boys went back to their home, and David to the Port, whence he sailed off in the Lively Turtle. And months passed—autumn followed the summer, and winter the autumn, and then spring came, and anon it was summer on the river-side, and he did not come back.

5. And another year passed, and then the old sailors and fishermen shook their heads solemnly, and said that the Lively Turtle was a lost ship, and would never come back to port. And poor Anna had her bombazine² gown died black, and her straw bonnet trimmed in mourning ribbons, and thenceforth she was known only as the Widow Matson.

6. And how was it all this time with David himself? Now you must know that the Mohammedan people of Algiers' and Trip'oli, and Mogadore' and Salle,³ on the Barbary coast, had for a long time been in the habit of fitting out galleys and armed boats to seize upon the merchant-vessels of Christian nations, and make slaves of their crews and passengers, just as

¹ Wherry, a shallow, light boat, built long and narrow, and sharp at both ends, for fast rowing or sailing.

² Bombazine (būm'ba zān'), a

twilled fabric, of which the warp is silk, and the weft worsted.

³ Salle (sā'lā), a fortified seaport-town of Morocco.

men calling themselves Christians were sending vessels to Affricâ to catch black slaves for gain.

7. The Lively Turtle fell into the hands of one of these roving sea-robbers, and the crew were taken to Algiers, and sold in the market-place as slaves, poor David Matson among the rest. When a boy, he had learned the trade of a ship-carpenter with his father on the Merrimack; and now he was set at work in the dock-yards.

8. His master, who was naturally a kind man, did not overwork him. He had daily his three loaves of bread, and when his clothing was worn out, its place was supplied by the coarse cloth of wool and camel's hair woven by the Berber women. Three hours before sunset he was released from work, and Friday, which is the Mohammedan Sabbath, was a day of entire rest. Once a year, at the season called Ramadan, he was left at leisure¹ for a whole week.

9. So time went on—days, weeks, months, and years. His dark hair became gray. He still dreamed of his old home on the Merrimack, and of his good Anna and the boys. He wondered whether they yet lived, what they thought of him, and what they were doing. The hope of ever seeing them again grew fainter and fainter, and at last nearly died out; and he resigned himself to his fate as a slave for life.

IV.

75. DAVID MATSON.

PART SECOND.

BUT one day a handsome middle-aged gentleman, in the dress of one of his own countrymen, attended by a great officer of the Dey,² entered the ship-yard, and called up before him the American captives. The stranger was none other than Joel Barlow,³ Commissioner of the United States to procure the liberation of slaves belonging to that government.

¹ Leisure (lē'zhēr), vacant time.

² Dey (dē), the governor of Algiers, before the French conquest.

³ Joel Barlow, an American poet and politician, was born at Reading, in Conn., in 1755. In 1787 his poem entitled the "Vision of Columbus"

was published. It was received with flattering favor, and was reprinted in London and in Paris. His greatest work, the "Columbiad," appeared in 1807. While minister to France, he died near Craëw, in Poland, Dec. 22, 1812.

2. He took the men by the hand as they came up, and told them they were free. As you might expect, the poor fellows were very grateful; some laughed, some wept for joy, some shouted and sang, and threw up their caps, while others, with David Matson among them, knelt down on the chips, and thanked God for the great deliverance.

3. "This is a very affecting scene," said the Commissioner, wiping his eyes. "I must keep the impression of it for my Columbiad;" and drawing out his tablet, he proceeded to write on the spot an apostrophe¹ to Freedom, which afterward found a place in his great epic.

4. David Matson had saved a little money during his captivity, by odd jobs, and work on holidays. He got a passage to Mál'agá,² where he bought a nice shawl for his wife and a watch for each of his boys. He then went to the quay,³ where an American ship was lying just ready to sail for Bōston.

5. Almost the first man he saw on board was Pelatiah Curtis, who had rowed him down to the port seven years before. He found that his old neighbor did not know him, so changed was he with his long beard and Moorish dress; whereupon, without telling his name, he began to put questions about his old home, and finally asked him if he knew a Mrs. Matson.

6. "I rather think I do," said Pelatiah; "she's my wife." "Your wife!" cried the other; "she is mine before God and man. I am David Matson, and she is the mother of my children."

7. "And mine too!" said Pelatiah. "I left her with a baby in her arms. If you are David Matson, your right to her is outlawed; at any rate, she is mine, and I am not the man to give her up."

8. "God is great!" said poor David Matson, unconsciously repeating the familiar words of Moslem⁴ submission. "His will be done. I loved her, but I shall never see her again. Give these, with my blessing, to the good woman and the boys," and he handed over, with a sigh, the little bundle containing the gifts for his wife and children. He shook hands with his rival.

¹ A pōs'tro phe, a turning away from a regular narration, and addressing persons or things absent or imaginary.

² Mál'a ga, a seaport city of Spain.

³ Quay (kē), a mole or bank formed toward the sea, or on the side of a river, for the purpose of loading or unloading vessels.

⁴ Mōs'lem, a true Mohammedan.

"Pelatiah," he said, looking back as he left the ship, "be kind to Annâ and my boys."

9. "Ay, ây, sir," responded the sailor in a carelèss tone. He watched the poor man passing slowly up the nârrôw street until out of sight. "It's a hard case for old David," he said, helping himself to a fresh quid of tobacco, "but I am glad I've seen the lât of him."

10. When Pelatiah Cûrtis reached hōme, he told Annâ the stōry of hēr husband, and laid his gifts in her lap. She did not shriek nor faint, for she wæs a healthy wōman with strōng nērvēs; but she stole away by herself and wept bitterly. She lived many years âfter, but could never be persuaded to wear the pretty shawl which the husband of her yōuth had sent her as his fârewell gift. There is, however, a tradition that, in accordance with her dying wish, it wæs wrapped âbout her poor old shoulders in the cōffin, and buried with her. The little old bull's-eye watch, which is still in the possession of one of her grandchildren, is now all that remains to tell of David Matson—the lost man.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

V.

76. DORA.

PART FIRST.

WITH farmer Allan at the farm âbōde
 William and Dōrâ. William wæs his sōn,
 And she his niece. He ôften lōoked at them,
 And often thōught, "I'll make them man and wife."
 Now Dora felt her unele's will in all,
 And yēarned tōward William; but the yōuth, becåuse
 He had been always with her in the house,
 Thought not of Dora.

2. Then thêre came a dây
 When Allan called his son, and said, "My son,
 I married late, but I wōuld wish to see
 My grandchild on my knees befōre I die;
 And I have set my heart upon a match.
 Now, thêrefōre, look to Dōrâ; she is well
 To look to; thrifty, too, beyōnd her age.

She is my brother's daughter ; he and I
 Had once hard words, and parted, and he died
 In föreign lands ; but for his sake I bred
 His daughter Dörä : take her for yqr wife ;
 For I have wished this marriage, night and dāy,
 For many years."

3. But William answered short,
 " I can not marry Dörä ; by my life,
 I will not marry Dora." Then thē old man
 Waş wrōth, and doubled up his hands, and said :
 " You will not, boy ! you dāre to answer thus !
 But in my time a father's word was law,
 And so it shall be now for me. Look to't ;
 Consider, William : take a mōnth to think,
 And let me have an answer to my wish ;
 Or, by the Lord that made me, you shall pack,
 And never mōre darken my dōors again !"
4. But William answered madly ; bit his lips,
 And broke awāy. The mōre he looked at hēr,
 The less he liked her ; and his ways were harsh ;
 But Dörä bōre them meekly. Then befōre
 The mōnth waş out, he left his father's house,
 And hired himself to work within the fields ;
 And hālf in love, hālf spite, he wooed and wed
 A laborer's daughter, Mary Mörrison.
5. Then, when the bells were ringing, Allan called
 His niece and said : " My gīrl, I love you well ;
 But if you speak with him that waş my son,
 Or chānge a word with hēr he calls his wife,
 My hōme is nōne of yours. My will is law."
 And Dörä promised, being meek. She thought,
 " It can not be ; my unele's mind will change !"
6. And days went on, and thēre waş born a boy
 To William ; then distressēs came on him ;
 And day by day he pāssed his father's gate,
 Heart-brōken, and his father helped him not.
 But Dörä stōred what little she could save,

And sent it them by stealth, nor did they know
Who sent it; till at last a fever seized
On William, and in harvest time he died.

7. Then Dōrā went to Mary. Mary sat
And looked with tears upon her boy, and thought
Hard things of Dora. Dora came and said :
“ I have obeyed my unele until now,
And I have sinned, for it was all through me
This evil came on William at the first.
But, Mary, for the sake of him that's gone,
And for your sake, the woman that he chose,
And for this orphan, I am come to you.
You know there has not been for these five years
So full a harvest : let me take the boy,
And I will set him in my unele's eye
Among the wheat ; that when his heart is glad
Of the full harvest, he may see the boy,
And bless him for the sake of him that's gone.”
8. And Dōrā took the child, and went her way
Across the wheat, and sat upon a mound
That was unsown, where many poppies grew.
Far off the farmer came into the field
And spied her not ; for none of all his men
Dare tell him Dora waited with the child ;
And Dora would have risen and gone to him,
But her heart failed her ; and the reapers reaped,
And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.

VI.

77. DORA.

PART SECOND.

BUT when the morrow came, she rose and took
The child once more, and sat upon the mound ;
And made a little wreath of all the flowers
That grew about, and tied it round his hat
To make him pleasing in her unele's eye.
Then, when the farmer passed into the field,

He spied hēr, and he left his men at work,
And came and said, "Where wēre you yēsterdāy?
Whose child is that? What are you doing here?"
So Dōrā cāst her eyes upon the ground,
And answered sōftly, "*This is William's child.*"

2. "And did I not," said Allan, "did I not
Forbid you, Dōrā?" Dora said again:
"Do with me as you will, but take the child
And bless him for the sake of him that's gōne!"
And Allan said, "I see it is a trick
Got up betwixt you and the woman there.
I must be taught my duty, and by you!
You knew my word wāṣ law, and yet you dāred
To slight it! Well—for I will take the boy;
But go you hence, and never see me mōre."
3. So saying, he took the boy, that cried aloud
And struggled hard. The wreath of flowers fell
At Dōrā's feet. She bowed upon her hands,
And the boy's cry came to her from the field,
More and more distant. She bowed down her head,
Remembering the day when first she came,
And all the things that had been. She bowed down
And wept in secret; and the reapers reaped,
And the sun fell, and all the land wāṣ dark.
4. Then Dōrā went to Mary's house, and stōōd
Upon the thrēsh'ōld. Mary saw the boy
Wāṣ not with Dora. She broke out in praise
To Gōd, that helped her in her wīdōwhood.
And Dora said, "My ūnele took the boy;
But, Mary, let me live and work with you;
He says that he will never see me more."
5. Then answered Mary, "This shall never be,
That thou shouldst take my trouble on thyself;
And, now I thiŋk, he shall not have the boy,
For he will teach him harshness, and to slight
His mōther; thērefōre thou and I will go,
And I will have my boy, and bring him hōme;
And I will beg of him to take thee back;

But if he will not take thee back again,
Then thou and I will live within one house,
And work for William's child until he grows
Of age to help us."

6. So the women kissed
Each other, and set out and reached the farm.
The door was off the latch; they peeped, and saw
The boy set up betwixt his grandsire's knees,
Who thrust him in the hollows of his arms,
And clapt him on the hands and on the cheeks,
Like one that loved him; and the lad stretched out
And babbled for the golden seal that hung
From Allan's watch, and sparkled by the fire.
Then they came in; but when the boy beheld
His mother, he cried out to come to her;
And Allan sat him down, and Mary said:
7. "O father!—if you let me call you so—
I never came a-begging for myself,
Or William, or this child; but now I come
For Dōrā: take her back; she loves you well.
O sir! when William died, he died at peace
With all men; for I asked him, and he said,
He could not ever rue his marrying me—
I had been a patient wife: but, sir, he said
That he was wrong to cross his father thus;
'Gōd bless him!' he said, 'and may he never know
The troubles I have gone through!' Then he turned
His face and passed—unhappy that I am!
But now, sir, let me have my boy, for you
Will make him hard, and he will learn to slight
His father's memory; and take Dora back,
And let all this be as it was before."
8. So Mary said, and Dōrā hid her face
By Mary. There was silence in the room;
And all at once the old man burst in sobs:—
"I have been to blame—to blame! I have killed my son!
I have killed him—but I loved him—my dear son!
May Gōd forgive me!—I have been to blame.
Kiss me, my children!"

9.

Then they clung about
 The old man's neck, and kissed him many times.
 And all the man was broken with remorse ;
 And all his love came back a hundred-fold ;
 And for three hours he sobbed o'er William's child,
 Thinking of William. So those four abode
 Within one house together ; and as years
 Went forward, Mary took another mate ;
 But Dora lived unmarried till her death.

TENNYSON.¹

SECTION XXI.

I.

78. THE MONTH OF AUGUST.

THOU visitest the earth, and waterest it ; thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God, which is full of water ; thou preparest them corn, when thou hast so provided for it ; thou waterest the ridges thereof abundantly ; thou settlest the furrows thereof ; thou makest it soft with showers ; thou blessest the springing thereof ; thou crownest the year with thy goodness, and thy paths drop fatness. They drop upon the pastures of the wilderness ; and the little hills rejoice on every side. The pastures are clothed with flocks ; the valleys also are covered over with corn ; they shout for joy, they also sing.²

2. How beautiful are the words of the inspired³ poet, read in this month of harvests, nearly three thousand years after they were written ! For nearly three thousand years since the royal minstrel⁴ looked over the plains of Judæa covered with the bounty of God, and broke forth into his magnificent hymn of praise, has the earth rolled on in her course, and the hand of God has blessed her and all her children with seed-time and harvest, with joy and abundance.

¹ Alfred Tennyson, poet-laureate of England, was born in Lincolnshire in 1810. His first volume was published in 1830. Many of his poems are simple, true to nature, and very beautiful. His poems have passed

through many editions both in England (Ing'gland) and America.

² From Psalm LXV., 9-13.

³ Inspired, having divine authority or direction ; sacred.

⁴ Royal minstrel, King David.

3. The vëry stëadfästnëss of thë Almighty's liberality, flowing like a mighty ocean through thë infinite¹ vást of the universe, makes his creatures forget to wónder at its wónderfulness, to feel true thanksgiving for its immëasurable goodness. The sun rises and sets so surely, the sëasons run on amid all their chânges with such inimitable² trüth, that we take as a matter of còurse that which is amazing beyond all stretch of thë imagination, and good beyond the widest expansion of the noblëst human heart.

4. The pòor man, with his hälf-dózen children, toils, and óften dies, under the vain labor of winning bread for them. Gód feeds his family of countlëss myriads swarming over the surface of all his countlëss worlds, and none (nün) know need but through the follies or the cruelty of their fëllòws. God pòurs his light from innumerable³ suns on innumerable rejoicing planets; he wátërs them ëvërywhëre in the fitting moment; he ripens the fòod of globes and of nations, and gives them fäir weather to garner it; and from age to age, amid his creatures of endless forms and powers, in the beauty and the sunshine, and the magnificence of Nature, he seems to sing throughout création the glórious sòng of his own dïvine joy in thë immortality⁴ of his yóuth, in thë omnipotence⁵ of his nature, in thë ëtërnity⁶ of his patience, and thë abounding boundlëssness of his love.

5. What a fämilý hangs on his sustaining arm! The life and souls of infinite äges and uncounted worlds! Let a moment's failure of his power, of his watchfulness, or of his will to do good, oceür, and what a sweep of death and annihilation⁷ through the universe!⁸ How stars would reel, planets expire, and nations pérish!

6. But from äge to äge no such catastrophe oceürs, ëven in

¹ In'fi níte, without limit or bounds; përfëct; vëry great.

² In im'i ta ble, not capable of being imitated or copied; surpassingly excellent or superior.

³ In nū' mer a ble, that can not be numbered.

⁴ Im'mor täl'i tý, the quality of being exempt from death and destruction; deathlëssnëss.

⁵ Om níp' o tence, the state of being all-powerful.

⁶ Eternity (e tër' ni tí), the state or condition which begins at death; everlástingness.

⁷ An ni'hi lã'tion, thë act of reducing to nóthing; thë act of destroying the form of a thing.

⁸ U'ni verse, all things created as a whóle; the world.

the midst of nătionăł crimes, and of ătheism¹ that denies the hand that made ănd feeds it : life springs with ă power ever new ; fōōd springs up as plentifully to sustain it, and sunshine and joy are pōured over all from thē invisible throne of Gōd, as the poetry of thē existence he has given. If thēre come seasons of dēarth or of failure, they come but as warnings to prōud and tŷrănnic² man. The potato is smitten, that ă nation may not be oppressed forever ; and the harvest is dīmīnished, that the laws of man's unnatural avarice³ may be rent asunder. And then again the sun shines, the rain falls, and thē ăarth rejoices in a renewed beauty, and in a redoubled plenty.

7. It is ămīd one of these crises that we at this moment stand, and hail the month of harvests with unmingled joy. Never did the finger of Gōd demonstrate⁴ his beneficent⁵ will mōre perspicuously⁶ than at this moment. The nations have been warned and rebuked, and again the bounty of hēaven overflows thē ăarth in gōlden billōws of thē ocean of ăbūndance. Gōd wills that all thē arts of man to check his bounty, to create seărcity, to establish dearnēss to enfeeble the hand of the laborer, and cŷrse the table of the poor, shall be pŷt to shame ; that his creatures shall eat and be glad, whether corn-dealers and speculators live or die.

8. Nations, thērefōre, have fittingly rejoiced in ăvėry cėntury since the creation, in the joyfulness of harvest. It has been a time of activity and of sōngs. Never wăş there ă generation that had mōre cause to pŷt fōrth their reaping and rejoicing hands and sing so heartily as ours. The cōming mōnth will see the Phărăōh⁷ of monstrous monopoly,⁸ and all his wretched selfish hosts, drowned in the Red Sea of ăbūndance. The corn-dealers will be smōthered in the showering down heaps of their own commodity ; the speculator who has so lōng sought his own

¹ A'the ăsm, the disbelief or denial of thē existence of ă Gōd, or supreme intelligent Being.

² Tŷ răn'nic, unjustly severe in gōvernment ; oppressive ; cruel.

³ ăv'a rice, undue love of money ; greediness of gain.

⁴ De mōn'strate, to prove to ă cėrtăinty, or with great clearness.

⁵ Be nēf'i cent, ăbounding in acts of goodness ; charitable.

⁶ Per spic'ŷ ōŷ lŷ, in ă manner clear to thē understanding ; plainly.

⁷ Pharaoh (fă' rō), see Exodus, Chap. XIV.

⁸ Mo nōp'ō ly, thē ōnly power of dealing in any kind of goods ; the sole cōmmand or possession.

fattening at the cost of a nation's starvation and misery shall find that there is a greater speculator in the blue serene above him, whose hand can overwhelm him in the gulf of his own schemes, and craze all the chariot-wheels of his cunning.

9. Praise to God—the God of harvests—and to Him whose cattle are on a thousand hills. Let us go out and rejoice amid the sunshine, and the wheat stooping to the sickle, and the barley to the scythe, and the certain assurance that the loaf never was cheaper than it shall be within the next six months, never the heart of labor more strengthened with abundance.

10. There is no month more beautiful than August. It has a serene splendor and maturity about it that is delightful. The soil is dry, the sky is bright, and beautiful with scattered and silvery clouds. The foliage is full and luxuriant: the grass-fields mown in June and July are now full of the richest green, and cattle wander in finest condition through them, or lie in groups around, worthy of a painter's hand.

11. There is a sort of second spring in trees, the oak and the elm, especially, putting forth new shoots of a lighter tint. The hedges put on the same vernal-looking hue, and the heather¹ on the moors, and blue chieory, the large white convolvulus,² hawk-weeds, honeysuckles, and the small blue eampânulă,³ make the fields gay. The nuts, still green, hang in prodigal clusters on the tall old hedges of old woodland lanes. Young frogs in thousands are issuing from the waters, and traversing the roads; and birds having terminated their spring cares, are out enjoying their families in the sunny and plentiful fields.

WILLIAM HOWITT.

II.

79. SONG OF THE SOWER.

THE MAPLES redden in the sun ;
In autumn gold the beeches stand ;
Rest, faithful plow, thy work is done
Upon the teeming land.

¹ Hēath'er, & heath ; a place overgrown with heath.

² Con vōl'vu lus, a class of plants of many varieties, some of which are

beautiful ; called also *bind-weed*.

³ Cam pân'u la, a class of plants bearing bell-shaped flowers ; often of great beauty ; also called *bell-flower*.

Bordered with trees whose gay leaves fly
 On every breath that sweeps the sky,
 The fresh, dark acres furrowed lie,
 And ask the sower's hand.
 Loose the tired steed and let him go
 To pastures where the gentians¹ blow ;
 And we, who till the grateful ground,
 Fling we the golden shower around.

2. Fling wide the generous grain ! we fling
 O'er the dark mold the green of spring :
 For thick the emerald blades shall grow,
 When first the March winds melt the snow,
 And to the sleeping flowers, below,
 The early bluebirds sing.

Fling wide the grain ! we give the fields
 The ears that nod in summer's gale,
 The shining stems that summer gilds,
 The harvest that o'erflows the vale,
 And swells, an amber² sea, between
 The full-leaved woods, its shores of green.

3. Hark ! from the murmuring clods I hear
 Glad voices of the coming year :
 The song of him who binds the grain,
 The shout of those that load the wain ;³
 And from the distant grange⁴ there comes
 The clatter of the threshers' flail,
 And steadily the millstone hums
 Down in the willowy vale.

4. Fling wide the golden shower ! we trust
 The strength of armies to the dust—
 The peaceful lea⁵ may haply yield
 Its harvest for the tented field.
 Hâ ! feel ye not your fingers thrill,

¹ *Gentian* (jên'shan), a flowering plant of several species.

² *Am'ber*, of an amber or yellowish color.

³ *Wain*, a wagon.

⁴ *Grange*, a house for storing grain ; a granary ; a barn ; hence, also, a farm with its stables and other buildings.

⁵ *Lea*, sward-land or a meadow.

As o'er them, in the yëllōw grains,
 Glide the warm drops of blood that fill
 For mortal strife, the warrior's veins ;
 Such as, on Solferīno's¹ dāy,
 Slāked the brown sand and flowed āwāy ;
 Flowed till the hērds, on Mincio's² brīnk,
 Snuffed the red stream, and feared to drīnk ;—

5. Blood that in deeper pools shall lie
 On the sad ēarth, as time grows grāy—
 When men by deadliēr arts shall die,
 And deeper darknēss blot the sky
 Abōve the thundering frāy ;
 And realms that hear the battle-cry
 Shall sickēn with dismāy ;
 And chiēftāins to the war shall lead
 Whōle nations, with the tempest's speed,
 To perish in ā dāy ;
 Till man, by love and mērcy taught,
 Shall rue the wreck his fury wrought,
 And lay the swōrd āwāy.
 Oh ! strew, with pausing, shuddering hand,
 The seed upon the helpless land,
 As if, at every step, ye cāst
 The pelting hail and riving blāst.
6. Nay, strew (strō), with free and joyous sweep,
 The seed upon thē expecting soil ;
 For hence the plenteous year shall heap
 The garners of the men who toil.
 Strew the bright seed for those who tear
 The matted sward³ with spade and shāre,
 And those whose sounding axes gleam
 Beside the lonely fōrēst stream,
 Till its broad bānks lie bāre ;
 And him who breaks the quarry-ledgē,

¹ Solferino (sol fā rē'no), & village of Italy in East Lombardy. It has a ruined castle, once the seat of a prince of Solferino. June 24, 1859, thē Austrians were here defeated in

a great battle by thē allied French and Sardinians.

² Mincio (mīn'cho), & river of North Italy.

³ Sward (swārd), grāssy surface.

With hammer-blows, plied quick and strong,
And him who, with the steady sledge,
Smites the shrill anvil all day long.

7. Sprinkle the fûrrôws even trace
For those whose toiling hands uprear
The rôof-trees of our swarming race,
By grove and plain, by stream and mere ;¹
Who fôrth from crowdèd city lead
The lengthening street, and overlay
Green orchard-plot and grâssy mead
With pavement of the mûrmûring way.
Cast, with full hands, the harvest cast,
For the brave men that climb the mâst,
When to the billow and the blâst
It swings and stoops, with fearful strain,
And bind the fluttering mainsail fâst,
Till the tössed bark shall sit, again,
Safe as a seabird in the main.
8. Fling wide the grain for those who throw
The clanking shuttle to and fro,
In the lóng row of humming rôoms,
And into ponderous mâsses wind
The web that, from a thousand looms,
Comes fôrth to elôthe mankind.
Strew, with free sweep, the grain for them,
By whom the busy thread,
Along the gârmènt's even hem
And winding seam is led—
A pallid sisterhood, that keep
The lonely lamp alight,
In strife with wearinèss and sleep,
Beyond the middle night.
Large part be thêirs in what the year
Shall ripen for the reaper here.
9. Still strew, with joyous hand, the wheat
On the sôft mold benêath our feet ;
For even now I seem

¹ Mère, a pool or lake.

To hear a sound that lightly rings
 From mûrmûring harp and viol's strings,
 As in a summer dream.
 The welcome of the wedding-guest,
 The bridegrôom's look of bashful pride,
 The faint smile of the pallid bride,
 And the bridemaid's blush at mâttron's jest,
 And dânce, and sông, and generous dower,
 Are in the shining grains we shower.

10. Scatter the wheat for shipwrecked men,
 Who, hungêr-wôrñ, rejoice again
 In the sweet safety of the shôre ;
 And wanderers, lôst in woodlands drear,
 Whose pulses bound with joy to hear
 The hêrd's light bell once môre.
 Freely the gôlden spray be shed
 For him whose heart, when night comes down
 On the close alleys of the town,
 Is faint for lack of bread.

11. In chill rôof-châmbers, bleak and bâre,
 Or the damp cellar's stifling âir,
 She who now sees, in mute despâir,
 Her children pine for fôod,
 Shall feel the dews of gladnêss start
 To lids lông tearlêss, and shall part
 The sweet loaf, with a grateful heart,
 Amóng her thin, pale brood.
 Dear, kindly Earth, whose breast we till !
 O, for thy famished children, fill,
 Whêré'er the sower walks,
 Fill the rich ears that shade the mold
 With grain for grain, a hundred-fold,
 To bend the stûrdy stalks.

12. Brethren, the sower's tâsk is dône ;
 The seed is in its winter bed :
 Now let the dark brown mold be spread,
 To hide it from the sun,
 And leave it to the kindly câre

Of the still earth and brooding air :
As when the mother, from her breast,
Lays the hushed babe apart to rest,
And shades its eyes, and waits to see
How sweet its waking smile will be.

13. The tempest now may smite, the sleet
All night on the drowned furrow beat,
And winds that, from the cloudy hold
Of winter breathe the bitter cold,
Stiffen to stone the mellow mold,
Yet safe shall lie the wheat ;
Till, out of heaven's unmeasured blue,
Shall walk again the genial year,
To wake with warmth, and nurse with dew,
The germs we lay to slumber here.

- 14. O blessed harvest yet to be !
Abide thou with the love that keeps,
In its warm bosom, tenderly,
The life which wakes, and that which sleeps.
The love that leads the willing spheres
Along the unending track of years,
And watches o'er the sparrow's nest,
Shall brood above thy winter rest,
And raise thee from the dust, to hold
Light whisperings with the winds of May,
And fill thy spikes with living gold,
From summer's yellow ray.

15. Then, as thy garner gives thee forth,
On what glad errands shalt thou go,
Wherever, o'er the waiting earth,
Roads wind, and rivers flow !
The ancient East shall welcome thee,
To mighty marts beyond the sea ;
And they who dwell where palm-groves sound
To summer winds the whole year round,
Shall watch, in gladness, from the shore,
The sails that bring thy glistening store.

BRYANT.

AUTUMN ! Orchard of the year ! Bend thy boughs to the earth, redolent of growing fruit ! Ripened seeds shake in their pods. Apples drop in the stillest hours. Leaves begin to let go when no wind is out, and swing in long waverings to the earth, which they touch without sound, and lie looking up, till winds rake them, and heap them in fence corners. When the gales come through the trees, the yellow leaves trail, like sparks at night behind the flying engine. The woods are thinner, so that we can see the heavens plainer, as we lie dreaming on the yet warm moss by the singing spring. The days are calm. The nights are tranquil. The year's work is done. She walks in gorgeous apparel, looking upon her long labor, and her serene eye saith, "*It is good.*"

III.

80. AUTUMN.

ONCE MORE I am upon this serene hill-top ! The air is very clear, very still, and very solemn, or rather, tenderly sad, in its serene brightness. It is not that moist spring air, full of the smell of wood, of the soil, and of the odor of vegetation, which warm winds bring to us from the south. It is not that summer atmosphere, full of alternations of haze and fervent clearness, as if Nature were calling into life every day some influence for her myriad children ; sometimes in showers, and sometimes with coercive heat upon root and leaf ; and, like a universal task-master, were driving up the hours to accomplish the labors of the year.

2. No ! In these autumn days there is a sense of leisure and of meditation. The (thū) sun seems to look down upon the labors of its fiery hands with complacency.¹ Be satisfied, O seasonable Sun ! Thou hast shaped an ample year, and art garnering up harvests which well may swell thy rejoicing heart with gracious gladness.

3. One who breaks off in summer, and returns in autumn to the hills, needs almost to come to a new acquaintance with the most familiar things. It is another world ; or it is the old word masquerading ;² and you halt, like one scrutinizing a

¹ Com plā'cên cý, a feeling of quiet pleasure ; satisfaction.

² Masquerading (mās'ker ād'ing), appearing in a mask, or in disguise.

disguised friend, between thē obvious¹ dissemblance² and the subtle³ likeness.

4. Southward of our frōnt dōor thēre stōōd two elms, leaning thēir brānches tōward each other, forming ā glōrious arch of green. Now, in faint yēllōw, they grow attenuated,⁴ and seem as if departing; they are losing their leaves, and fading out of sight as trees do in twilight. Yōnder, over against that young growth of bīrch and evergreen, stood, all summer lōng, ā pērfect maple-tree, rounded out on every side, thick with luxūriant fōliāge, and dark with greenness, save when the morning sun, streaming through it, sent transparency to its very heart. Now it is ā tower of gorgeous red. So sober and solemn did it seem all summer, that I should think as sōōn to see ā prophet dāncing at a peasant's holiday, as it transfigured to such intense gayety. Its fēllōws, too, the bīrches and the wālnuts, bārn from head to foot with fires that glow but never consume.

5. But these hōlidāy hills! Have thē evening elouds, suffused with sunset, dropped down and become fixed into solid forms? Have the rainbows that followed autumn storms, faded upon the mountaīns and left thēir mantles there? Yēt, with all their brilliancy, how mōdēst do they seem; how patient when bāre, or burdened with winter; how cheerful when flushed with summer-green; and how modest when they lift up their wreathed and crowned heads in the resplendent days of autumn!

6. I stand ālōne upon the peaceful summit of this hill, and tūrn in every dīrēction. Thē east is all āglōw; the blue north flushes all her hills with rādiance; the west stands in bārnished armor; the southern hills buckle the zone of the hori'zon together with emeralds and rubies, such as were never set in the fabled girdle of the gōds! Of gazing there can not be enough. The hūnger of thē eye grows by feeding.

7. Only the brotherhood of evergreens—the pine, the cedar, the spruce,⁵ and the hemlock—refuse to join this univērsal revel. They wear their sober green through autumn and winter, as if they were set to keep ōpen the pāth of summer through the

¹ Ob'vi oūs, easily discovered, seen, or understood; ōpen.

² Dis sēm'blance, want of resemblance.

³ Sūb'tile, thin; rāre; delicate.

⁴ At tēn'u āt ed, made thin or slender.

⁵ Spruce (sprōs), Rule 4, p. 26.

whole year, and girdle all seasons together with a clasp of endless green. But in vain do they give solemn examples to the merry leaves which frolic with every breeze that runs sweet riot in the glowing shades. Gay leaves will not be counseled, but will die bright and laughing. But both together—the transfigured leaves of deciduous¹ trees, and the calm, unchangeableness of evergreens—how more beautiful are they than either alone! The solemn pine brings color to the cheek of the beeches, and the scarlet and golden maples rest gracefully upon the dark foliage of the million-fingered pine.

8. Lifted far above all harm of fowler, or impediment of mountain, wild fowl are steadily flying southward. The simple sight of them fills the imagination with pictures. They have all summer long called to each other from the reedy fens and wild oat-fields of the far north. Summer is already extinguished there. Winter is following their track, and marching steadily toward us. The spent flowers, the seared leaves, the thinning tree-tops, the morning frost, have borne witness of a change on earth; and these caravans of the upper air confirm the tidings. Summer is gone: winter is coming!

9. The wind has risen to-day. It is not one of those gusty, playful winds, that frolic with the trees. It is a wind high up in air, that moves steadily, with a solemn sound, as if it were the spirit of summer journeying past us; and, impatient of delay, it does not stoop to the earth, but touches the tops of the trees with a murmuring sound, sighing a sad farewell, and passing on.

10. Such days fill one with pleasant sadness. How sweet a pleasure is there in sadness! It is not sorrow; it is not despondency;² it is not gloom! It is one of the moods of joy. At any rate I am very happy, and yet it is sober, and very sad happiness. It is the shadow of joy upon the soul.

11. I can reason about these changes. I can cover over the dying leaves with imaginations as bright as their own hues; and, by religious faith, transfigure the whole scene with a blessed vision of joyous dying and glorious resurrection. But

¹ De cîd'ū oſs, falling off; not permanent; said of trees whose leaves fall in autumn, or of leaves

or other things that are shed yearly.
² De spōnd'en cy, a complete surrender of hope; discouragement.

what then? Such thoughts glow like evening clouds, and not far beneath them are the evening twilights, into whose dusk they will soon melt away. And all communions, and all admirations, and all associations, celestial or terrene,¹ come alike into a pensive sadness, that is even sweeter than our joy. It is, the minor² key of the thoughts.

H. W. BEECHER.

SECTION XXII.

I.

81. THE WOLVES.

YE who listen to stories told
 When hearths are cheery, and nights are cold,
 Of the lone wood-side, and the hungry pack
 That howls on the fainting traveler's track—
 Flame-red eye-balls that waylay,
 By the wintry moon, the belated sleigh—
 The lost child sought in the dismal wood,
 The little shoes and the stains of blood
 On the trampled snow—O ye that hear,
 With thrills of pity, or chills of fear,
 Wishing some angel had been sent
 To shield the hapless and innocent—
 Know ye the fiend that is crueler far
 Than the gaunt,³ gray herds of the forest are?

2. Swiftly vanish the wild, fleet tracks
 Before the rifle and woodman's ax;
 But hark to the coming of unseen feet,
 Pattering by night through the city street!
3. Each wolf that dies in the woodland brown
 Lives a specter,⁴ and haunts the town.
 By square and market they slink and prowl⁵—
 In lane and alley they leap and howl.

¹ Ter rēne', earthly.

² Mi'nor, less; in *music*, less or lower by half a tone.

³ Gaunt (gänt), slender; lean.

⁴ Spēc'ter, an apparition; a ghost.

⁵ Prowl, to rove over, through, or about; to rove or wander, especially for prey.

4. All night they snuff and snarl before
The poor patched window and broken door.
They paw the clapboards,¹ and claw the latch—
At every crevice they whine and scratch.
5. Their tongues are subtle,² and long, and thin,
And they lap the living blood within.
Icy keen are the teeth that tear,
Red as ruin the eyes that glare.
6. Children crouched in corners cold
Shiver in tattered garments old,
And start from sleep with bitter pang
At the touch of the phantoms'³ viewless fangs.
7. Weary the mother, and worn with strife,
Still she watches and fights for life;
But her hand is feeble, her weapon small—
One little needle against them all!
8. O ye that listen to stories told,
When hearths are cheery and nights are cold,
Weep no more at the tales you hear;
The danger is close, and the wolves are near!
9. Pass not by, with averted⁴ eye,
The door where the stricken children cry.
But when the beat of the unseen feet
Sounds by night through the stormy street,
Follow thou where the spectres glide;
Stand like Hope by the mother's side;
And be thyself the angel sent
To shield the hapless and innocent.
10. He gives but little who gives his tears,
He gives his best who aids and cheers;
He does well in the forest wild
Who slays the monster, and saves the child;
But he does better, and merits more,
Who drives the wolf from the poor man's door.

¹ Clapboards (kläb'bördz).³ Phän'tom, a specter; a ghost.² Subtle (süt'l), sly in design; artful; cunning.⁴ Averted (ä vërt' ed), turned or caused to turn off, aside, or away.

II.

82. HUNGER AND COLD.

SISTERS two, all praise to you,
 With your faces pinched and blue;
 To the poor man you've been true,

From of old :

You can speak the keenest word,
 You are sure (short) of being heard,
 From the point you're never stirred,
 Hunger and Cold !

2. Let sleek statesmen temporize ;
 Palsied are their shifts and lies
 When they meet your bloodshot eyes,
 Grim and bold ;

Policy you set at naught,
 In their traps you'll not be caught,
 You're too honest to be bought,
 Hunger and Cold !

3. Bolt and bar the palace-door ;
 While the mass of men are poor,
 Naked truth grows more and more
 Uncontrolled :

You had never yet, I guess,
 Any praise for bashfulness ;
 You can visit sans¹ court-dress,
 Hunger and Cold !

4. While the music fell and rose,
 And the dance reeled to its close,
 Where her round of costly woes
 Fashion strolled,

I beheld, with shuddering fear,
 Wolves' eyes through the windows peer ;
 Little dream they you are near,
 Hunger and Cold !

5. When the toiler's heart you clutch,
 Conscience is not valued much,

¹ Sans, without.

He reck's not a bloody smutch
 On his gold :
 Every thing to you defers—
 You are pōtent¹ reasoners—
 At your whisper Treason² stirs,
 Hunger and Cold !

6. Rude comparisons you draw,
 Words refuse to sate³ your maw,⁴
 Your gaunt limbs the cobweb law
 Can not hold !
 You're not clogged with foolish pride,
 But can seize a right denied ;
 Somehow Gōd is on your side,
 Hunger and Cold !

7. You respect no hōary⁵ wrōng
 Mōre for having triumphed lōng ;
 Its pāst victims, haggard thrōng,
 From the mōld
 You unbury ; swōrds and spears
 Weaker are than poor men's tears,
 Weaker than your silent years,
 Hunger and Cold !

8. Let them guard bōth hall and bower ;
 Through the wīndōw you will glower,⁶
 Patient till your reckōning hour
 Shall be tōlled :
 Cheeks are pale, but hands are red,
 Guiltless blood may chānce be shed,
 But ye must and will be fed,
 Hunger and Cold !

9. Gōd has plans man must not spoil :
 Some were made to starve and toil,

¹ Pō'tent, powerful ; strong.

² Treason (trē'zn), thē offense of attempting to overthrow the government of the state to which thē offender is subject, or of betraying the state into the hands of a fōreign power ; treachery.

³ Sāte, satisfy the desire or appetite of.

⁴ Maw (mə), a stōmach of one of the lower animals, or, in contempt, of a man ; in birds, the craw.

⁵ Hōar'y, white or gray with age.

⁶ Glower (glou'er), stāre angrily.

Some to share the wine and oil,
 We are told :
 Devil's theories are these,
 Stifling hope, and love, and peace,
 Framed your hideous lusts to please,
 Hunger and Cold !

10. Scatter ashes on thy head,
 Tears of burning sorrow shed,
 Earth ! and be by pity led
 To love's fold ;
 Ere they block the very door
 With lean corpses of the poor,
 And will hush for naught but gore—
 Hunger and Cold !

LOWELL.¹

III.

83. *NOTHING TO WEAR.*

O LADIES, dear ladies, the next sunny day,
 Please trundle your hoops just out of Broadway,
 From its whirl and its bustle, its fashion and pride,
 And the temples of Trade which tower on each side,
 To the alleys and lanes, where Misfortune and Guilt
 Their children have gathered, their city have built—
 Where Hunger and Vice, like twin beasts of prey,
 Have hunted their victims to gloom and despair.
 Raise the rich, dainty dress, and the fine brodered skirt ;
 Pick your delicate way through the dampness and dirt ;
 Grope through the dark dens, climb the rickety² stair
 To the garret, where wretches, the young and the old,
 Half-starved, and half-naked, lie crouched from the cold !

2. See those skeleton limbs, those frost-bitten feet,
 All bleeding and bruised by the stones of the street ;
 Hear the sharp cry of childhood, the deep groans that swell

¹ James Russell Lowell, an American poet, was born in Cambridge, Mass., Feb. 22, 1819. Several editions of his collected poems have appeared in this country and in England. He has written much for the

"North American Review," London "Daily News," and numerous other periodicals, and is now [Jan. 1881] U.S. Env. Ex. and Min. Plen. to G. B.

² Rick'et y, feeble in the joints ; imperfect ; weak.

From the poor dying creature who writhes on the floor ;
 Hear the curses that sound like Hope's dying farewell,
 As you sicken, and shudder, and fly from the door ;
 Then home to your wardrobes, and say, if you dare—
 Spoiled children of Fashion—you've nothing to wear !

3. And oh ! if perchance there *should* be a sphere
 Where all is made right which so puzzles us here ;
 Where the glare and the glitter, and tinsel of Time
 Fade and die in the light of that region sublime ;
 Where the soul, disenchanted¹ of flesh and of sense,
 Unscreened by its trappings,² and shows, and pretense,³
 Must be clothed, for the life and the service above,
 With purity, truth, faith, meekness, and love ;
 O daughters of Earth ! foolish virgins, beware !
 Lest in that upper realm you have nothing to wear !

BUTLER.⁴

IV.

84. UNSEEN SPIRITS.

THE shadows lay along Broadway—
 'Twas near the twilight-tide—
 And slowly there a lady fair
 Was walking in her pride.
 Alone walked she ; but, viewlessly,
 Walked spirits at her side.

2. Peace charmed the street beneath her feet,
 And Honor charmed the air ;
 And all astir looked kind on her,
 And called her good and fair ;
 For all God ever gave to her
 She kept with chary⁵ care.
3. She kept with care her beauties rare
 From lovers warm and true ;

¹ Dis'en chant'ed, delivered from the power of spells, or charms ; freed from delusion.

² Träp'pings, ornaments.

³ Pre tēse', false show.

⁴ William Allen Butler, an American lawyer and poet, was born in

Albany, N. Y., in 1825. He has contributed many papers in prose and verse to periodicals. The poem of "Nothing to Wear," from which the above is an extract, appeared in 1857, and was very popular.

⁵ Chary (châr'y), cautious.

For hēr heart wās cold to all buſt gold—
 And the rich came not to woo :
 But honored well are charms to sell,
 If priests the selling do.

4. Now walking thêre was one more fâir—
 A slight gîrl, lily-pale ;
 And she had unseen company
 To make the spirit quail :¹
 'Twixt Want and Scôrn she walked forlorn,²
 And nôthing could avail.
5. No mērcy now can clear her brow
 For this world's peace to pray ;
 For, as love's wild prâyer dissolved in âir,
 Her wôman's heart gave way !
 But the sin forgiven by Christ in hêaven
 By man is cûrsed âlwây !

WILLIS.³

SECTION XXIII.

I.

85. THE BOY OF RATISBON.

YOU know we French stormed Ratisbon ;⁴—
 A mile or so âwây,
 On â little mound, Napoleon⁵
 Stood on our storming day ;
 With neck out-thrust, you fancy how—
 Legs wide, arms locked behind,
 As if to balance the prone⁶ brow
 Oppressive with its mind.

¹ Quâil, to become quelled ; to shrink ; to give wây.

² For lorn', forsaken ; miserable.

³ Nathaniel Parker Willis, an American author, wās born in Portland, Maine, Jan. 20, 1807. He has written much and well, both in prose and verse. His style is remarkably sprightly and graceful. No American writer has shown more skill in construction, or in â happy choice of

words. He died January 10, 1861.

⁴ Rât'is bon, â walled town of Bavaria, and once its capital. Near it, in 1809, Napoleon was wounded in â battle with thê Austrians.

⁵ Napoleon Bonaparte, â great warrior and statesman, first "Emperor of the French," wās born at Ajaccio, in Corsica, Aug. 15, 1769, and died at St. Helena, May 5, 1821.

⁶ Prône, inclined ; bending fôrward.

2. Just as perhaps he mused, "My plans
That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army-leader Lannes¹
Waver at yonder wall ;"
Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew,
A rider bound on bound
Full-galloping ; nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.
3. Then off there flung, in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
Just by his horse's mane, a boy ;
You hardly could suspect—
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came through)—
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.
4. "Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace
We've got you Ratisbon !
The marshal's in the market-place,
And you'll be there anon
To see your flag-bird flap his vans
Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him." The chief's eye flashed ; his plans
Soured up again like fire.
5. The chief's eye flashed ; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother-eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes ;
"You're wounded !"—"Nay," his soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said :
"I'm killed, sire !" And, his chief beside,
Smiling, the boy fell dead.

BROWNING.²

¹ Jean Lannes (länz), duke of Montebello, a marshal of France, was born in Lectoure, old province of Guienne, April 11, 1769, and died in Vienne, May 31, 1809.

² Robert Browning, one of the most remarkable English poets, was

born in Camberwell, a suburb of London, in 1812. Though a true poet, many of his poems are not popular among the masses. A few of his dramatic lyrics, however, of which the above is one, are unrivaled in elements of popularity.



II.

86. *THE BOY OF THE ARCTIC.*

THE thick fōg baffled vision,
But daylight lingered yēt,
When two ships in collision,¹
Upon thē ocean met ;

¹ The Collision of thē Arctic and the Vesta, two ocean steamers, in which the former was lōst, with

mōst of the passengers on bōard, occurred near New'foundland in thē autumn of 1854.

The Aretie shook and reeled ;
 A hole in hēr fōre-quarter
 Let in a rush of water :
 The good ship's doom waꝝ sealed.

2. And thêre wêre men and women
 Crowded upon the deck ;
 And there were frightened seamen
 Rushing to leave the wreck !
 In vain the cāptāin shouted ;
 The crāven¹ crew have left him,
 Of evêry bōat bereft him :
 Destruction is undoubted.

3. But, hark ! a gun is pealing
 Fast from that vessel's side ;
 One true heart is revealing
 That Duty dôth abide
 O'er Death and all his hōst.
 The boy stands lōading, firing,
 Unaided and untiring,
 Nor thinks he of inquiring
 If he may quit his pōst.

4. The ship sinks lower, lower—
 She's pāst her water-line ;
 The climbing sūrges throw her
 Deeper within the brine.
 Foam-wreaths her last plank crown !
 But, as the wild waves won her,
 There stood the youthful gunner ;
 One lāst peal sent from on her—
 Then with his gun went down !

OSBORNE.

III.

87. THE POLISH BOY.

WHENCE come those shrieks so wild and shrill,
 That cut like blades of steel, thē āir,

¹ Craven (krā'vn), cowardly ; with meanness.

- Causing the creeping blood to chill
 With the sharp cadence ¹ of despair ?
 Again they come, as if a heart
 Were cleft in twain by one quick blow,
 And every string had voice apart
 To utter its peculiar woe.
2. Whence came they ? from yon temple, where
 An altar, raised for private prayer,
 Now forms the warrior's marble bed,
 Who Warsaw's gallant army led.
 The dim funereal ² tapers throw
 A holy luster o'er his brow,
 And burnish with their rays of light
 The mass of curls that gather bright
 Above the haughty brow and eye
 Of a young boy that's kneeling by.
3. What hand is that, whose icy press
 Clings to the dead with death's own grasp,
 But meets no answering caress ?
 No thrilling fingers seek its clasp :
 It is the hand of her whose cry
 Rang wildly late upon the air,
 When the dead warrior met her eye,
 Outstretched upon the altar there.
4. With pallid ³ lip and stony brow,
 She murmurs forth her anguish now.
 But hark ! the tramp of heavy feet
 Is heard along the bloody street !
 Nearer and nearer yet they come,
 With clanking arms and noiseless drum.
 Now whispered curses, low and deep,
 Around the holy temple creep ;
 The gate is burst ! a ruffian ⁴ band

¹ Că'dence, a modulation or fall of the voice in reading or speaking, especially at the close of a sentence ; hence, a regular modulation of sound in general.

² Fu nă're al, suiting, or pertaining to, a funeral ; dark ; mournful.

³ Pă'lid, wanting in color ; pale.

⁴ Ruffian (rűf'yan), savagely boisterous ; brutal ; murderous.

- Rush in and savagely demand,
 With brutal voice and oath profane,
 The startled boy for exile's chain !
5. The mother sprang with gesture wild,
 And to her bosom clasped her child ;
 Then, with pale cheek and flashing eye,
 Shouted, with fearful energy,
 " Back, ruffians, back ! nor dare to tread
 Too near the body of my dead !
 Nor touch the living boy ! I stand
 Between him and your lawless band !
 Take me, and bind these arms, these hands,
 With Russia's¹ heaviest iron bands,
 And drag me to Siberia's wild,
 To perish, if 't will save my child !"
6. " Peace, woman, peace !" the leader cried,
 Tearing the pale boy from her side,
 And in his ruffian grasp he bore
 His victim to the temple door.
 " One moment !" shrieked the mother, " one !
 Will land or gold redeem my son ?
 Take heritage, take name, take all,
 But leave him free from Russian² thrall !³
 Take these !" and her white arms and hands
 She stripped of rings and diamond bands,
 And tore from braids of long black hair
 The gems that gleamed like starlight there.
 Her cross of blazing rubies, last
 Down at the Russian's feet she cast.
7. He stooped to seize the glittering store ;—
 Up springing from the marble floor
 The mother, with a cry of joy,
 Snatched to her leaping heart the boy !
 But no ! the Russian's iron grasp
 Again undid the mother's clasp.

¹ Russia (rűsh'í á).² Russian (rűsh'an).³ Thrall, & slave ; slavery ; bondage ; servitude.

Forward she fell with one long cry
Of more than mortal agony.

8. But the brave child is roused at length,
And, breaking from the Russian's hold,
He stands, a giant in the strength
Of his young spirit fierce and bold,
Proudly he towers ; his flashing eye
So blue, and yet so bright,
Seems kindled from the eternal sky,
So brilliant is its light.
His curling lips and crimson cheeks
Foretell the thought before he speaks.
With a full voice of proud command
He turns upon the wondering band :
" Ye hold me not ! no, no, nor can !
This hour has made the boy a man.
I knelt beside my slaughtered sire,
Nor felt one throb of vengeful ire.
I wept upon his marble brow,
Yes, wept ! I was a child ; but now—
My noble mother on her knee
Has done the work of years for me ! "

9. He drew aside his brodered vest,
And there, like slumbering serpent's crest,
The jeweled haft¹ of poniard² bright
Glittered a moment on the sight.—
" Ha ! start ye back ? Fool ! coward ! knave !
Think ye my noble father's glave³
Would drink the life-blood of a slave ?
The pearls that on the handle flame
Would blush to rubies in their shame ;
The blade would quiver in thy breast,
Ashamed of such ignoble rest.
No ! thus I rend the tyrant's chain,
And fling him back a boy's disdain ! "

¹ Haft (háft), a handle.

² Poniard (põn'yard), a pointed instrument for stabbing ; a small dagger.

³ Glave, a curved cutting instrument, having its edge on the outer curve, and fastened to the end of a pole—here used for poniard.

10. A moment, and the funeral light
 Flashed on the jeweled weapon bright;
 Another, and his young heart's blood
 Leaped to the floor, a crimson flood !
 Quick to his mother's side he sprang,
 And on the air his clear voice rang :
 "Up, mother, up ! I'm free ! I'm free !
 The choice was death or slavery !
 Up, mother, up ! Look on thy son !
 His freedom is forever won !
 And now he waits one holy kiss
 To bear his father home in bliss ;
 One last embrace, one blessing—one !
 To prove thou know'st, approv'st, thy son.
 What ! silent yet ? Canst thou not feel
 My warm blood o'er thy heart congeal ?
 Speak, mother, speak ! lift up thy head !
 What ! silent still ? Then art thou dead !
 —Great God ! I thank thee ! Mother, I
 Rejoice with thee—and *thus*—to die !"—
 One long, deep breath, and his pale head
 Lay on his mother's bosom—dead !

MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

SECTION XXIV.

I.

85. THE BATTLE OF LEXINGTON.

ON the afternoon of the day on which the provincial congress of Massachusetts adjourned [April 15, 1775], Gage took the light infantry and grenadiers off duty, and secretly prepared an expedition to destroy the colony's stores at Concord. But the attempt had for several weeks been expected ; a strict watch had been kept ; and signals were concerted to announce the first movement of troops for the country. Samuel Adams¹

¹ Samuel Adams, a leading actor in the American revolution, was born in Boston, Sept. 27, 1722, of a family long settled there, where he died, Oct. 2, 1803. He was eight years a member of the Continental Congress.

and Hancock,¹ who had not yet left Lēxingtōn for Phīladēlphīā, received a timely message from Warren,² and in consequence, the committee of safety removed a part of the public stores, and secreted the cannon.

2. On Tuesday, the 18th, ten or more sergeants (sār'jents) in disguise dispersed themselves through Cāmbridge and further west, to intercept all communication. In the following night, the grenadiers and light infantry, not less than eight hundred in number, the flower of the army at Bōstōn, crossed in the boats of the trānsport-ships from the foot of the common to East Cāmbridge. Thēre they received a dāy's provisions, and near midnight, after wading through wet marshes, that are now covered by a stately town, they took the road through West Cāmbridge to Concord.

3. "They will miss their aim," said one of a party who observed their departure. "What aim?" asked Lord Pērcy, who overheard the remark. "Why, the cannon at Concord," was the answer. Pērcy hastened to Gage,³ who instantly directed that no one should be suffered to leave the town. But Warren had already, at ten o'clock, dispatched William Dawes through Roxbury to Lēxingtōn, and at the same time desired Paul Revere to set off by way of Charlestown.

4. Revere stopped only to engage a friend to raise the concerted signals, and five minutes before the sentinels received the order to prevent it, two friends rowed him past the Sōmerset man-of-war, across Charles River. All was still, as suited the hour. The ship was winding with the young flood; the waning moon just peered above a clear hori'zon; while from a couple of lanterns in the tower of the North Chūrch, the bēacon⁴ streamed to the neighboring towns, as fast as light could travel.

5. A little beyond Charlestown Neck, Revere was intercepted by two British officers on horseback; but being himself well

¹ John Hancock, an American statesman, first president of the Continental Congress, was born in Quincy, Mass., Jan. 12, 1737, and died there, Oct. 8, 1793. He was eleven years governor of Massachusetts.

² Joseph Warren, an American patriot, was born in Roxbury, Mass.,

in 1741, and killed in the battle of Bunker Hill, June 17, 1775.

³ Thomas Gage, the last royal governor of Mass., was born in England, and died there in April, 1787.

⁴ Beacon (bē'kn), a signal fire to make known the approach of an enemy; that which warns.

mounted, he turned suddenly, and leading one of them into a clay pond, escaped from the other by the road to Medford. As he passed on, he waked the captain of the minute¹-men of that town, and continued to rouse almost every house on the way to Lexington.

6. Lexington, in 1775, may have had seven hundred inhabitants, forming one parish, and having for their minister the learned and fervent Jonas Clark, the bold inditer² of patriotic³ state papers that may yet be read on their town records. In December, 1772, they had instructed their representative to demand "a radical⁴ and lasting redress of their grievances, for not through their neglect should the people be enslaved." A year later, they spurned the use of tea. In 1774, at various town-meetings, they voted "to increase their stock of ammunition"—"to encourage military discipline, and to put themselves in a posture of defense against (a gēnst') their enemies." In December, they distributed to "the train band and alarm list" arms and ammunition, and resolved to "supply the train-ing soldiers with bayonets."

7. At two in the morning, under the eye of the minister, and of Hancock and Adams, Lexington common was alive with the minute-men; and not with them only, but with the old men also, who were exēpts, except in case of immediate danger to the town. The roll was called, and of militia and alarm men, about one hundred and thirty answered to their names. The captain, John Parker, ordered every one to load with powder and ball, but to take care not to be the first to fire. Messengers sent to look for the British regulars reported that there were no signs of their approach. A watch was therefore set, and the company dismissed with orders to come together at beat of drum. Some went to their own homes; some to the tavern, near the south-east corner of the common. Adams and Hancock, whose proscription had already been divulged, and whose seizure was believed to be intended, were compelled by persuasion to retire toward Woburn.

¹ Minute (mīn'it).

² In dit'er, one who directs, dictates, suggests, or prompts what is to be spoken or written; a writer.

³ Pā'tri ōt'ic, full of love of coun-

try; directed to the public safety and welfare.

⁴ Rād'i cal, pertaining, or relating, to the root or origin; thorough-going.

8. The last stars were vanishing from night, when the foremost party, led by Pitcairn,¹ a major of marines,² was discovered, advancing quickly and in silence. Alarm guns were fired, and drums beat, not a call to village husbandmen only, but the reveille³ to humanity. Less than seventy, perhaps less than sixty, obeyed the summons, and in sight of half as many boys and unarmed men, were paraded in two ranks, a few rods north of the meeting-house.

9. How often in that building had they, with renewed professions of their faith, looked up to God as the stay of their fathers, and the protector of their privileges! How often on that village green, hard by the burial-place of their forefathers, had they pledged themselves to each other to combat manfully for their birthright inheritance of liberty! There they now stood, side by side, under the provincial banner, with arms in their hands, silent and fearless, willing to fight for their privileges, scrupulous not to begin civil war, and as yet unsuspecting of immediate danger. The ground on which they trod was the altar of freedom, and they were to furnish its victims.

10. The British van, hearing the drum and the alarm-guns, halted to load; the remaining companies came up; and at half an hour before sunrise, the advance party hurried forward at double-quick time, almost upon a run, closely followed by the grenadiers.⁴ Pitcairn rode in front, and when within five or six rods of the minute-men, cried out, "Disperse, ye villains, ye rebels, disperse; lay down your arms; why don't you lay down your arms and disperse?" The main part of the countrymen stood motionless in the ranks, witnesses against aggression; too few to resist, too brave to fly. At this, Pitcairn discharged a pistol, and with a loud voice cried, "Fire!" The order was instantly followed, first by a few guns, which did no execution, and then by a heavy, close, and deadly discharge of musketry.

11. In the disparity⁵ of numbers, the common was a field of

¹ Pitcairn (pit'kârn).

² Marine (mā rēn'), a sea soldier; one of a body of troops trained to do duty in vessels of war.

³ Reveille (re vāl'yā), the beat of drum about break of day, to give notice that it is time for the soldiers

to rise, and for the sentinels to forbear challenging.

⁴ Grēn'a diēr', one of a company of picked men attached to most European regiments; distinguished for height and fine personal appearance.

⁵ Dis pār'i tŷ, disproportion.

mûrder, not of battle ; Parker thêrefôre ordered his men to dispêrse. Then, and not till then, did a few of them, on their own impulse, retûrn the British fire. These random shots of fugitives or dying men did no harm, except that Pitcairn's horse wæs perhaps grazed, and a private of the tenth light infantry was touched slightly in the leg.

12. Day came in all the beauty of an êarly spring. The trees were budding ; the græss growing rankly a full mônth befôre its time ; the bluebird and the robin gladdening the gêniäl season, and calling fôrth the beams of the sun, which on that morning shône with the warmth of summer ; but distress and hõrror gäthêred over thê inhabitants of the peaceful town. There on the green, lay in deäth the gray-haired and the young ; the grässy field was red "with thê innocent blood of their brethren slain," crying unto Gõd for vengeance, from the ground.

13. Sêven of the men of Lexington were killed, nine wqunded, —â quarter part of all who stood in arms on the green. These are the village heroes, who were mōre than of noble blood, proving by their spirit that they were of a race dîvine. They gave their lives in testimony to the rights of mankind, bequêathing to their country an assurance of success in the mighty struggle which they began. Their names are had in grateful remembrance, and thê expäuding millions of their countrymen renew and multiply their praise from generation to generation. BANCROFT.¹

II.

89. PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.

LISTEN, my childrên, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On thê eighteenth of April, in seventy-five ;—
Hardly â man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

2. He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern älöft in the belfry-ärch

¹ George Bancroft, an Amêrican history of the United States is esteemed one of the noblest monuments of Amêrican literature. historian and statesman, born at Worcester, Mass., Oct. 3, 1800. His

Of the North Church tower as a signal light—
One, if by land, and two, if by sea ;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country-folk to be up and to arm."

3. Then said he, "Good night !" and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war ;
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.
4. Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street,
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,
Marching down to their boats on the shore.
5. Then he climbed to the tower of the church,
Up the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the sombre rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade—
Up the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen, and look down,
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.
6. Beneath, in the church-yard, lay the dead,
In their night-encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind, as it went

Creeping along from tent to tent,
 And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
 A moment only he feels the spell
 Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread
 Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
 For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
 On a shadowy something far away,
 Where the river widens to meet the bay—
 A line of black that bends and floats
 On the rising tide like a bridge of boats.

7. Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
 Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
 On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
 Now he patted his horse's side,
 Now gazed at the landscape far and near,
 Then, impetuous,¹ stamped the earth,
 And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
 But mostly he watched with eager search
 The belfry-tower of the Old North Church,
 As it rose above the graves on the hill,
 Lonely and spectral² and somber³ and still—
 And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
 A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
 He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,⁴
 But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
 A second lamp in the belfry burns!
8. A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
 A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
 And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
 Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet:
 That was all! And yet through the gloom and the light,
 The fate of a nation was riding that night;
 And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
 Kindled the land into flame with its heat.
9. He has left the village, and mounted the steep,
 And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,

¹ Im pēt'ū oās, fierce; hasty.

² Sōm'ber, dull; dusky; gloomy;

³ Spēc'tral, relating to an apparition; ghostly.

cloudy; sad.

⁴ Turns (tērnz), Note 4, p. 18.

Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;
 And under the alders, that skirt its edge,
 Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,¹
 Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

10. It was twelve by the village clock
 When he crossed the bridge into Medford² town.
 He heard the crowing of the cock,
 And the barking of the farmer's dog,
 And felt the damp of the river fog,
 That rises after the sun goes down.
11. It was one by the village clock
 When he galloped into Lexington.
 He saw the gilded weathercock
 Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
 And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
 Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
 As if they already stood aghast,
 At the bloody work they would look upon.
12. It was two by the village clock
 When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
 He heard the bleating of the flock,
 And the twitter of birds among the trees,
 And felt the breath of the morning breeze
 Blowing over the meadows brown.
 And one was safe and asleep in his bed
 Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
 Who that day would be lying dead
 Pierced by a British musket-ball.
13. You know the rest. In the books you have read
 How the British Regulars fired and fled—
 How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
 From behind each fence and farm-yard wall,
 Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
 Then crossing the fields to emerge again
 Under the trees at the turn of the road,
 And only pausing to fire and load.

¹ Ledge, a shelf of rocks; a ridge. and township of Middlesex Co., Mas-

² Med'ford, a flourishing village sachusetts, on the Mystic River.

14. So through the night rode Paul Revere ;
 And so through the night went his cry of alarm
 To every Middlesex village and farm—
 A cry of defiance,¹ and not of fear,
 A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
 And a word that shall echo forevermore !
 For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
 Through all our history to the last,
 In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
 The people will waken and listen to hear
 The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
 And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

LONGFELLOW.²

III.

90. THE BATTLE OF EUTAW.³

- HARK ! 'tis the voice of the mountain,
 And it speaks to our heart in its pride,
 As it tells of the bearing of heroes
 Who encompassed its summits and died !
 How they gathered to strife as the eagles,
 When the foeman had clambered the height !
 How, with scent keen and eager as beagles,⁴
 They hunted him down for the fight !
2. Hark ! through the gorge⁵ of the valley,
 'Tis the bugle that tells of the foe ;
 Our own quickly sounds for the rally,
 And we snatch down the rifle and go.
 As the hunters who hear of the panther,
 Each arms him and leaps to his steed,

¹ De ff'ance, willingness to fight ;
 & challenge ; & summons to combat.

² Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, an American poet, was born in Portland, Me., Feb. 27, 1807. He ranks very high among modern poets. His works have passed through repeated editions both in this country and in Europe.

³ Eutaw Springs, & small stream

flowing into the Santee River, in South Carolina, about sixty miles N. W. from Charleston, near which the battle here described was fought Sept. 8, 1781.

⁴ Bēa'gle, & small hound, or hunting dog, formerly used in hunting hares.

⁵ Gōrge, & narrow passage or entrance.

Rides förth through the desolate antre,¹
 With the knife and the rifle at need.

3. From a thousand deep gorges they gather,
 From the cot lowly perched by the rill,
 The cabin hälf hid in the hëather,
 'Nëath the crag whêre thê eagle keeps still ;
 Each lonely at first in his roaming,
 Till the vail to the sight ôpens fáir,
 And he sees the low cot through the glöaming,²
 When his bugle gives tóngue to thê áir.

4. Thus, a thousand brave hunters assemble
 For the hunt of thê insolent foe,
 And soon shall his myrmidons³ tremble
 'Neath the shock of the thunderbolt's blow.
 Down the lone heights now wind they together,
 As the mountain-bröoks flöw to the vale,
 And, now, as they group on the hëather,
 The keen scout delivers his tale :

5. "The British—the tories are on us,
 And now is the moment to prove
 To the women whose virtues have won us,
 That our virtues are worthy their love !
 They have swept the vást valleys belöw us,
 With fire, to the hills from the sea ;
 And here would they seek to ô'erthröw us,
 In a realm which our eagle makes free !"

6. No war-council suffered to trifle
 With thê hours devote to the deed ;
 Swift follöwed the grâsp of the rifle,
 Swift follöwed the bound to the steed ;
 And soon, to thê eyes of our yeomen,
 All pânting with rage at the sight,
 Gleamed the löng wavy tents of the foeman,
 As he lay in his camp on the height.

¹ Antre (án'tér), a cavern ; a pas-sage.

² Glöam'ing, twilight ; dusk.

³ Myrmidon (mër'ní don), a soldier of a rough character ; a ruffian under some daring leader.

7. Grim dashed they away as they bounded,
 The hunters to hem in the prey,
 And with Deckard's long rifles surrounded,
 Then the British rose fast to the fray ;
 And never, with arms of more vigor,
 Did their bayonets press through the strife,
 Where, with every swift pull of the trigger,
 The sharp-shooters dashed out a life !
8. 'Twas the meeting of eagles and lions ;
 'Twas the rushing of tempests and waves—
 Insolent triumph 'gainst patriot defiance,
 Born freemen 'gainst sycophant¹ slaves ;
 Scotch Ferguson sounding his whistle
 As from danger to danger he flies,
 Feels the moral that lies in Scotch thistle,
 With its "touch me who dare !" and he dies.
9. An hour, and the battle is over ;
 The eagles are rending the prey ;
 The serpents seek flight into cover,
 But the terror still stands in the way :
 More dreadful the doom that on treason
 Avenges the wrongs of the state ;
 And the oak-tree for many a season
 Bears fruit for the vultures of fate ! W. G. SIMMS.²

SECTION XXV.

I.

91. WHITTLING.

THE Yankee boy, before he's sent to school,
 Well knows the mysteries of that magic tool,
 The pocket-knife. To that his wistful eye
 Turns, while he hears his mother's lullaby ;

¹ Syc'o phant, & base hanger-on ;
 & mean flatterer.

² William Gilmore Simms, an
 American author, was born in
 Charleston, S. C., April 17, 1806. He

has written much, both in prose and
 verse. His writings are character-
 ized by earnestness, sincerity, and
 thoroughness. He died at his birth-
 place June 11, 1870.

His hōarded¹ cents he gladly gives to get it,
 Then leaves no stōne untūrnēd till he can whet it ;
 And in thē education of the lad
 No little part that implement hafh had,
 His pocket-knife to the young whittler brings
 A growing knowledge of material things.

2. Projēctīles,² music, and the sculptor's³ art,
 His chestnut whistle and his shingle dart,
 His elder pop-gun with its hīckōry rod,
 Its sharp explosion and rebounding wad,
 His corn-stalk fiddle, and the deeper tone
 That mūrmūrs from his pumpkin-stalk trōmbōne,
 Conspire to teach the boy. To these succeed
 His bow, his ārrōw of a feathered reed,
 His wind-mill, raised the pāssing breeze to win,
 His water-wheel, that turns upon ā pin ;
 Or, if his father lives upon the shōre,
 You'll see his ship, "beam ends upon the floor,"
 Full rigged, with raking māsts, and timbers stānch,⁴
 And waiting, near the wāsh-tub, for ā lāunch.⁵
3. Thus, by his genius⁶ and his jack-knife driven,
 Ere lōng he'll solve yōu any problem given ;
 Make any jim-crack, musical or mute,
 A plow, a cōuch, an organ, or a flute ;
 Make you ā locomotive or ā clock,
 Cut ā canal, or build a flōating-dock,
 Or lead fōrth Beauty from a marble block—
 Make any thing, in short, for sea or shōre,
 From ā child's rattle, to a seventy-four ;—
 Make it, said I ?—āy ! when he undertakes it,
 He'll make the thing and the māchine that makes it.

¹ Hōard'ed, collected and laid up ; stored secretly.

² Projēctīle, ā body or thing thrown out, or impelled fōrward, by force, especially thrōugh thē air.

³ Scūlp'tor, one whose business it is to carve images or figures.

⁴ Stānch (stānch), strōng and tight ; firm ; sound.

⁵ Lāunch (lānch), to cause to move or slide from the land into the water ; to send fōrth.

⁶ Genius (jēn'yus), the peculiar form of mind with which each person is favored by nature ; the high and peculiar gifts of nature which force the mind to cērtain fāvorite kinds of labor.

4. And when the thing is made—whether it be
 To move on earth, in air, or on the sea ;
 Whether on water, o'er the waves to glide,
 Or, upon land to roll, revolve, or slide ;
 Whether to whirl or jar, to strike or ring,
 Whether it be a piston or a spring,
 Wheel, pulley, tube sonorous,¹ wood or brass,
 The thing designed shall surely come to pass ;
 For, when his hand's upon it, you may know
 That there's go in it, and he'll make it go.

PIERPONT.

II.

92. THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

[Read at the meeting of the Harvard Alumni Association, June 25, 1873.]

THE fount the Spaniard² sought in vain,
 Through all the land of flowers,
 Leaps glittering from the sandy plain
 Our classic grove embowers.

2. Here youth, unchanging, blooms and smiles,
 Here dwells eternal spring,
 And warm from Hope's Elysian³ isles
 The winds their perfume bring.

¹ So nō'rous, high sounding : giving a clear or loud sound.

² Spaniard, here referring to Ponce de Leon (pōn'thē dā lā ōn'), a Spanish discoverer, the first visitor to Floridā, born in Leon, died in Cūbā, in 1521. In his old age, having heard of the existence of a fountain which could restore youth and beauty, and confident of the reality of the fabulous fountain, he fitted out three ships at his own expense, and, in 1512, sailed for the Bahamas, one of which, called Birnini, was said to contain the

marvellous fountain. Island after island was visited, the waters of every fountain, river, and lake were tested, but no trace of Birnini or its wonderful fountain was found. Florida, the "land of flowers," so named from the magnificence of its vegetation and from its having been discovered on Easter Sunday, was visited with a like result.

³ El lŷs'ī an, pertaining to Elysium (e lish'ī ūm), or the abode of the blessed after death; yielding the highest pleasure; exceedingly delightful.

3. Here every leaf is in the bud,
Each singing throat in tune,
And bright o'er evening's silver flood
Shines the young crescent moon.
4. What wonder Age forgets his staff
And lays his glasses down,
And gray-haired grandsires look and laugh
As when their locks were brown !
5. With ears grown dull, and eyes grown dim,
They greet the joyous day
That calls them to the fountain's brim
To wash their years away.
6. What change has clothed the ancient sire
In sudden youth ? For, lo !
The Judge, the Doctor, and the Squire
Are Jack and Bill and Joe !
7. And be his titles what they will,
In spite of manhood's claim,
The graybeard is a school-boy still
And loves his school-boy name :
8. It calms the ruler's stormy breast
Whom hurrying care pursues,
And brings a sense of peace and rest—
Like slippers after shoes.
9. And what are all the prizes won
To youth's enchanted view ?
And what is all the man has done
To what the boy may do ?
10. O blessed fount, whose waters flow
Alike for sire and son,
That melts our winter's frost and snow,
And makes all ages one !
11. I pledge the sparkling fountain's tide,
That flings its golden shower,

With age to fill and youth to guide,
Still fresh in morning flower !

12. Flow on with ever-widening stream,
In ever-brightening morn—
Our story's pride, our future's dream,
The hope of times unborn !

THEN here's to our boyhood, its gold and its gray !
The stars of its winter, the dews of its May !
And when we have done with our life-lasting toys,
Dear Father, take care of thy children, the Boys !

O. W. HOLMES.

III.

93. THE DUMB-WAITER.

WE have put a dumb'-waiter in our house. A dumb-waiter is a good thing to have in the country, on account of its convenience. If you have company, every thing can be sent up from the kitchen without any trouble ; and if the baby gets to be unbearable, on account of his teeth, you can dismiss the complainant by stuffing him in one of the shelves, and letting him down upon the help.

2. To provide for contingencies,¹ we had all our floors deafened. In consequence, you can not hear any thing that is going on in the story below ; and when you are in an upper room of the house, there might be a political ratification-meeting in the cellar, and you would not know it. Therefore, if any one should break into the basement, it would not disturb us ; but to please Mrs. Spärröwgräss, I put stout iron bars in all the lower windows.

3. Besides, Mrs. Spärröwgräss had bought a rattle when she was in Philadelphïä ; such a rattle as watchmen carry there. This is to alarm our neighbor, who, upon the signal, is to come to the rescue with his revolver. He is a rash man, prone to pull trigger first, and make inquiries afterward.

4. One evening, Mrs. S. had retired, and I was busy writing,

¹ Con tîn'gen cÿ, an event which may occur · chance.

when it struck me a glass of ice-water would be palatable. So I took the candle and a pitcher, and went down to the pump. Our pump is in the kitchen. A country pump in the kitchen, is more convenient; but a well with buckets is certainly most picturesque. Unfortunately, our well-water has not been sweet since it was cleaned out.

5. First, I had to open a bolted door that lets you into the basement hall, and then I went to the kitchen door, which proved to be locked. Then I remembered that our girl always carried the key to bed with her, and slept with it under her pillow. Then I retraced my steps; bolted the basement door, and went up into the dining-room. As is always the case, I found, when I could not get any water, I was thirstier than I supposed I was.

6. Then I thought I would wake our girl up. Then I concluded not to do it. Then I thought of the well, but I gave that up on account of its flavor. Then I opened the closet doors; there was no water there; and then I thought of the dumb-waiter! The novelty of the idē'a made me smile; I took out two of the movable shelves, stood the pitcher on the bottom of the dumb-waiter, got in myself with the lamp; let myself down, until I supposed I was within a foot of the floor below, and then let go!

7. We came down so suddenly, that I was shot out of the apparātus¹ as if it had been a catapult;² it broke the pitcher, extinguished the lamp, and landed me in the middle of the kitchen at midnight, with no fire, and the air not much above the zero³ point. The truth is, I had miscalculated the distance of the descent—instead of falling one foot, I had fallen five.

8. My first impulse was, to ascend by the way I came down, but I found that impracticable. Then I tried the kitchen door: it was locked. I tried to force it open; it was made of two-inch stuff, and held its own. Then I hoisted a window, and there were the rigid iron bars. If I ever felt angry at anybody it was at myself, for putting up those bars to please Mrs. Spärröwgrass. I put them up, not to keep people in, but to keep people out.

¹ Ap pa rä'tua, things provided as means to some end; here means the dumb-waiter.

thē ancient Greeks and Romans for throwing stones, arrows, etc.

² Zē'ro, naught; nothing; the freezing-point, on the centigrade.

³ Cāt'a pult, an engine used by

9. I laid my cheek against thē ice-cold barriers, and looked out at the sky : not a star wās visible ; it was as black as ink o' ver-head'. Then I made a noise ! I shouted until I was hōarse, and ruined our preserving-kettle with the poker. That brought our dōgs out in full bark, and between us we made night hideous.

10. Then I thought I heard a voice, and listened : it wās Mrs. Spārrōwgrāss calling to me from the top of the stāir-case. I tried to make her hear me, but thē infērnal¹ dogs united with howl, and growl, and bark, so as to drown my voice, which is naturally plaintive and tender. Besides, there were two bōlted doors and double dēafened floors between us. How could she recognize my voice, even if she did hear it ?

11. Mrs. Spārrōwgrāss called once or twice, and then got frightened ; the next thing I heard was a sound as if the rōōf had fallen in, by which I understood that Mrs. Sparrowgrass was springing the rattle ! That called out our neighbor, already wide āwake ; he came to the rescue with a bull-terrier, a New'-foundland² pup, a lantern, and a revolver. The moment he saw me at the windōw, he shot at me, but fortunately just missed me.

12. I threw myself under the kitchen table, and ventured to expostulate³ with him, but he would not listen to reason. In thē excitement I had forgotten his name, and that made matters worse. It was not until he had roused up everybody āround, brōken in the basement door with an ax, gotten into the kitchen with his cūrsed savage dogs and shooting-iron, and seized me by the collar, that he recognized me—and then, he wanted me to explain it !

13. But what kind of an explanation could I make to him ? I told him he would have to wait until my mind was composed, and then I would let him understand the matter fully. But he never would have had the particulars from me, for I do not approve of neighbors that shoot at you, break in yōur door, and treat you in your own house as if you were a jail-bird. He knows all ābout it, however—somebody has told him—somebody tells everybody ēvērything in our village. COZZENS.⁴

¹ Infernal (in fēr'nal), malicious ; fiendish.

² Newfoundland (nū'fūnd lānd).

³ Ex pōst'ā late, to remonstrate ; to reason earnestly.

⁴ Frederic S. Cozzens, an American author, was born in New York, March 5, 1818. The "Sparrowgrass Papers" was published in 1856. He died in 1869.

IV.

94. THE PIED PIPER.

PART FIRST.

HAMELIN TOWN'S in Brunswick,
 By famous Hanover city :
 The river Wēser, deep and wide,
 Washes its wall on the southern side ;
 A pleasanter spot you never spied ;
 But, when begins my ditty,
 Almost five hundred years ago,
 To see the townsfolk suffer so
 From vermin, was a pity.

2. Rats !

They fought the dogs, and killed the cats,
 And bit the babies in the cradles,
 And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
 And licked the soup from the cook's own ladles,
 Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
 Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
 And even spoiled the women's chats,
 By drowning their speaking
 With shrieking and squeaking
 In fifty different sharps and flats.

3. At last the people in a body

To the Town Hall came flocking :
 "'Tis clear," cried they, "our Mayor's a noddie ;
 And as for our Corporation—shocking
 To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
 For dolts¹ that can't or won't determine
 What's best to rid us of our vermin !
 You hope, because you're old and obese,²
 To find in the furry civic³ robe ease ?
 Rouse up, sirs ! Give your brains a racking
 To find the remedy we're lacking,
 Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing !"

¹ Nōd'dy, a simpleton ; a fool.² O bēse', verry fat ; fleshy.³ Dōlt, a heavy, stupid fellow ; a
blockhead.⁴ Cīv'ic, relating to, or derived
from, a city or citizen.

At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

4. An hour they sate in counçil—
At length the Māyor broke silence :
“For a gilder¹ I’d my ermine gown sell ;
I wish I were a mile hence !
It’s easy to bid one rack one’s brain—
I’m sure my poor head aches again,
I’ve scratched it so, and all in vain ;—
Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap !”
5. Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chāmber door but a gentle tap ?
“Bless us,” cried the Mayor, “what’s that ?”
(With the Corporation as he sat,
Looking little, though wondrous fat ;
Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister
Than a too long-opened oyster,
Save when at noon his paunch grew mutinous²
For a plate of tūrtle, green and glutinous³)
“Only a scraping of shōes on the mat ?
Any thing like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat !”
6. “Come in !”—the Mayor cried, looking bigger :
And in did come the strāngest figure !
His queer lōng cōat from heel to head
Was hālf of yēllōw and hālf of red ;
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp, blue eyes, each like a pin,
And light, loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek, nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in—
Thère was no guessing his kith and kin !
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint⁴ attire.

¹ Gil’dér, a Dutch coin of the value of about thirty-eight cents.

² Mū’ti noūs, disposed to resist the authority of rightful laws and regulations, especially in an army or navy,

or openly resisting such authority.

³ Glū’ti noūs, having the quality of glue ; sticky.

⁴ Quāint, odd and of old fashion ; singular ; unusual.

Quoth one, "It's as my great-grandsire,
Starting up at the Trump of Doom's tone,
Had walked this way from his painted tomb-stone!"

7. He advanced to the council-table,
And, "Please your honors," said he, "I'm able,
By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun
That creep, or swim, or fly, or run,
After me so as you never saw!
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm—
The mole, and toad, and newt,¹ and viper;
And people call me the Pied Piper."
8. (And here they noticed round his neck
A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
To match with the coat of the selfsame check;
And at the scarf's end hung a pipe;
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying
As if impatient to be playing
Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
Over his vesture so old-fangled.)
9. "Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am,
In Tartary I freed the Cham,²
Last June, from his huge swarm of gnats;
I eased in Asia the Nizām³
Of a monstrous brood of vampire-bats;
And, as for what your brain bewilders—
If I can rid your town of rats,
Will you give me a thousand gilders?"
"One!—fifty thousand!"—was the exclamation
Of the astonished Mayor and corporation.
10. Into the street the piper stepped,
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while;

¹ Newt (nūt), a small lizard.

³ Nizām', a ruler or sovereign

² Cham (kām), the sovereign prince; the title of the native sovereigns of Hyderabad, in India.



Then, like à musical adept,¹
 To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
 And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,
 Like à candle flame where salt is sprinkled ;
 And ére three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
 You héard as if an army muttered ;
 And the muttering grew to à grumbling ;
 And out of the houses the rats came tumbling.

11. Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
 Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,

¹ A *dépt'*, one fully skilled or well versed in any art.

Grave old plodders, gāy young friskers,
 Fathers, mothers, ungeles, eoūşins,
 Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,
 Families by tenş and dōzenş,
 Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—
 Follōwed the Piper for their lives.
 From street to street he piped advāncing,
 And step for step they followed dāncing,
 Until they came to the river Wēşer
 Whêrein all plunged and perished—
 Save one who, stout as Julius Cæsar,¹
 Swam ācrōss, and lived to carry
 (As the manuscript he cherished),
 To Rat-land hōme his commentary,
 Which wāş :

12. “ At the first shrill notes of the pipē,
 I hēard ā sound as of scraping tripe,
 And putting apples, wōndrous ripe,
 Into ā cider press's gripe—
 And ā moving āway of pickle-tub bōards,
 And a leaving ajar of conserve-cupboards,
 And a drawing the corks of train-oil flāşks,
 And a breaking the hōōps of butter-cāşks ;
 And it seemed as if ā voice
 (Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery
 Is breathed) called out, ‘ O rats, rejoice !
 The world is grown to one vast drysaltery !²
 So munch on, crunch on, take your nunchion,
 Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon !’
 And just as ā bulky sugar-puncheon,
 All ready staved, like ā great sun shōne
 Glōrious, scarce ān inch befōre me,
 Just as methought it said, ‘ Come, bōre me !’—
 I found the Weser rolling ō'er me.”

¹ Julius Cæsar, ā Roman warrior, statesman, and man of letters, who wāş one of the most remarkable men of any āge.

² Dry'salt'er y, thē articles kept by, or the business of, ā drysaltery —ā dealer in salted or dried meats, pickles, sāuces, &c.



V.

95. THE PIED PIPER.

PART SECOND.

YOU should have heard the Hamelin people
 Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple ;
 “Go,” cried the Māyor, “and gēt lōng poles !
 Poke out the nests, and block up the holes !
 Consult with carpenters and builders,
 And leave in our town not ēven à trace
 Of the rats !”—when suddenly, up the face
 Of the Piper pērked in the market-place,
 With à “First, if you please, my thousand gilders !”

2. A thousand gilders ! The Māyor looked blue ;
 So did the Corporation too :
 For council dinners make rare havoc
 With Claret,¹ Mosëlle,¹ Vin-de-Gräve,¹ Höck ;¹
 And hälf the money would replenish
 Their cellar's biggèst butt with Rhën'ish.¹
 To pay this sum to à wandering fëllōw
 With à gypsy cōat of red and yëllōw !
3. " Besides," quōth the Māyor, with à knowing wink,
 " Our business wæs dōne at the river's brink ;
 We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
 And what's dead eān't come to life, I think.
 So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink
 From the duty of giving you something to drink,
 And à matter of money to put in your poke ;
 But, as for the gilders, what we spoke
 Of them, as you vëry well know, was in joke.
 Besides, our lōsses have made us thrifty ;²
 A thousand gilders ! Come, take fifty !"
4. The Piper's face fell, and he cried,
 " No trifling ! I eān't wait ! beside,
 I've promised to visit, by dinner-time.
 Bāgdād', and accept the prime
 Of the Head Cook's pottage, all he's rich in,
 For having left, in the Cāliph's kitchen,
 Of à nest of scorpions no survivor—
 With him I proved no bargain-driver,
 With you, dōn't think I'll bate à stiver !³
 And folks who put me in a passion
 May find me pipe to another fashion."
5. " How ?" cried the Māyor, " d'ye think I'll broök
 Being worse treated than à eōök ?
 Insulted by a lazy rībald⁴
 With idle pipe, and vesture pīebald ?⁵

¹ Wines of different names.² Thrift'y, frugal ; spāring.³ Stī'vër, à Dutch coin of the value of two cents.⁴ Rīb'ald, à low, vulgar, brutal, foul-mouthed fëllōw.⁵ Pīe'bald, of various colors ; dī-vërsified in color.

You threaten us, fëllōw ? Do yōur worst,
Blow your pipe thêre till you bûrst !”

6. Once mōre he stepped into the street ;
And to his lips again
Laid his lōng pipe of smōōth, straight cane ;
And êre he blew three notes (such sweet
Sōft notes as yêt muſician’s cunning
Never gave thê enraptured¹ âir),
Thêre wæs a rustling, that seemed like a bustling
Of merr̄y crowds justling at pitching and hustling ;
Small feet were pattering, wooden shōes clattering,
Little hands clapping, and little tongues chattering ;
And like fowls in the farm-yard when barley is scattering,
Out came the children running.
All the little boys and girls,
With roſy cheeks, and flaxen cûrls,
And sparkling eyes, and teeſh like pēarls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merr̄ily âfter
The wonderful music with shouting and lâughter.
7. The Māyor wæs dumb, and the Council stōōd
As if they were chānged into blocks of wōōd,
Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merr̄ily skipping by—
And could ōnly fōllōw with thê eye
That joyous crowd at the Piper’s back.
But how the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council’s boſōmſ beat,
As the Piper tûrned from the High Street
To whêre the Wēser rolled its wâters
Right in the wāy of their sons and dâughters !
8. However, he tûrned from south to west,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And âfter him the children pressed ;
Great wæs the joy in every breast.
“ He never can crōss that mighty top !
He’s fōrced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop !”

¹ En rāpt’ured, delighted beyōnd mēasure.

When, lo ! as they reached the mountain's side,
 A wondrous portal¹ opened wide,
 As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed ;
 And the Piper advanced, and the children followed ;
 And when all were in, to the very last,
 The door in the mountain side shut fast.

9. Did I say all? No : one was lame,

And could not dance the whole of the way ;
 And in after years, if you would blame

His sadness, he was used to say :

"It's dull in our town since my playmates left !

I can't forget that I'm bereft

Of all the pleasant sights they see,

Which the Piper also promised me ;

For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,

Joining the town and just at hand,

Where waters gushed, and fruit-trees grew,

And flowers put forth a fairer hue,

And every thing was strange and new ;

The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,

And their dogs outran our fallow deer,

And honey-bees had lost their stings,

And horses were borne with eagles' wings ;

And just as I became assured

My lame foot would be speedily cured,

The music stopped, and I stood still,

And found myself outside the Hill,

Left alone against my will,

To go now limping as before,

And never hear of that country more !"

10. Alas, alas for Hamelin !

There came into many a burgher's² pate

A text which says, that Heaven's Gate

Opens to the rich at as easy rate

As the needle's eye takes a camel in !—

The Mayor sent east, west, north, and south,

¹ *Pört'al*, a small door or gate ; ² *Burgher* (*bérg'er*), an inhabitant
 hence, sometimes, any passage-way. of an incorporated town or village.

To offer the Piper by word of mouth,
 Wherever it was men's lot to find him,
 Silver and gold to his heart's content,
 If he'd only return the way he went,
 And bring the children behind him.

11. But when they saw 'twas a lost endeavor,
 And Piper and dancers were gone forever,
 They made a decree that lawyers never
 Should think their records dated duly,
 If, after the day of the month and year,
 These words did not as well appear :
*" And so long after what happened here
 On the Twenty-second of July,
 Thirteen hundred and seventy-six ;"—*
 And, the better in memory to fix
 The place of the children's last retreat,
 They called it the Pied Piper's Street—
 Where any one playing on pipe or tabor
 Was sure for the future to lose his labor.
12. Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern
 To shock with mirth a street so solemn ;
 But opposite the place of the cavern
 They wrote the story on a column,
 And on the Great Church window painted
 The same, to make the world acquainted
 How their children were stolen away ;—
 And there it stands to this very day.
13. And I must not omit to say
 That in Transylvania there's a tribe
 Of alien people that ascribe
 The outlandish ways and dress
 On which their neighbors lay such stress,
 To their fathers and mothers having risen
 Out of some subterranean prison,
 Into which they were trappanned¹
 Long time ago, in a mighty band,

¹ Tra pänned', trapped ; insnared.

Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,
But how or why, they don't understand.

14. So, Willy, let you and me be wipers,
Of scores out with all men—especially pipers :
And, whether they pipe us free from rats or from mice,
If we've promised them aught, let us keep our promise.

ROBERT BROWNING.

SECTION XXVI.

I.

96. SIR LUCIUS AND BOB ACRES.

[The instructor is here reminded of the importance of referring daily to the more important Principles of Elocution illustrated by each lesson. While the four lessons of this section call into play, to a wonderful extent, nearly all the elements of EXPRESSION, they will especially test the students' powers of PERSONATION. In the first, the reader must exert himself to the utmost to express the pitiful cowardice of ACRES, a principal in a duel, and the cool demeanor of SIR LUCIUS, his second; in the second, the contempt in which the dandy lord is held by HOTSPUR; and in the third, the hasty, impulsive, unscrupulous character of CASSIUS, and the honest, noble, uncompromising, yet tender and generous, disposition of BRUTUS. In the last, the most admirable accompanying description, as well as the aid afforded by the notes, will be necessary to prepare the student to personate successfully REGULUS in his supposed speech.]

ACRES. By my valor, then, Sir Lucius, forty yards is a good distance. Odds levels and aims!—I say it is a good distance.

Sir Lucius. Is it for muskets or small field-pieces? Upon my conscience, Mr. Acres, you must leave those things to me.—Stay, now—I'll show you. [Measures paces along the floor.] There, now, that is a very pretty distance—a pretty gentleman's distance.

Acres. Zounds! we might as well fight in a sentry-box! I tell you, Sir Lucius, the further he is off, the cooler I shall take my aim.

Sir L. Faith! then I suppose you would aim at him best of all if he was out of sight!

Acr. No, Sir Lucius ; but I should think forty or eight-and-thirty yards—

Sir L. Pooh ! pooh ! nonsense. Three or four feet between the mouths of your pistols is as good as a mile.

Acr. Odds bullets, no !—by my valor !—there is no merit in killing him so near ! Do, my dear Sir Lucius, let me bring him down at a long shot ;—a long shot, Sir Lucius, if you love me !

Sir L. Well, the gentleman's friend and I must settle that. But tell me, now, Mr. Acres, in case of an accident, is there any little will or commission I could execute for you ?

Acr. I am much obliged to you, Sir Lucius—but I don't understand—

Sir L. Why, you may think there's no being shot at without a little risk ; and if an unlucky bullet should carry a quietus¹ with it—I say it will be no time then to be bothering you about family matters.

Acr. A quietus !

Sir L. For instance, now—if that should be the case—would you choose to be pickled and sent home ?—or would it be the same to you to lie here in the Abbey ?—I'm told there is very snug lying in the Abbey.

Acr. Pickled !—Snug lying in the Abbey !—Odds tremors ! Sir Lucius, don't talk so !

Sir L. I suppose, Mr. Acres, you never were engaged in an affair of this kind before ?

Acr. No, Sir Lucius, never before.

Sir L. Ah ! that's a pity !—there's nothing like being used to a thing. Pray, now, how would you receive the gentleman's shot ?

Acr. Odds files !—I've practised that—there, Sir Lucius—there. [*Puts himself in an attitude.*] A side front, hey ? I'll make myself small enough ; I'll stand edgeways.

Sir L. Now—you're quite out—for if you stand so when I take my aim—[*Leveling the pistol at him.*]

Acr. Zounds ! Sir Lucius—are you sure it is not cocked ?

Sir L. Never fear.

Acr. But—but—you don't know—it may go off of its own head !

¹ Qui ē'tūs, rest ; repose ; death.

Sir L. Pooh ! be easy. Well, now, if I hit you in the body, my bullet has a double chance ; for, if it misses a vital¹ part of your right side, 't will be very hard if it dōn't succeed on the left.

Acr. A vital part !

Sir L. But thêre, fix yourself so [*placing him*—let him see the broadside of your full front ; there, now, a ball or two may pass clean through your body, and never do any harm at all.

Acr. Can go through me—a ball or two clean through me !

Sir L. Ay, may they ; and it is much the genteelèst attitude into the bàrgain.

Acr. Look'ee, Sir Lucius ! I'd just as lief be shot in an awkward posture as a genteel one ; so, by my valor, I will stand edgeways.

Sir L. [*Looking at his watch.*] Sùre they dōn't mean to disappoint us. Ha ! no, I think I see them coming.

Acr. Hey !—what !—coming !—

Sir L. Ay. Who are those yōnder, gètting over the stile ?

Acr. There are two of them, indeed. Well—let them come—hey, Sir Lucius ! we—we—we—we—wōn't run !

Sir L. Run !

Acr. No—I say—we wōn't run, by my valor !

Sir L. What's the matter with you ?

Acr. Nōthing—nōthing—my dear friend—my dear Sir Lucius ! but I—I—I don't feel quite so bold, somehow, as I did.

Sir L. O, fy ! Consider your honor.

Acr. Ay—true—my honor. Do, Sir Lucius, edge in a word or two èvery now and then àbout my honor.

Sir L. Well, here they're coming.

Acr. Sir Lucius, if I wa'n't with you, I should almost think I was àfràid ! If my valor should leave me !—Valor will come and go.

Sir L. Then pray keep it fàst while you have it.

Acr. Sir Lucius, I doubt it is going !—yès—my valor is cërtaìnly going !—it is sneaking òff ! I feel it oozing out, as it wère, at the pàlms of my hands !

Sir L. Yqur honor ! your honor ! Here they are.

¹ Vítal, highly important ; necessary to life.

Acr. O mércy !—now—that I wás safe at Clod Hall ! or could be shot before I wás áwáre ! [*SIR LUCIUS takes Acres by the arm, and leads him reluctantly off.*] SHERIDAN.¹

II.

97. HOTSPUR TO KING HENRY IV.

MY liege, I did deny no prisoners ;
 But, I remember, when the fight wás dóne,
 When I wás dry with rage and extreme toil,
 Bréathlèss and faint, leaning upon my swórd,
 Came there a cèrtain lord, neat, trimly dressed,
 Fresh as a bridegroom ; and his chin, new reaped,
 Showed like á stubble-land at harvést hómé ;
 He was perfumèd like a milliner ;
 And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
 A pouncet-box,² which ever and anon
 He gave his nose, and took't away again ;—
 Who, thèrèwith angrý, when it next came there,
 Took it in snuff :—and still he smiled and talked ;
 And, as the soldiers bóre dead bodies by,
 He called them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
 To bring a slóvenly, unhandsome còrse
 Betwixt the wind and his nobility.

2. With many holiday and lady terms
 He questioned me ; ámong the rest, demánded
 My prisoners, in your majesty's behálf.
 I then, all smarting with my wóund's being cold,
 To be so pestered with a popinjay,³
 Out of my grief and my impatience,
 Answered neglectingly, I know not what ;
 He should, or he should not ;—for he made me mad,

¹ Richard Brinsley Sheridan, a British dramatist and politician—son of Thomas Sheridan, the actor, elocutionist, and lexicographer—was born in Dublin in Sept. 1751, and died in London, July 7, 1816. As a comic dramatist, and as an orator, he has had but few equals. His writings

and speeches wére very càrefully elaborated, and the most striking passages often re-written several times.

² Poun'cet-box, á small box with openings on the top, to hold perfume for smelling.

³ Pöp'in jáy, á gay, trifling young man ; á fop.

To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
 And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman,
 Of guns, and drums, and wounds, (Gōd save the mark !)
 And telling me the sōvereign'st thing on ēarth
 Wāṣ pārmaçity,¹ for an inward brūise ;
 And that it was great pity, so it was,
 That villanous saltpeter should be digged
 Out of the bowels of the harmless ēarth,
 Which many a good tall fēllōw had destroyed
 So cowardly ; and, but for these vile guns,
 He would himself have been a soldier.
 This bald, unjointed chat of his, my lord,
 I answered indirectly, as I said ;
 And, I beseech you, let not this repōrt
 Come cūrrēt for an accusation,
 Betwixt my love and your high majesty. SHAKSPEARE.²

III.

98. QUARREL OF BRUTUS AND CASSIUS.

CASSIUS. That you have wrōnged me dōfh appear in this :
 You have condemned and noted Luciūs³ Pēllā,
 For taking bribes here of the Sardiāns ;
 Wherein my letters (praying on his side,
 Because I knew the man) wēre slighted off.

Brutus. You wrōnged yourself, to write in such a case.

Cas. At such a time as this, it is not meet
 That every nice offense should bear its comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassiūs,⁴ you yourself
 Are much condemned to have an itching pālm ;
 To sell and mart your offices for gold,
 To undeservers.

¹ *Par'ma cit'y*, used for *spermaceti*, a fatty matter taken from the head of a spermaceti whale.

² William Shakspeare, an English dramatist, one of the greatest of all poets, and the greatest of dramatists, was born in Stratford-upon-

Av'on, Warwickshire, in April, 1564, and died there, April 23, 1616.

³ Lucius (lū'shī ūs).

⁴ Longinus Caius Cassius, the leader of the conspiracy against Cæsar, a brave and skillful general, died by his own hands in 42 B. C.

Cas. I an itching pālm?

You know that you are Brutus¹ that speak this,
Or, by the gods! this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honors this corruption,
And chās'tisement dôth thêrefôre hide its head.

Cas. Chas'tisement!

Bru. Remember March, thê ides² of March remember!
Did not great Juliūs bleed for Justice' sake?
What villain touched his body, that did stab,
And not for justice?—What! shall one of us,
That struck the fôremôst man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers—shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honors
For so much trash as may be grāspèd thus?—
I had rather be a dōg, and bāy the moon,
Than such a Roman!

Cas. Brutus, bay not me!
I'll not endure it. You forgèt yourself,
To hedge me in: I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to! you're not, Cassiūs.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say you are not.

Cas. Urge me no mōre: I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health: tempt me no fûrther!

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give wāy and rōom to your rash ehōler?³
Shall I be frightened when a madman stāres?

Cas. Must I endure all this?

Bru. All this? Ay, mōre! Fret till yōur proud heart break:
Go, show your slaves how eholerīc you are,

¹ **Marcus Junius Brutus**, one of the leading conspirators against Cæsar, and the noblest of them all, was born in thê autumn of 85 B. C., and died by his own hands, 42 B. C.

² **Ides**, the fifteenth day of March, May, July, and October, and the thirteenth day of thê other months.

³ **Choler** (kōl'ēr), the bile; irritation of the passions; anger.

And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
 Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
 Under your testy humor?
 You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
 Though it do split you; for from this day forth,
 I'll use you for my mirth—yea, for my laughter—
 When you are waspish.

Cas. Has it come to this?

Bru. You say you are a better soldier:
 Let it appear so: make your vaunting true,
 And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
 I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus;
 I said an elder soldier, not a better.

Did I say better?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.

Bru. Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him.

Cas. I durst not?

Bru. No.

Cas. What! durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love.

I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;

For I am armed so strong in honesty,

That they pass by me as the idle wind,

Which I respect not. I did send to you

For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;

For I can raise no money by vile means:

I had rather coin my heart,

And drop my blood for drachmas,¹ than to wring

From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash

By any indirection. I did send

To you for gold to pay my legions—

Which you denied me. Was that done like Cassius?

¹ *Drachma* (drăk'mă), a silver coin among the Greeks, of the average value of about 18 cents.

Should I have answered Caius Cassius so ?—
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods ! with all your thūderbōlts—
Dash him to pieces !

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not : he was but a fool
That brought my answer back. Brutus hath rived my heart.
A friend should bear a friend's infirmities ;
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practice them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.¹

Cas. Come, Antony,² and young Octavius,³ come !
Revenge yourself alone on Cassius ;
For Cassius is aware of the world—
Hated by one he loves ; braved by his brother ;
Checked like a bondman ; all his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learned, and conned by rote,
To cast into my teeth. Oh, I could weep
My spirit from my eyes !—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast ; within, a heart,
Dearer than Plutus' ⁴ mine, richer than gold ;
If that thou be 'st a Roman, take it forth :
I, that denied the gold, will give my heart.
Strike as thou didst at Cæsar ; for I know,

¹ O lým'pus, here refers to a lofty group of mountains in Greece. Mount Olympus was called the residence of Jupiter.

² Mark Antony, the Roman *triumvir* [one of the three men who jointly held the sovereign power in Rome], one of the most extraordinary characters of history, was born 86 B. C., and died by his own hands,

30 B. C. It was his soldiership and sword that defeated Cassius and drove Brutus to suicide.

³ Caius Oc tā'vi us, the adopted son of Julius Cæsar, second emperor of Rome, first of the emperors styled Augustus, was born Sept. 23, 63 B. C., and died Aug. 29, A. D. 14.

⁴ Plū'tus, the ancient god of wealth.

When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better
Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

Bru. Sheathe your dagger ;
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope :
Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.
O Cassius ! you are yokèd with a lamb,
That carries anger as the flint bears fire ;
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hah Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief and blood ill-tempered vexèd him ?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered too.

Cas. Do you confess so much ? Give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too.—

Cas. O Brutus !

Bru. What's the matter ?

Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humor which my mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful ?

Bru. Yes, Cassius ; and, henceforth,
When you are over-earnèst with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

SHAKESPEARE.

IV.

99. SUPPOSED SPEECH OF REGULUS.

THE BEAMS of the rising sun had gilded the lofty domes
of Carthage,¹ and given, with its rich and mellow light, a
tinge of beauty even to the frowning ramparts² of the outer
harbor. Sheltered by the verdant shores, a hundred triremes³
were riding proudly at their anchors, their brazen beaks glitter-
ing in the sun, their streamers dancing in the morning breeze,
while many a shattered plank and timber gave evidence of
desperate conflict with the fleets of Rome.

¹ Carthage (kâr'thîg), the ancient capital of a country of the same name in Northern Africa, and the most famous ancient commercial city.

² Rām'part, an elevation or mound

of earth round a place, upon which the parapet or wall is raised.

³ Tri'rême, an ancient galley or vessel with three benches or ranks of oars on a side.

2. No mûrmûr of business or of revelry arose from the city. The artisan had forsaken his shop, the judge his tribunal, the priest the sanctuary,¹ and even the stêrn stoic² had come fôrth from his retîrémènt to mingle with the crowd that, anxious and agitated, wêre rushing tōward the senate-house, startled by the repôrt that Regulus³ had retûrned to Carthage.

3. Onward, still onward, trampling each other under foot, they rushed, furious with anger, and eager for revenge. Fathers wêre thêre, whose sons were groaning in fetters; maidens, whose lovers, weak and wounded, were dying in the dungeons of Rome, and grâÿ-hâired men and mâtrens, whom the Roman swôrd had left ehildlêss.

4. But when the stêrn features of Regulus wêre seen, and his colôssal⁴ form towering âbôve thê ambassadors who had retûrned with him from Rome; when the news pâssed from lip to lip that the dreaded warrior, so far from advising the Roman senate to consent to an exchange of prisoners, had urged them to pursue, with exterminating vengeance, Carthage and Carthaginians, — the multitude swayed to and fro like a fôrêst beneath a têmpest, and the rage and hate of that tumultuous thrông vented itself in grôans, and cûrses, and yells of vengeance.

5. But câlm, cold, and immovable as the marble walls âround him, stood the Roman; and he stretchèd out his hand over that frenzied crowd, with gesture as proudly commânding as though he still stood at the head of the gleaming cohorts⁵ of Rome. The tumult ceased; the cûrse, hâlf muttered, died upon the lip; and so intense wæs the silence, that the clanking of the

¹ Sănct'û a rÿ, a sacred place; a church; the most retired and holy part of a temple.

² Stô'ic, one of an ancient sect who believed that men should be free from passion, unmoved by joy or grief, and submit, without complaining, to the necessity by which all things are governed.

³ Rêg'û lus, a Roman gènèral, and twice a consul, who, after gaining many victories over the Carthaginians, was defeated and taken prisoner by their general Xanthip-

pus, a Spartan. After five years' captivity, he wæs sent to Rome with an embassy to solicit peace, or an exchange of prisoners, on condition that he would retûrn if unsuccessful. By his persuasion, however, the Roman senate refused to make peace, and he retûrned to Carthage, where he is said to have been put to a môst cruel death, about 250 B. C.

⁴ Colôss'al, gîgantic; of great size.

⁵ Cô'horts, a body of about five or six hundred soldiers; any band or body of warriors.

brazen manacles¹ upon the wrists of the captive fell sharp and full upon every ear in that vast assembly, as he thus addressed them :—

6. “Ye doubtless thought—for ye judge of Roman virtue by your own—that I would break my plighted² oath, rather than, returning, brook³ your vengeance. I might give reasons for this, in Punic⁴ comprehension, most foolish act of mine. I might speak of those eternal principles which make death for one’s country a pleasure, not a pain. But, by great Jupiter!⁵ methinks I should debase myself to talk of such high things to you; to you, expert in womanly inventions; to you, well-skilled to drive a treacherous trade with simple Africans for ivory and gold!

7. “If the bright blood that fills my veins, transmitted free from godlike ancestry, were like that slimy ooze which stagnates in your arteries, I had remained at home, and broke my plighted oath to save my life. I am a Roman citizen; therefore have I returned, that ye might work your will upon this mass of flesh and bones, that I esteem no higher than the rags that cover them.

8. “Here, in your capital, do I defy you. Have I not conquered your armies, fired your towns, and dragged your generals at my chariot wheels, since first my youthful arms could wield a spear? And do you think to see me crouch and cower before a tamed and shattered senate? The tearing of flesh and rending of sinews is but pastime compared with the mental agony that heaves my frame.

9. “The moon has scarce yet waned since the proudest of Rome’s proud matrons, the mother upon whose breast I slept, and whose fair brow so oft had bent over me before the noise of battle had stirred my blood, or the fierce toil of war nerved my sinews, did, with fondest memory of bygone hours, entreat me to remain. I have seen her, who, when my country called me to the field, did buckle on my harness with trembling hands, while the tears fell thick and fast down the hard corselet scales—I have seen her tear her gray locks and beat her aged breast, as

¹ Mǎn’a cle, shackle; handcuff.

² Plight’ed, given as security for the performance of some act; pledged.

³ Brook (brūk), bear; endure.

⁴ Pū’nic, like the Carthaginians; deceitful; faithless.

⁵ Jū’pi ter, or Jove, the greatest of the Greek and Roman gods.

on her knees she begged me not to return to Carthage ! and all the assembled senate of Rome, grave and reverend men, proffered the same request. The puny torments which ye have in store to welcome me withal, shall be, to what I have endured, even as the murmur of a summer's brook to the fierce roar of angry surges on a rocky beach.

10. "Last night, as I lay fettered in my dungeon, I heard a strange, ominous sound ; it seemed like the distant march of some vast army, their harness clanging as they marched, when suddenly there stood by me Xanthip'pus, the Spartan general, by whose aid you conquered me, and, with a voice low as when the solemn wind moans through the leafless forest, he thus addressed me :—

11. "*Roman, I come to bid thee curse, with thy dying breath, this fated city: know that in an evil moment, the Carthaginian generals, furious with rage that I had conquered thee, their conqueror, did basely murder me. And then they thought to stain my brightest honor. But, for this foul deed, the wrath of Jove shall rest upon them here and hereafter.*" And then he vanished.

12. "And now, go bring your sharpest torments. The woes I see impending over this guilty realm shall be enough to sweeten death, though every nerve and artery were a shooting pang. I die ! but my death shall prove a proud triumph ; and, for every drop of blood ye from my veins do draw, your own shall flow in rivers.

13. "Woe to thee, Carthage ! Woe to the proud city of the waters ! I see thy nobles wailing at the feet of Roman senators ! thy citizens in terror ! thy ships in flames ! I hear the victorious shouts of Rome ! I see her eagles glittering on thy ramparts. Proud city, thou art doomed ! The curse of God is on thee—a clinging, wasting curse. It shall not leave thy gates till hungry flames shall lick the fretted¹ gold from off thy proud palaces, and every brook runs crimson to the sea." KELLOGG.²

¹ Fretted, made rough on the surface ; ornamented with raised work.

² Rev. Elijah Kellogg, a clergyman of Boston.

SECTION XXVII.

I.

100. THE TWO ROADS.

IT was New-Year's night; and Von Arden, having fallen into an unquiet slumber, dreamed that he was an aged man standing at a window. He raised his mournful eyes toward the deep blue sky, where the stars were floating, like white lilies on the surface of a clear, calm lake. Then he cast them on the earth, where few more helpless beings than himself now moved toward their certain goal¹—the tomb.

2. Already, as it seemed to him, he had passed sixty of the stages which led to it, and he had brought from his journey nothing but errors and remorse. His health was destroyed, his mind vacant, his heart sorrowful, and his old age devoid of comfort.

3. The days of his youth rose up in a vision before him, and he recalled the solemn moment when his father had placed him at the entrance of two roads—one leading into a peaceful, sunny land, covered with a fertile harvest, and resounding with soft, sweet songs; the other leading the wanderer into a deep, dark cave, whence there was no issue, where poison flowed instead of water, and where serpents hissed and crawled.

4. He looked toward the sky, and cried out in his agony, "O days of my youth, return! O my father, place me once more at the entrance to life, that I may choose the better way!" But the days of his youth and his father had both passed away.

5. He saw wandering lights floating away over dark marshes, and then disappear: these were the days of his wasted life. He saw a star fall from heaven, and vanish in darkness: this was an emblem of himself; and the sharp arrows of unavailing remorse struck home to his heart. Then he remembered his early companions, who entered on life with him, but who, having trod the paths of virtue and of labor, were now honored and happy on this New-Year's night.

6. The clock in the high church-tower struck, and the sound, falling on his ear, recalled his parents' early love for him, their

¹ Goal, the point set to bound a race; the final purpose or end.

erring son ; the lessons they had taught him ; the prayers they had offered up on his behalf. Overwhelmed with shame and grief, he dared no longer look toward that heaven where his father dwelt ; his darkened eyes dropped tears, and with one despairing effort he cried aloud, "Come back, my early days ! come back !"

7. And his youth *did* return ; for all this was but a dream which visited his slumbers on New-Year's night. He was still young ; his faults alone were real. He thanked God fervently that time was still his own ; that he had not yet entered the deep, dark cavern, but that he was free to tread the road leading to the peaceful land, where sunny harvests wave.

8. Ye who still linger on the threshold of life, doubting which path to choose, remember that, when years have passed, and your feet stumble on the dark mountain, you will cry bitterly, but cry in vain ; "O youth, return ! Oh give me back my early days !"

RICHTER.¹

II.

101. THE SCULPTOR BOY.

CHISEL in hand stood a sculptor boy,
 With his marble block before him ;
 And his face lit up with a smile of joy
 As an angel dream passed o'er him.
 He carved that dream on the yielding stone
 With many a sharp incision ;
 In Heaven's own light the sculptor shone—
 He had caught that angel vision.

2. Sculptors of life are *we*, as we stand
 With our lives uncarved before us,
 Waiting the hour, when, at God's command,
 Our life-dream passes o'er us.
 Let us carve it, then, on the yielding stone,
 With many a sharp incision ;—
 Its heavenly beauty shall be our own—
 Our lives, that angel vision.

¹ J. P. F. Richter, commonly known by his literary name of *Jean Paul*, a German author, was born, March 21, 1763, and died Nov. 14, 1825. His collective works embrace seventy volumes.

III.

102. TEMPTATIONS OF THE YOUNG.

IT is true that every age and employment has its snares ; but the feet of the young are most easily entrapped. Issuing forth, as you do, in the morning of life, into the wide field of existence, where the flowers are all open, it is no wonder that you pluck some that are poisonous. Tasting every golden fruit that hangs over the garden of life, it is no wonder that you should find some of the most tempting hollow and moldy.

2. But the peculiar characteristic of your age, my young friends, is impetuosity¹ and presumptuousness.² You are without caution, because without experience. You are precipitate, because you have enjoyed so long the protection of others that you have yet to learn to protect yourselves. You grasp at every pleasure because it is new, and every society charms with a freshness which you will be surprised to find gradually wearing away. Young as you are upon the stage, there seems to be little for you to know of yourselves ; therefore you are contented to know little, and the world will not let you know more till it has disappointed you oftener.

3. Entering, then, into life, you will find every rank and occupation environed³ with its peculiar temptations ; and, without some other and higher principle than that which influences a merely worldly man, you are not a moment secure. You are poor, and you think pleasure and fashion and ambition will disdain to spread their snares for so ignoble a prey.

4. It is true, they may. But take care that dishonesty does not dazzle you with an exhibition of sudden gains. Take care that want does not disturb your imagination by temptations to fraud. Distress may drive you to indolence and despair, and these united may drown you in intemperance. Even robbery and murder have sometimes stalked in at the breach which poverty or calamity has left unguarded.

5. You are rich, and you think that pride and a just sense

¹ Im pět'ū ōs'i tŷ, the condition or quality of being hasty, or lacking in due deliberation ; violence.

ity of being rashly confident ; undue boldness or forwardness.

² Pre sūmpt'ū ōs nēss, the qual-

³ En vī'roned, encircled ; surrounded.

of reputation¹ will preserve you from the vices of the vulgar. It is true, they may; and you may be ruined in the progress of luxury, and lost to society, and, at last, to God, while sleeping in the lap of the most flattering and enervating² abundance.

6. The last resource against temptation is prayer. Escaping, then, from your tempter, fly to God. Cultivate the habit of devotion. It shall be a wall of fire around you, and your glory in the midst of you. To this practice the uncorrupted sentiments of the heart impel you, and invitations are as numerous as they are merciful to encourage you.

7. When danger has threatened your life, you have called upon God. When disease has wasted your health, and you have felt the tomb opening under your feet, you have called upon God. When you have apprehended heavy misfortunes, or engaged in hazardous enterprises, you have, perhaps, resorted to God to ask his blessing. But what are all these dangers to the danger which your virtue may be called to encounter on your first entrance into life.

8. In habitual prayer you will find a safeguard. You will find every good resolution fortified by it, and every seduction losing its power, when seen in the new light which a short communion with Heaven affords. In prayer you will find that a state of mind is generated which will shed a holy influence over the whole character; and those temptations to which you were just yielding will vanish, with all their allurements, when the day-star of devotion rises in your hearts.

BUCKMINSTER.³

IV.

103. THE BUILDERS.

ALL are architects⁴ of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time;

¹ Rēp'ū tā'tion, the character given to a person, thing, or action; favorable regard; good name.

² E ner'vāt ing, depriving of nerve, force, strength, or courage.

³ Joseph S. Buckminster, an American clergyman, was born in Portsmouth, N. H., May 26, 1784,

and died in Boston, Mass., June 9, 1812. Few men, whose professional career was so brief, have succeeded so remarkably in pulpit oratory, in literature, and in leaving so permanent and endeared a memory.

⁴ Ar'chi tect, a person skilled in the art of building; a maker.

- Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.
2. Nothing useless is, or low ;
Each thing in its place is best ;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.
3. For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled ;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.
4. Truly shape and fashion these ;
Leave no yawning gaps between ;
Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.
5. In the elder days of Art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part ;
For the gods see everywhere.
6. Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen ;
Make the house, where gods may dwell,
Beautiful, entire, and clean.
7. Else our lives are incomplete,
Standing in these walls of Time,
Broken stairways, where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb.
8. Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base ;
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place.
9. Thus alone can we attain
To those turrets where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain,
And one boundless reach of sky.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

SECTION XXVIII.

I.

104. THE CHILD OF EARTH.

Fainter her slow step falls from dāy to day ;
 Death's hand is heavy on her darkening brow ;
 Yet dóth she fondly cling to life, and sáy,
 "I am content to die—but, oh, not now !—
 Not while the blossoms of the joyous spring
 Make the warm air such luxury to breathe ;
 Not while the bírds such lays of gládnèss sing ;
 Not while bright flowers áround my footsteps wreathe :
 Spáre me, great Góð ! lift up my drooping brow ;
 I am content to die—but, oh, not now !"

2. The spring hath ripened into summer time ;
 The season's viewlèss boundary is pást ;
 The glórious sun hath reached his búrning prime ;
 Oh ! must this glimpse of beauty be the lást?—
 "Let me not perish while ó'er land and sea,
 With silent steps, the Lord of light moves on ;
 Not while the múrmúr of the mountáin bee
 Greets my dull ear with music in its tone !
 Pale sickness dims my eye, and clouds my brow ;
 I am content to die—but, oh, not now !"
3. Summer is góne ; and autumn's soberer hues
 Tint the ripe fruits, and gild the waving corn ;
 The huntsman swift the flying game pursues,
 Shouts the hallóo ! and winds the eager horn.—
 "Spáre me áwhile, to wander fórth, and gaze
 On the broad méadōws, and the quiet stream ;
 To watch in silence while thē evening rays
 Slánt through the fading trees with ruddy gleam !
 Cooler the breezes play áround my brow ;
 I am content to die—but, oh, not now !"
4. The bleak wind whistles ; snow-showers, far and near,
 Drift without echo to the whitening ground.

Autumn hath passed away ; and, cold and drear,
 Winter stalks on with frozen mantle bound ;
 Yet still that prayer ascends.—“ Oh ! laughingly
 My little brothers round the warm hearth crowd ;
 Our home-fire blazes broad, and bright, and high,
 And the roof rings with voices light and loud :
 Spare me awhile ! raise up my drooping brow :
 I am content to die—but, oh, not now !”

5. The spring has come again—the joyful spring !
 Again the banks with clustering flowers are spread ;
 The wild bird dips upon its wanton wing ;—
 The child of earth is numbered with the dead !
 “ Thee never more the sunshine shall awake,
 Beaming all redly through the lattice-pane ;
 The steps of friends thy slumber may not break,
 Nor fond familiar voice arouse again !
 Death’s silent shadow veils thy darkened brow :
 Why didst thou linger ?—thou art happier now !”

MRS. NORTON.¹

II.

105. *DEATH THE GATE OF LIFE.*

I HAVE SEEN one die : she was beautiful ; and beautiful
 were the ministries of life that were given her to fulfill.
 Angelic loveliness enrobed her ; and a grace, as if it were
 caught from heaven, breathed in every tone, hallowed every
 affection, shone in every action—invested as a halo her whole
 existence, and made it a light and a blessing, a charm and a
 vision of gladness, to all around her ; but she died !

2. Friendship, and love, and parental fondness, and infant
 weakness, stretched out their hand to save her : but they could
 not save her ; and she died ! What ! did all that loveliness
 die ? Is there no land of the blessed and the lovely ones, for
 such to live in ? Forbid it, reason, religion, bereaved affection,
 and undying love ! forbid the thought !

¹ Caroline Elizabeth Sarah Norton, an English poetess, granddaughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, was born in 1808. Her poetry,

which is of a high order, is marked by strong passion, a masculine force of diction, and, at times, remarkable tenderness. She died in 1877.

3. I have seen one die—in the maturity of every power, in the earthly perfection of every faculty; when many temptations had been overcome, and many hard lessons had been learned; when many experiments had made virtue easy, and had given a facility to action, and a success to endeavor; when wisdom had been wrung from many mistakes, and a skill had been laboriously acquired in the use of many powers; and the being I looked upon had just comprehended that most useful, most practical of all knowledge—how to live and to act well and wisely; yet I have seen such a one die!

4. Was all this treasure gained, only to be lost? Were all these faculties trained, only to be thrown into utter disuse? Was this instrument—the intelligent soul, the noblest in the universe—was it so laboriously fashioned, and by the most varied and expensive apparatus, that, on the very moment of being finished, it should be cast away forever?

5. No: the dead, as we call them, do not so die. They carry their thoughts to another and a nobler existence. They teach us, and especially by all the strange and seemingly untoward¹ circumstances of their departure from this life, that they and we shall live forever. They open the future world, then, to our faith.

6. O death!—dark hour to hopeless unbelief! hour to which in that creed of despair, no hour shall succeed! being's last hour! to whose appalling² darkness, even the shadows of an avenging retribution³ were brightness and relief: death! what art thou to the believer's assurance? Great hour! answer to life's prayer—great hour that shall break asunder the bond of life's mystery!

7. Hour of release from life's burden—hour of re-union with the loved and lost—what mighty hopes hasten to their fulfillment in thee! What longings, what aspirations, breathed in the still night, beneath the silent stars—what dread emotions of curiosity—what deep meditations of joy—what hallowed impossibilities shadowing forth realities to the soul, all verge⁴ to

¹ Untoward (ün tō'ard), inconvenient; troublesome; awkward.

² Appalling (ap pāl'ing), causing dismay or fear; terrifying.

³ Rē't'ri bū'tion, repayment; return suitable to the merits or deserts' of.

⁴ Verge, border upon; approach.

their consummation in *thee*! O death! the believer's death!
 What art thou, but a gate of life, a portal of heaven, the threshold
 of eternity!

DEWEY.¹

III.

106. *OVER THE RIVER.*

OVER THE RIVER they beckon to me—
 Loved ones who've crossed to the further side;
 The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
 But their voices are drowned in the rushing tide.
 There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
 And eyes, the reflection of heaven's own blue;
 He crossed in the twilight, gray and cold,
 And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.
 We saw not the angels who met him there;
 The gates of the city we could not see;
 Over the river, over the river,
 My brother stands waiting to welcome me!

2. Over the river the boatman pale
 Carried another—the household pet;
 Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale—
 Darling Minnie! I see her yet.
 She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands
 And fearlessly entered the phantom bark:
 We watched it glide from the silver sands,
 And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.
 We know she is safe on the further side,
 Where all the ransomed and angels be;
 Over the river, the mystic river,
 My childhood's idol is waiting for me.
3. For none return from those quiet shores,
 Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;
 We hear the dip of the golden oars,
 And catch a gleam of the snowy sail—

¹ Orville Dewey, D.D., an American clergyman and writer, was born in Sheffield, Mass., March 28, 1794. As a pulpit orator and lecturer, he

enjoys a high reputation. His writings are philosophical and practical, exhibiting a style both artistic and scholarly.

And lo ! they have passed from our yearning heart ;
 They cross the stream, and are gone for aye ;
 We may not sunder the veil apart
 That hides from our vision the gates of day ;
 We only know that their bark no more
 May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea ;
 Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,
 They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

4. And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold
 Is flushing river, and hill, and shore,
 I shall one day stand by the water cold,
 And list for the sound of the boatman's oar ;
 I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail ;
 I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand ;
 I shall pass from sight, with the boatman pale,
 To the better shore of the spirit-land ;
 I shall know the loved who have gone before,
 And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
 When over the river, the peaceful river,
 The Angel of Death shall carry me. MISS PRIEST.

SECTION XXIX.

I.

107. THE KINDLY WINTER.

THE SNOW lies deep upon the ground ;
 In coat of mail the pools are bound ;
 The hungry rooks in squadrons fly,
 And winds are slumbering in the sky.

2. Drowsily the snow-flakes fall ;
 The robin on the garden-wall
 Looks wistful at our window-pane,
 The customary crumb to gain.
3. On barn and thatch and leafless tree
 The frost has hung embroidery,

Fringe of ice and pendants fine
Of filigree¹ and crÿstalline.²

4. Pile up the fire ! the winter wind
Although it nip, is not unkind ;
And winter dāys, though dark, can bring
As many plēasures as the spring.
5. If not the floweret budding fāir,
And mild effulgence³ of thē āir,
They give the glōw of indoor mīrth,
And social comfort round the hearth.
6. The winter is a friend of mine ;
His step is light, his eyeballs shine ;
His cheek is ruddy as the morn ;
He carols like the lark in corn.
7. His tread is brisk upon the snows,
His pulses gallop as he goes ;
He hath a smile upon his lips,
With sōngs and welcomes, jests and quips.⁴
8. 'Tis he that feeds thē April buds ;
'Tis he that clōthes the summer wōods ;
'Tis he makes plump thē autumn grain ;
And lōads with wealth the creaking wain.
9. Pile up the fire ! and ēre he go,
Our blessings on his head shall flow—
The hale old winter, bleak⁵ and sear,⁶
The friend and father of the year !

MACKAY.⁷

¹ Fil' gree, granular net-work, or net-work containing beads ; hence, ornamental work, executed in fine gold or silver wire, plaited and formed into delicate figures of men and animals, fruits, plants, etc.

² Crÿs'tal line, consisting of or resembling crystal ; pure ; clear.

³ Ef fū' gānce, a flood of light : great luster or brightness ; splendor.

⁴ Quip (kwíp), a smart, sarcastic

tūrn ; a severe reply ; a jeer.

⁵ Blēak, cold and sweeping ; cheerless.

⁶ Sēar, dry ; withered.

⁷ Charles Măc'kăy, a British poet and journalist, wăg born in Pērth, in 1812. He is an author of considerable fame. Many of his sōngs have attained great popularity, and the music to which they are set is, in some cases, of his own composition.

II.

108. INSTRUCTION IN WINTER.

IN the warm pōrtion of our year, when the sun reigns, and the fields are carpeted with hērbs and flowers, and the fōrests are lōaded with riches and magnificence, nature seems to insist on instructing us herself, and in her own easy, insensible¹ wāy. In the mild and whispering āir thêre is an invitation to go ābrōad which few can resist; and when abroad, we are in a school whêre all may learn without trouble or tāsking, and where we may be sūre to learn if we will simply ōpen our hearts.

2. But stērn winter comes, and drives us back into our towns and houses, and thêre we must sit down, and lēarn and teach with serious application of the mind, and by the prōmpting of duty. As we are bidden to this exērtion, so are we better able to make it than in the preceding sēason. The body, which wās before unnērvēd, is now braced up to thē extent of its capacity; and the mind, which was before dissipated by the fair variety of extērnal attractions, collects and concentrates its powers, as those attractions fade and disappear.

3. The natural limits of day and night, also, conspire to the same end, and are in unison² with thē other intimations of the season. In summer, the days, glad to linger on the beautiful ēarth, almost exclude thē quiet and contēm'plative nights, which are ōnly lōng enough for sleep. But in the winter, the latter gain thē ascendancy. Slowly and royally they sweep back with their broad shādōws, and hushling thē ēarth with the double spell of darknēss and coldnēss, issue their silent mandates,³ and—while the still snow falls, and the waters are congealed—call to reflection, to study, to mental labor and acquisition.

4. The lōng winter nights! Dark, cold, and stērn as they seem, they are the friends of wisdom, the pātrons⁴ of literature,⁵ the nūrses of vigorous, patient, inquisitive, and untiring intel-

¹ In sēn'si ble, not perceivable.

² Unison (ū'nī sūn), agreement; union.

³ Mān'date, an official command; an authoritative order.

⁴ Pā'tron, one who, or that which, countenances, supports, or protects.

⁵ Līt'er a tūre, lēarning; the collective body of letters or books, or an acquaintance with them.

lect. To some, indeed, they come particularly associated, when not with gloom, with various gay scenes of *amusement*, with lighted halls, lively music, and many friends. To others, the dearest scene which they present is the cheerful fireside, instructive books, studious and industrious children, and those friends, whether many or few, whom the heart and experience acknowledge to be such.

5. Society has claims ; social intercourse is profitable as well as pleasant ; amusements are naturally sought for by the young ; and such as are innocent they may well partake of. But it may be asked, whether, when amusements run into excess, they do not leave their innocence behind them in the career ; whether light social intercourse, when it takes up a great deal of time, has any thing valuable to pay in return for that time ; and whether the claims of society can in any way be better satisfied than by the intelligence, the sobriety, and the peaceableness of its members.

6. Such qualities and habits must be acquired at home ; and not by idleness even there, but by study. The winter evenings seem to be given to us, not exclusively, but chiefly, for instruction. They invite us to instruct ourselves, to instruct others, and to do our part in furnishing all proper means of instruction.

GREENWOOD.¹

III.

109. *SNOW-BOUND—EVENING.*

UNWARMED by any sunset light,
 The gray day darkened into night—
 A night made hoary with the swarm
 And whirl-dance of the blinding storm,
 As zigzag, wavering to and fro,
 Crossed and recrossed the winged snow :
 And ere the early bed-time came
 The white drift filled the window-frame,
 And through the glass the clothes-line posts
 Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts.

¹ Francis W. P. Greenwood, 1797, and died in that city Aug. 2, D.D., an American clergyman and 1848. He had a strong and cultivated taste for the natural sciences. author, was born in Boston, Feb. 5,

2. We piled, with cāre, our nightly stack
Of wōd against the chimney-back—
Thē ōaken log, green, huge, and thick,
And on its top the stout backstick ;
The knotty fōrestick laid apart,
• And filled between with curious art
The ragged brush ; then hōvering near,
We watched the first red blaze appear,
Hēard the sharp crackle, caught the gleam
On whitewashed wall and sagging beam,
Until thē old rŭde fŭrnished rōom
Bŭrst, flower-like, into rosy blōom ;
While rādiant with a mimic flame
Outside the sparkling drift became,
And thrŭgh the bāre-boughed lilac-tree
Our own warm hēārth seemed blazing free.
3. Shut in from all the world without,
We sat the clean-winged hēārth ābout,
Content to let the north wind rōar
In baffled rage at pane and dōor,
While the red lōgs befōre us beat
The frōst-line back with tropic heat ;
And ever, when ā louder blāst
Shook beam and rāfter as it pāssed,
The merrier up its rōaring draught
The great throat of the chimney lāughed.
4. The house-dōg on his paws outspread
Laid to the fire his drowsy head ;
The cat's dark shādōw on the wall
A couchant¹ tiger's seemed to fall ;
And, for the winter fireside meet,
Between thē andiron's straddled feet,
The mug of cider simmered slōw,
Thē apples sputtered in ā rōw,
And, close at hand, the bāskēt stōōd
With nuts from brown October's wōod.

¹ Couch'ant, squatting ; lying down with the head raised.

5. What matter how the night behaved?
 What matter how the north wind raved?
 Blow high, blow low, not all its snow
 Could quench our hearth-fire's ruddy glow.
 We sped the time with stories old,
 Wrought puzzles out, and riddles told,
 Or stammered from our school-book lore¹
 "The Chief of Gambia's golden shore."
6. Our uncle, innocent of books,
 Was rich in lore of fields and brooks—
 The ancient teachers, never dumb,
 Of Nature's unhouse'd lyceum,
 In moons and tides and weather wise,
 He read the clouds as prophecies,
 And foul or fair could well divine,
 By many an occult² hint and sign,
 Holding the cunning-warded keys
 To all the woodcraft mysteries;
 Himself to Nature's heart so near
 That all her voices in his ear
 Of beast or bird had meanings clear.
7. A simple, guileless, childlike man,
 Content to live where life began—
 Strong only on his native grounds,
 The little world of sights and sounds
 Whose girdle was the parish bounds,
 Whereof his fondly partial pride
 The common features magnified—
 He told how teal³ and loon⁴ he shot,
 And how the eagle's eggs he got,
 The feats on pond and river done,
 The prodigies of rod and gun;—
 Till, warming with the tales he told,
 Forgotten was the outside cold;

¹ Lore, that which is learned; knowledge gained from reading or study; learning.

² Occult, hidden from the eye or understanding; secret.

³ Teal, a web-footed water-fowl, nearly allied to the common duck, but smaller.

⁴ Loon, a web-footed swimming and diving bird.

The bitter wind unheeded blew,
 From ripening corn the pigeons flew,
 The pātridge drummed i' the wood, the min̄k
 Went fishing down the river brin̄k.

8. In fields with bean and clover gāy
 The wōōdchūck, like a hērm̄it grāy,
 Peered from the dōorwāy of his cell ;
 The muskrat plied the māson's trade,
 And tier by tier his mud-walls laid :
 And from the shagbark overhead,
 The grizzled squirel dropped his shell.
9. At lāst the great lōgs, crumbling lōw,
 Sent out a dull and duller glōw ;—
 The bull's-eye wātch that hung in view,
 Ticking its weary cīrcuit thrōugh,
 Pointed with mutely warning sign
 Its black hand to thē hour of nine.
 That sign the pleasant cīrcle broke :
 My unele ceased his pipe to smoke,
 Knocked from its bōwl the refuse grāy,
 And laid it tenderly āwāy,
 Then rōused himself to safely cover
 The dull red brands with ashes over.
10. And while, with cāre, our mother laid
 The work āside, her steps she stayed
 One moment, seeking to express
 Her grateful sense of happiness
 For fōōd and shelter, warmth and health,
 And love's contentment mōre than wealth,
 With simple wishes (not the weak,
 Vain prāyers whīch no fulfillment seek,
 But such as warm the generous heart,
 O'er-prōmpt to do with hēaven its part),
 That nōne might lack, that bitter night,
 For bread and clothing, warmth and light.
11. Within our beds awhile we hēard
 The wind that round the gables rōared,

With now and then a ryder shock,
Which made our vëry bedsteads rock.
We heard the loosened elapbõards töss,
The bõard-nails snapping in the fröst ;
And on us, through the unplastered wall,
Felt the light sifted snow-flakes fall.

12. But sleep stöle on, as sleep will do,
When hearts are light, and life is new ;
Faint and möre faint the mårnårs grew,
Till in the summer-land of dreams
They söftened to the sound of streams,
Low stir of leaves, and dip of õars,
And lapsing waves on quiet shõres.

J. G. WHITTIER.

SECTION XXX.

I.

110. *THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.*

- UNDER a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands ;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands ;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are ströng as iron (i'ërn) banda.
2. His håir is crisp, and black, and löng ;
His face is like the tan ;
His brow is wet with honest swëat—
He ëarns whate'er he can ;
He looks the whöle world in the face,
For he owes not any man.
3. Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bëllöws¹ blow ;

¹ **Bellows** (bë'l'us), an instrum- purposes, as blowing fires, venti-
ment, utensil, or machine for för- lating mines, filling the pipes of an
air through a tube, for different organ with wind, etc.

- You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,¹
 With measured beat and slow,
 Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
 When the evening sun is low.
4. And children coming home from school
 Look in at the open door;
 They love to see the flaming forge,²
 And hear the bellows roar,
 And catch the burning sparks that fly
 Like chaff from a threshing-floor.
5. He goes on Sunday to the church,
 And sits among his boys;
 He hears the parson pray and preach,
 He hears his daughter's voice,
 Singing in the village choir,
 And it makes his heart rejoice.
6. It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
 Singing in Paradise!³
 He needs must think of her once more,
 How in the grave she lies;
 And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
 A tear out of his eyes.
7. Toiling—rejoicing—sorrowing,
 Onward through life he goes;
 Each morning sees some task begin,
 Each evening sees it close;
 Something attempted, something done,
 Has earned a night's repose.
8. Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
 For the lesson thou hast taught!
 Thus at the flaming forge of life
 Our fortunes must be wrought;
 Thus on its sounding anvil⁴ shaped
 Each burning deed and thought! LONGFELLOW.

¹ Sledge, a large, heavy hammer.² Forge, a furnace where iron is heated and wrought.³ Par'a dise, a place of great hap-

piness; a region of delight; heaven.

⁴ Anvil, an iron block, usually with a steel face, upon which metals are hammered and shaped.

II.

111. *THE SONG OF THE FORGE.*

CLANG, elang ! the mássive¹ anvils ring ;
 Clang, clang ! á hundred hammers swing—
 Like the thunder-rattle of a tropic sky,
 The mighty b'ows still multiply—

Clang, clang !

Sây, brothers of the dusky brow,
 What are yqur ströng arms fôrging now ?

2. Clang, elang ! We fôrge the colter² now
 The colter of the kindly plow :
 Benignant Fäther, bless our toil !
 May its broad fûrröw still unbind
 To geniäl rains, to sun and wînd,
 The most productive soil !

3. Clang, elang ! Our colter's cöurse shall be
 On many á sweet and sheltered lea,
 By many á streamlet's silver tide,
 Amid the söng of morning bîrds,
 Amid the löw of säuntering hêrds,
 Amid söft breezes which do strây
 Through woodbine hedges and sweet mây,³
 Along the green hill's side.

4. When regal⁴ Autumn's bounteous hand
 With wide-spread glöry clothes the land—
 When to the valleys, from the brow
 Of each resplendent slope, is rolled
 A ruddy sea of living gold—
 We bless—we bless the plow.

5. Clang, clang ! Again, my mates, what glows
 Benêath the hammer's potent blows ?

¹ Massive (mäs'iv), formed or consisting of á great máss or quantity collected ; heavy.

² Colt'er, the fore iron of á plow, with á sharp edge to cut the sod.

³ Mây, the flowers of the hawthorn ;—so called because they bloom in the lást of May.

⁴ Ré'gal, pertaining to á king ; kingly ; royal.

Clink, elank ! We fōrge the giant chain
Which beārs the gallant vessel's strain
'Mid stormy winds and ādvērse¹ tides ;
Secured by this, the good ship braves
The rocky rōadstead,² and the waves
Which thunder on her sides.

6. Anxious no mōre, the merchant sees
The mist drive dark befōre the breeze,
The storm-cloud on the hill ;
Cālmly he rests, though far āwāy
In boisterous climes his vessel lāy—
Reliant on our skill.
7. Sāy, on what sands these links shall sleep,
Fathōms benēath the solemn deep ?—
By Afric's pestilential³ shōre—
By many an iceberg,⁴ lone and hōar ;
By many ā pālmy Western isle,
Bāsking in Spring's perpetual smile ;
By stormy Labrador.
8. Say, shall they feel the vessel reel,
When to the battery's deadly peal
The crashing broadside makes reply ?
Or else, as at the glōrious Nile,⁵
Hold grappling ships, that strive the while
For death or victory ?
9. Hurrah !—cling, clang !—once mōre, what glows,
Dark brothers of the fōrge, benēath
Thē iron tempēst of your blows,
The fūrnace's red breath ?—

¹ *Adverse*(ād'vērs), acting against or in ā contrary dirēction ; opposing desire.

² *Rōad'stēad*, ā place where ships may ride at ānēhor, at some distance from the shore.

³ *Pēs'ti lēn'tial* (-lēn'shal), producing or tending to produce the pest, the plague, or other diseases that are easily spread ; poisonous.

⁴ *Ice'berg*, ā hill or mountain of ice, or a very great body of ice floating on thē ocean.

⁵ *Nile River*, near one of the mouth's of which the battle of the Nile wās fought, Aug. 1, 1798. In this battle, the English fleet, commanded by Lord Nelson, gained ā victory over the French fleet under Admiral Brueys.

Clang, clang ! A burning torrent, clear
 And brilliant, of bright sparks, is poured
 Around and up in the dusky air,
 As our hammers forge the sword.

10. The sword !—a name of dread ; yet when
 Upon the freeman's thigh 'tis bound—
 While for his altar and his hearth,
 While for the land that gave him birth,
 The war-drums roll, the trumpets sound—
 How sacred is it then !

11. Whenever, for the truth and right,
 It flashes in the van of fight—
 Whether in some wild mountain pass,
 As that where fell Leonidas ;¹
 Or on some sterile² plain, and stern,
 A Marston³ or a Bannockburn ;⁴
 Or 'mid fierce crags and bursting rills,
 The Switzer's Alps, gray Tyrol's hills ;
 Or, as, when sunk the Armada's⁵ pride,
 It gleams above the stormy tide ;
 Still, still, whene'er the battle-word
 Is *Liberty!* when men do stand
 For justice and their native land—
 Then Heaven bless the sword !

III.

112. TUBAL CAIN.

OLD TUBAL CAIN was a man of might,
 In the days when the earth was young ;
 By the fierce red light of his furnace bright,
 The strokes of his hammer rung ;

¹ Le ōn'i das, king of Sparta, noted for his defense of the pass of Thermopylae against Xerxes, 480 B.C.

² Stér'ile, barren ; unfruitful.

³ Marston Moor, a plain near York, England, where the Parliamentary forces gained a decisive victory over the royalists, in 1644.

⁴ Bannockburn, a town of Scotland, famous for the great victory gained here, June 24, 1314, by the Scots, under Bruce, over the English, commanded by Edward II.

⁵ Ar mā'da, a fleet of armed ships ; here, the Spanish fleet intended to act against England, in 1588.

And he lifted high his brawny hand
 On thē iron glowing clear,
 Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers,
 As he fashioned the *swōrd* and spear.
 And he sung—"Hurrah for my handiwork !
 Hurrah for the spear and sword !
 Hurrah for the hand that shall wield them well !
 For he shall be king and lord."

2. To Tubal Cain came many & one,
 As he wrōught by his rōaring fire,
 And each one prayed for a strōng steel blade,
 As the crown of his desire ;
 And he made them wēapons sharp and strong,
 Till they shouted loud in glee,
 And gave him gifts of pēarls and gold,
 And spoils of fōrest free.
 And they sung—"Hurrah for Tubal Cain,
 Who hath gīven us strength anew !
 Hurrah for the smith ! hurrah for the fire !
 And hurrah for the metal true !"

3. But & sudden change came o'er his heart
 Ere the setting of the sun ;
 And Tubal Cain wæs filled with pain
 For thē evil he had done.
 He saw that men, with rage and hate,
 Made war upon their kind ;
 That the land was red with the blood they shed,
 In their lust for carnage blind.
 And he said—"Alås, that ever I made,
 Or that skill of mine should plan,
 The spear and the sword, for men whose joy
 Is to slāy their fēllōw-man !"

4. And for many & day old Tubal Cain
 Sat brooding o'er his wōe ;
 And his hand forbōre to smite thē ðre,
 And his furnace smōldered lōw ;
 But he rose at lāst with a cheerful face,

And a bright, courâgeous eye,
 And bared his ströng right arm for work,
 While the quick flames mounted high ;
 And he sang—" Hurrah for my handiwork !"
 And the red sparks lit thê âir—
 " Not âlone for the blade wæs the bright steel made"—
 And he fashioned the first plowshâre.

5. And men, taught wisdom from the pâst,
 In friendship joined their hands,
 Hung the swörd in the hall, the spear on the wall,
 And plowed the willing lands ;
 And sang—" Hurrah for Tubal Cain !
 Our stânc̃h good friend is he ;
 And, for the plowshare and the plow,
 To him our praise shall be.
 But while oppression lifts its head,
 Or a tyrant would be lord,
 Thōugh we may thank him for the plow,
 We will not forget the sword." CHARLES MACKAY.

SECTION XXXI.

I.

113. *THE INFLUENCE OF FAME.*

OH, who shall lightly sây that fame¹
 Is nôthing but an empty name,
 While in that sound thêre is a charm,
 The nerves to brace, the heart to warm ;
 As, thinking of the mighty dead,
 The young from slōthful² couch will start,
 And vow, with lifted hands outspread,
 Like them to act a noble part !

2. Oh, who shall lightly say that fame
 Is nôthing but an empty name,

¹ *Fâme*, public repört; renown ; ² *Slōth'ful*, not inclined to labor ;
 the condition of being celebrated. indolent ; lazy ; idle.

When, but for those, our mighty dead,
 All ages pást á blank wóuld be ;
 Sunk in Oblivion's¹ mårky bed—
 A deşert báre—a shiplèss sea !
 They are the distant objects seen,
 The löfty marks of what hañ been.

3. Oh, who shall lightly say that fame
 Is nóthing but an empty name,
 When memory of the mighty dead
 To earñ-wörn pilgrim's wistful eye
 The brightèst rays of cheering shed,
 That point to immortality !

BAILLIE.²

II.

114. COURAGE.

COURAGE !—Nóthing can withstand
 Lõng á wrõnged, undäunted³ land,
 If the hearts within her be
 True unto themselves and thee,
 Thou freed giant, Liberty !
 Oh, no mountaín-nymph art thou
 When the helm is on thy brow,
 And the swõrd is in thy hand,
 Fighting for thy own good land.

2. Cõurage !—Nóthing e'er withstood
 Freemen fighting for their good ;
 Armed with all their fathers' fame,
 They will win and weär a name,
 That shall go to endless glõry,
 Like the göds of öld Greek stõry,
 Raised to Hëaven and heavenly worth,
 For the good they gave to earñ.

¹ Ob liv'i on, cessation of remembrance ; forgetfulness.

² Joanna Baillie, a British dramatic poetess, was born in Lanarkshire, Scotland, Oct. 27, 1761, and died at Hampstead, near Lõdon,

Feb. 23, 1851. Her complete poetical works, in one large volume, appeared in 1850.

³ Undaunted (un dānt'ed), not discouraged or mastered by fear ; fearless ; brave.

3. *Coũrage !*—Thère is nòne so pōor—
 Nòne of all who wrōng endure—
 None so humble, none so weak,
 But may flush his father's cheek,
 And his maiden's, dear and true,
 With the deeds that he may do.
 Be his days as dark as night,
 He may make himself à light.
 What though sunken be his sun—
 There are stars when day is done!
4. *Coũrage !*—Who will be à slave,
 That hath strength to dig a grave,
 And thèrein his fetters hide,
 And lāy a tyrant by his side?
Coũrage !—Hope, howe'er he fly
 For a time, can *never* die!
 Courage, thèrefōre, bróther men!
 Courage !—To the fight again ! B. W. PROCTER.

III.

115. THE BRAVE AT HOME.

- THE MAID who binds hēr warrior's sash,
 With smile that well her pain dissembles,
 The while benēath her drooping lash
 One starry tear-drop hangs and trembles—
 Though Hēaven àlōne records the tear,
 And fame shall never know the stōry,
 Hēr heart has shed à drop as dear
 As é'er bedewed the field of glōry.
2. The wife who gírds her husband's swōrd,
 'Mid little ones who weep or wōnder,
 And bravely speaks the cheering word—
 What though her heart be rent àsunder,
 Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear
 The bōlts of death àround him rattle,
 Hath shed as sacred blood as é'er
 Was pōured upon a field of battle!

3. The mother who conceals hēr grief,
 While to her breast her son she presses,
 Then breathes a few brave words and brief,
 Kissing the pātriot brow she blesses,
 With no one but her secret Gōd
 To know the pain that weighs upon her,
 Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod
 Received on Freedom's field of honor !

T. B. READ.

IV.

116. I GIVE MY SOLDIER-BOY A BLADE.

- I GIVE my soldier-boy a blade ;
 In fair Damascus fashioned well :
 Who first the glittering falchion swayed,
 Who first beneath its fury fell,
 I know not, but I hope to know
 That for no mean or hireling trade,
 To guard no feeling base or low,
 I gave my soldier-boy a blade.
2. Cool, cālm, and clear, the lucid¹ flood
 In which its tempering work was done ;
 As calm, as clear, as cool of mood,
 Be thou whene'er it sees the sun ;
 For country's claim, at honor's call,
 For outraged friend, insulted maid,
 At mērcy's voice to bid it fall,
 I give my soldier-boy a blade.
3. Thē eye which marked its peerlēs edge,
 The hand that weighed its balanced poise,
 Anvil and pincers, fōrge and wedge,
 Are gōne with all their flaming noise—
 And still the gleaming swōrd remains ;
 So, when in dust I lōw am laid,
 Remember, by these heartfelt strains,
 I gave my soldier-boy a blade.

MAGINN.²

¹ Lū'oid, shining ; bright ; clear.
² William Maginn, a British author, was born in Cork, Nov. 11, 1794, and died in Walton-on-Thames, near

Lōndon, Aug. 21, 1842. His numerous and valuable papers for magazines were generally marked by wit and scholarship.

V.

117. CATO'S SPEECH OVER HIS DEAD SON.

THANKS to the göds ! my boy has done his duty.—
 Welcome, my son ! Here set him down, my friends,
 Full in my sight ; that I may view at lēisure
 The bloody cōrse, and count those glōrious wōunds.
 How beautiful is death, when ēarned by vīrtue !
 Who would not be that yōuth ?—what pity is it
 That we can die but once to sērvē our country !

2. Why sits this sadnēss on yōur brow, my friends ?
 I should have blushed if Cato's¹ house had stood
 Secure, and flōurished in a civil war—
 Pōrciūs,² behold thy brother ! and remember,
 Thy life is not thy own when Rome demands it !
 When Rome demands !—but Rome is now no mōre !
 The Roman empire's fallen !—(Oh, cūrsed ambition !)—
 Fallen into Cēsar's hands ! Our great forefathers
 Had left him nōught to conquer but his country.—
3. Pōrciūs, come hither to me !—Ah ! my son,
 Despāiring of success,
 Let me advise thee to withdraw, betimes,
 To our patērnal seat, the Sabine field,
 Where the great Censor toiled with his own hands,
 And all our frugal ancestors were blessed
 In humble vīrtues and a rural life.
 There live retired : content thyself to be
 Obscurely good.
 When vice prevails, and impious men beār swāy,
 The post of honor is a private station !
4. Fārewell, my friends ! If thēre be any of you
 Who dāre not trust the victor's clemency,

¹ **Marcus Porcius Cato**, the great-grandson of the Censor, was born 95 B. C. From his youth, he was celebrated for his bravery, virtue, and decision of character. After the defeat of the republican party by Cēsar, having provided for the

safety of his friends at Utica, he died by his own hand, aged 49.

² **Marcus Porcius Cato**, son of the preceding, was spāred by Cēsar, but finally died, the last of his race, nobly fighting for the liberty of Rome.

Know, there are ships prepared by my command—
 Their sails already opening to the winds—
 That shall convey you to the wished-for port.
 The conqueror draws near—once more, farewell !

5. If é'er we meet hereafter we shall meet
 In happier climes, and on a safer shore,
 Where Cæsar never shall approach us more !
 There, the brave youth with love of virtue fired,
 Who greatly in his country's cause expired,
 Shall know he conquered !—The firm patriot there,
 Who made the welfare of mankind his care,
 Though still by faction, vice, and fortune crossed,
 Shall find the generous labor was not lost. ADDISON.¹

SECTION XXXII.

I.

118. LIGHT.

THERE are many who will be ready to think that light is a very tame and feeble instrument, because it is noiseless. An earthquake, for example, is to them a much more vigorous and effective agency. Hear how it comes thundering through the solid foundations of nature ! It rocks a whole continent. The noblest works of man, cities, monuments, and temples, are in a moment leveled to the ground, or swallowed down the opening gulfs of fire.

2. Little do they think that the light of every morning, the soft and silent light, is an agent many times more powerful. But let the light of the morning cease and return no more : let the hour of morning come, and bring with it no dawn ; the outcries of a horror-stricken world fill the air, and make, as it were, the darkness audible.

3. The beasts go wild and frantic at the loss of the sun. The vegetable growths turn pale and die. A chill creeps on, and

¹ Joseph Addison, one of the most distinguished of English authors, was born May 1, 1672, and died June 17, 1719.

frösty winds begin to howl acróss the freezing earth. Colder, yét colder, is the night. At length the vital blood of all creatures stops congealed.

4. Down goes the fröst to thē earth's center. The heart of the sea is frōzen, nay, thē earthquakes are themselves frozen in, under their fiery caverns. The verry globe itself, too, and all the fellow-planets that have lōst thēir sun, are become mere balls of ice, swinging silènt in the darknèss.

5. Such is the light which revisits us in the silence of the morning. It makes no shock or scar. It would not wake an infant in the cradle. And yet it perpetually new-creates the world, rescuing it each morning as a prey from night and chaos.

BUSHNELL.¹

II.

119. *A DAY OF SUNSHINE.*

O GIFT of Gōd ! O pērfect dāy :
Whēreon shall no man work, but plāy ;
Whēreon it is enough for me,
Not to be doing, but to be !

2. Through èvèry fiber of my brain,
Through every nērvē, through every vein,
I feel thē electric thrill, the touch
Of life, that seems almōst too much.

3. I hear the wind âmóng the trees
Playing celestial symphonies ;²
I see the brānches downward bent,
Like keys of some great instrumēt.

4. And over me unrolls on high
The splendid scenery of the sky,
Where through a sapphire³ sea the sun
Sails like a gōlden galleon⁴—

¹ Horace Bushnell, an eloquent American clērgýman and writer, was born in New Prēston, Litchfield Co., Conn., in 1802. He died in 1878.

² Sým' pho ny, a harmony or agreement of sounds, pleasant to thē ear, èither vocal or instrumental ;

an instrumental composition for a band of music.

³ Sapphire (săf' ír), a precious stone, usually blue.

⁴ Găl'le on, a large ship, with three or four decks, formerly used by the Spaniards.

5. Toward yōnder cloud-land in the west,
Toward yonder Island of the Blest,
Whose steep sierra¹ far uplifts
Its scraggy summits white with drifts.
6. Blow, winds ! and wāft through all the rōōms
The snow-flakes of the cherry-blooms !
Blow, winds ! and bend within my reach
The fiery blossoms of the peach !
7. O Life and Love ! O happy thrōng
Of thoughts, whose ōnly speech is sōng !
O heart of man ! canst thou not be
Blithe as thē āir is, and as free !

LONGFELLOW.

III.

120. THE ATMOSPHERE.

THE ATMOSPHERE rises ābōve us, with its cathedra² dome arching tōward the hēavēns, to which it is the mōst familiar sýnōnym³ and symbol. It flōats āround us like that grand object which the āpōstle John saw in his vision —“ā sea of glāss like unto crystal.” So māssive is it, that, when it begins to stīr, it tōsses ābout great ships like play-things, and sweeps cities and fōrēsts to destruction before it.

2. And yēt it is so mōbile,⁴ that we live years in it before we can be persuaded that it exists at all ; and the great bulk of mankind never realize the trūth that they are bathed in an ocean of āir. Its weight is so enormous that iron shivers before it like glāss ; yet a sōap-bubble sails through it with impunity, and the tīniēst insect waves it āside with its wing.

3. It ministers lavishly to all the senses. We touch it not ; but it touches us. Its warm south wind brings back color to the pale face of thē invalid ;⁵ its cool west winds refresh the fevered brow, and make the blood mantle in our cheeks ; even

¹ Sierra (sē ēr'rá), ā saw-like ridge of mountāns and craggy rocks.

² Ca thē'dral, the principal church in the district of ā bishop, so called because in it he has his official chair.

³ Sýn'o nym, one of two or more

words having the same, or vērý nearly the same, meaning.

⁴ Mō'bile, capable of being moved, ārouged, or excited.

⁵ In'va līd, ā pērsōn who is weak, sickly, or disabled.

its northern blasts brace into new vigor the hardy children of our rugged clime.

4. Thē eye is indebted to it for all the magnificence of sunrise, the full brightness of midday, the chastened radiance of the "glōaming," and the "clouds that cradle near the setting sun." But for it the rainbow would want its triumphal arch," and the winds would not send their fleecy messengers on errands round the heavens. The cold weather would not shed its snow-feathers on thē ēarth, nor drops of dew gather on the flowers. The kindly rain would never fall, nor hailstorm nor fog diversify¹ the face of the sky. Our naked globe would turn its tanned and unshadowed forehead to the sun, and one dreary, monotonous blaze of light and heat dazzle and burn up all things.

5. Were there no atmosphere, thē evening sun would in a mōment set, and, without warning, plunge thē earth in darkness. But thē air keeps in her hand a sheaf of his rays, and lets them slip slowly through her fingers; so that the shadows gather by degrees, and the flowers have time to bow their heads, and each creature space to find a place of rest, and nestle to repose.

6. In the morning, the gairish² sun would at once burst from the bosom of night, and blaze above the horizon; but thē air watches for his coming, and sends at first one little ray to announce his approach, and then another, and by and by a handful; and so gently draws aside the curtain of night, and slowly lets the night fall on the face of the sleeping earth, till her eyelids open, and, like man, she "gōeth forth again to her labor till thē evening."

IV.

121. THE WINDS.

1.

YE WINDS, ye unseen currents of thē air,
Sōftly ye played a few brief hours ago;
Ye bore the murmuring bee; ye tossed the hair
O'er maiden cheeks, that took a fresher glow;

¹ Dī ver'sī fy, give variety to.

² Gairish (gār'ish), gaudy; bright.

Ye rolled the round white clouds through depths of blue ;
 Ye shook from shaded flowers the lingering dew ;
 Before you the catālpā¹ blossoms flew—

Light blossoms, dropping on the grass like snow.

2.

How are ye changed ! Ye take the cataract's sound ;

Ye take the whirlpool's fury and its might ;

The mountain shudders as ye sweep the ground ;

The valley woods lie prone beneath your flight.

The clouds before you shoot like eagles past ;

The homes of men are rocking in your blast ;

Ye lift the roofs like autumn leaves, and cast,

Skyward, the whirling fragments out of sight.

3.

The weary fowls of heaven make wing in vain

To escape your wrath ; ye seize and dash them dead.

Against the earth ye drive the roaring rain ;

The harvest field becomes a river's bed ;

And torrents tumble from the hills around ;

Plains turn to lakes, and villages are drowned,

And wailing voices, mid the tempest's sound,

Rise, as the rushing waters swell and spread.

4.

Ye dart upon the deep, and straight is heard

A wilder roar, and men grow pale, and pray ;

Ye fling its floods around you, as a bird

Flings o'er his shivering plumes the fountain's spray.

See ! to the breaking mast the sailor clings ;

Ye scoop the ocean to its briny springs,

And take the mountain billow on your wings,

And pile the wreck of navies round the bay.

W. C. BRYANT.

¹ Ca tāl'pa, a large tree of North America, abundant on the banks of the Mississippi, having large leaves, and white, showy flowers.

SECTION XXXIII.

I.

122. THE POET'S SONG.

THE RAIN had fallen ; the Poet arose—
 He passed by the town and out of the street ;
 A light wind blew from the gate of the sun,
 And waves of shadow went over the wheat,
 And he sat him down in a lonely place,
 And chanted a melody loud and sweet;
 That made the wild swan pause in her cloud,
 And the lark drop down at his feet.

2. The swallow stopped as he hunted the bee ;
 The snake slipped under a spray ;
 The wild hawk stood with the down on his beak,
 And stared, with his foot on the prey ;
 And the nightingale thought, " I have sung many songs
 But never a one so gay,
 For he sings of what the world will be
 When the years have died away."

TENNYSON.

II.

123. CENTENNIAL SONG.

[For the New York Celebration, July 4, 1876.]

WAKEN, voice of the Land's Devotion !
 Spirit of Freedom, awaken all !
 Ring, ye shores, to the Song of Ocean,
 Rivers, answer, and mountains, call !
 The golden day has come :
 Let every tongue be dumb
 That sounded its malice or murmured its fears :
 She hath won her story ;
 She wears her glory ;
 We crown her the *Land of a Hundred Years!*

2. Out of darkness and toil and dānger,
 Into the light of Victory's dāy—
 Help to the weak and hōme to the strānger,
 Freedom to all, she hath held her wāy !
 Now Europe's orphans rest
 Upon her mother breast :
 The voices of nations are hēard in the cheers
 That shall cast upon hēr
 New love and honor,
 And crown her the *Queen of a Hundred Years !*
3. North and South, we are met as brothers ;
 East and West, we are wedded as one !
 Right of each shall secure our mother's—
 Child of each is her faithful son !
 We give thee heart and hand,
 Our glōrious native land,
 For battle has tried thee, and time endears :
 We will write thy stōry,
 And keep thy glōry
 As pure as of old for a THOUSAND YEARS !
 BAYARD TAYLOR.

III.

124. CENTENNIAL HYMN.

For the opening of the International Exhibition, Philadelphia, May 10, 1876.

- OUR fathers' Gōd ! from out whose hand
 The cēnturies fall like grains of sand,
 We meet to-dāy, united, free,
 And loyal to our land and Thee,
 To thank Thee for the ērā done,
 And trust Thee for the ōpening one.
2. Here, whēre of old, by Thy design,
 The fathers spake that word of Thine
 Whose echo is the glad refrain
 Of rended bōlt and falling chain,
 To grace our festal time, from all
 The zones of ēarth our guests we call.

3. Be with us while the New World greets
Thē Old World thrōnging all its streets,
Unveiling all the triumphs won
By art or toil beneath the sun ;
And unto common good ordain
This rivalship of hand and brain.
4. Thou, who hast here in coneord fūrlēd
The war flags of ā gāthered world,
Beneath our Western skies fulfill
Thē Orient's mission of good-will,
And, freighted with love's Gōlden Fleece,
Send back its Argonauts¹ of peace.
5. For art and labor met in truce,
For beauty made the bride of use,
We thank Thee ; but, withal, we crave
The austere virtues strōng to save,
Thē honor proof to place or gold,
The manhood never bought nor sold !
6. Oh make Thou us, through centuries lōng,
In peace secure, in justice strōng ;
Around our gift of freedom draw
The safeguards of Thy righteous law ;
And cāst in some divīner mold,
Let the new cycle² shame thē old !

J. G. WHITTIER.

IV.

125. THE GOLDEN YEAR.

WE sleep, and wake, and sleep, but all things move ;
The Sun flies fōrward to his brother Sun ;
The dark Earth follows, wheeled in hēr ellipse :
And human things retūrning on themselves
Move onward, leading up the gōlden year.

¹ Argonaut (ār'gō nāt), one of the fifty-four persons who sailed to Colchis with Jāson, in thē *Argo*, in quest of the gōlden fleece.

² Cy'cle, ā space of time in which

ā series of things takes place or is done, and then retūrns again and again in the same order ; as, the cycle of the seasons, of the year, or of the century.

2. Ah, though the times when some new thought can bud
Are but as poets' seasons when they flower,
Yet seas that daily gain upon the shore
Have ebb and flow conditioning their march,
And slow and sure comes up the golden year.
3. When wealth no more shall rest in mounded heaps,
But smit with freer light shall slowly melt
In many streams to fatten lower lands,
And light shall spread, and man be liker man
Through all the seasons of the golden year.
4. Shall eagles not be eagles? wrens be wrens?
If all the world were fawns, what of that?
The wonder of the eagle were the less,
But he not less the eagle. Happy days
Roll onward, leading up the golden year.
5. Fly, happy, happy sails, and bear the Press;
Fly, happy with the mission of our God;
Knit land to land, and blowing havenward,
With silks, and fruits, and spices, clear of toll,
Enrich the markets of the golden year.
6. But we grow old. Ah! when shall all men's good
Be each man's rule, and universal Peace
Lie like a shaft of light across the land,
And like a lane of beams athwart the sea,
Through all the circle of the golden year?

TENNYSON.

SECTION XXXIV.

I.

126. UNDER THE HOLLY-BOUGH.

YE who have scorned each other,
Or injured friend or brother,
In this fast fading year;
Ye who, by word or deed,
Have made a kind heart bleed,
Come, gather here!

Let sinned against and sinning,
 Forget their strife's beginning,
 And join in friendship now;
 Be links no longer broken—
 Be sweet forgiveness spoken
 Under the Holly-bough.

2. Ye who have loved each other,
 Sister, and friend, and brother,
 In this fast fading year :
 Mother, and sire, and child,
 Young man, and maiden mild,
 Come, gather here ;
 And let your hearts grow fonder,
 As memory shall ponder
 Each past unbroken vow.
 Old loves and younger wooing
 Are sweet in the renewing,
 Under the Holly-bough.

3. Ye who have nourished sadness,
 Estranged from hope and gladness,
 In this fast fading year ;
 Ye with o'erburdened mind,
 Made aliens from your kind,
 Come, gather here.
 Let not the useless sorrow
 Pursue you night and morrow :
 If e'er you hoped, hoped now—
 Take heart ;—uncloud your faces,
 And join in our embraces
 Under the Holly-bough.

CHARLES MACKAY.

II.

127. CHRISTMAS IN GERMANY.

THERE is a Christmas custom, in the north of Germany, which pleased and interested me. The children made little presents to their parents, and to each other ; and the parents, to the children.

2. For three or four months before Christmas the girls are all

busy, and the boys save up their pocket-money to make or purchase these presents. What the present is to be is cautiously kept secret, and the girls have a world of contrivances to conceal it—such as working when they are out on visits, and the others are not with them; getting up in the morning before daylight, and the like.

3. Then, on the evening before Christmas Day, one of the parlors is lighted up by the children, into which the parents must not go. A great yew-bough is fastened on the table at a little distance from the wall, a multitude of little tapers are fastened in the bough, but so as not to catch it till they are nearly burnt out, and colored paper hangs and flutters from the twigs.

4. Under this bough the children lay out in great order the presents they mean for their parents, still concealing in their pockets what they intend for each other. Then the parents are introduced, and each presents his little gift, and then they bring out the rest, one by one, from their pockets, and present them with kisses and embraces.

5. Where I witnessed this scene there were eight or nine children, and the eldest daughter and the mother wept aloud for joy and tenderness; and the tears ran down the face of the father, and he clasped all his children so tight to his breast, it seemed as if he did it to stifle the sob that was rising within him.

6. I was very much affected. The shadow of the bough and its appendages on the wall, and arching over on the ceiling, made a pretty picture; and then the raptures of the very little ones, when at last the twigs and their needles began to take fire and snap!—oh, it was a delight for them!

7. On the next day, in the great parlor, the parents lay out on the table the presents for the children: a scene of more sober joy succeeds, as on this day, after an old custom, the mother says privately to each of her daughters, and the father to his sons, that which has been observed most praiseworthy, and that which was most faulty in their conduct.

8. Formerly, and still in all the smaller towns and villages throughout North Germany, these presents were sent by all the parents to some one fellow, who in high buskins, a white robe, a mask, an enormous flax wig, personates *Servant Rupert*. On

Christmas night he goes round to every house, and says that the Lord, his master, sent him thither: the parents and elder children receive him with great pomp of reverence, while the little ones are most terribly frightened.

9. He then inquires for the children, and, according to the character which he hears from the parents, he gives them the intended presents, as though they came out of heaven from the Lord. Or, if they should have been bad children, he gives the parents a rod, and in the name of his master recommends them to use it frequently. About seven or eight years old, the children are let into the secret, and it is curious to observe how faithfully they keep it.

COLERIDGE.¹

III.

121. END OF THE PLAY.

THE PLAY is done—the curtain drops,
 Slow falling to the prompter's bell;
 A moment yet the actor stops,
 And looks around, to say farewell.
 It is an irksome word and task;
 And when he's laughed and said his say,
 He shows, as he removes the mask,
 A face that's any thing but gay.

2. One word ere yet the evening ends—
 Let's close it with a parting rhyme;
 And pledge a hand to all young friends,
 As fits the merry Christmas time:
 On life's wide scene you, too, have parts,
 That fate ere long shall bid you play;
 Good-night!—with honest, gentle hearts
 A kindly greeting go away!
3. Good-night!—I'd say the griefs, the joys,
 Just hinted in this mimic page,
 The triumphs and defeats of boys,
 Are but repeated in our age.

¹ Samuel Taylor Coleridge, an English poet and philosopher, was born October 21, 1772, and died July 25, 1834.

I'd say y^our woes w^ere not less keen,
Y^our hopes m^ore vain, than those of men—
Your pang^s or pl^easures of fifteen
At forty-five played o'er again.

4. I'd say we suffer and we strive
Not less nor m^ore as men than boys—
With grizzled b^eards at forty-five,
As erst at twelve in corduroys.
And if, in time of sacred y^outh,
We l^earned at h^ome to love and pr^ay,
Pray H^eaven that ^early love and truth
May never wh^olly p^ass ^away.

5. And in the world, as in the school,
I'd say how fate may ch^ange and shift :
The prize be sometimes with the fool,
The race not always to the swift.
The str^ong may yield, the good may fall,
The great man be a vulgar clown,
The knave be lifted over all,
The kind c^ast pitilessly down.

6. Who knows th^e inscrutable design ?
Bless^ed be He who took and gave !
Why should your mother, Charles, not mine,
Be weeping at her darling's grave ?
We bow to H^eaven that willed it so,
That darkly r^ules the fate of all,
That sends the respite or the blow,
That's free to give or to recall.

7. This crowns his feast with wine and wit—
Who brought him to that mⁱrth and state ?
His betters, see, bel^ow him sit,
Or hun^ger h^opel^ess at the gate.
Who b^ade the mud from Dⁱv^es' wheel
To sp^urn the rags of Lazarus ?
Come, brother, in that dust we'll kneel,
Confessing H^eaven that r^ules it thus.

8. So each shall mōurn, in life's advānce,
 Dear hopes, dear friends, untimely killed—
 Shall grieve for many a forfeit chānce,
 And lōnging passion unfulfilled.
 Amen !—whatever fate be sent,
 Pray Gōd the heart may kindly glōw,
 Although the head with cāres be bent,
 And whitened with the winter snōw.
9. Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
 Let young and old accept their part,
 And bow before thē awful will,
 And bear it with an honest heart.
 Who misses, or who wins the prize—
 Go, lose, or conquer as you can ;
 But if you fall, or if you rise,
 Be each, pray Gōd, a gentleman.
10. A gentleman, or old or young !
 (Bear kindly with my humble lāys) :
 The sacred chorus first was sung
 Upon the first of Christmas days :
 The shepherds heard it overhead—
 The joyful āngels raised it then :
 Glōry to Hēavēn on high, it said,
 And peace on ēarth to gentle men.
11. My sōng, save this, is little worth ;
 I lay the weary pen aside,
 And wish you health, and love, and mīrth,
 As fits the solemn Christmas-tide.
 As fits the holy Christmas bīrth,
 Be this, good friends, our cārol still—
 Be peace on ēarth, be peace on ēarth,
 To men of gentle will.

THACKERAY.¹

¹ William Makepeace Thackeray, an English (ing'lish) novelist, essayist, and humorist, was born in

Calcutta in 1811, and died in London, Dec. 24, 1863. He was a verry popular writer and lecturer.

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